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UNSEEN PEOPLE.

BY ASHCROFT NOBLE.

AMONG all the surprises of life, I think the greatest are those arising from the glimpses we sometimes get of the true natures of people with whom we have long been intimate. I have had so many of these surprises, that I begin to think that all the real people in this world are unseen people; that we do not know men, but only phantasms which we call by men's names; that the true central individuality of almost every man is hidden from us. We associate with a person for months, perhaps for years; we speak freely to him, and he speaks freely to us; we are acquainted with his opinions, tastes, and sentiments, and we think we know him thoroughly; but at last, after many days, a moment of real revelation arrives, and we all at once become aware of hidden depths of thought, or emotion, or passion, whose existence we had never before suspected. We thought we knew the real man, and we suddenly find that we have been completely ignorant of him, and have mistaken for him some image of our own imagination.

The effects of such a revelation upon our estimate of our friend's character, are, so to speak, chemical; not merely mechanical. Not only is an addition made to our previous knowledge; but, by that addition, the whole of our previous knowledge is transformed. It is not simply that a stone has been added to a heap, which, at most, can only make the heap bigger; it is rather that a phial of acid has been emptied into a goblet of alkali, which sparkles for a moment and is changed for ever.

When, in the history of a friendship, such a moment comes, the sayings and doings of past years, which seemed commonplace, become strangely significant, and those which appeared inexplicable gain clearness in the revealing light. The moody melancholy which clouded that summer evening long ago, those wild words uttered beneath the

winter moon, the strange look with which some ordinary piece of news was received, the unaccountable speech, the more unaccountable silence—a hundred things which we thought forgotten, flash into the memory with their interpretation written upon their face.

The rationale of all this is somewhat complicated. Words, too, are coarse in comparison with the subtle elements of human nature here involved.

One of the great things to be remembered is, that it is spiritually impossible for any man to reveal, himself, his inner nature, except to certain persons; and even to them it is impossible, except at certain times. If I wish to do so, I can reveal, to any person, at any time, such portions of my nature as I possess in common with all those for whom I am surrounded; but those portions which, in a manner, belong exclusively to me, which make me for ever a unique personality in the great universe of souls, I can disclose only to my spiritual kindred. Even to them I can never reveal myself completely, though they may be able to see enough for appreciation and comprehension; for it is only to one Being that the full disclosure can be made, it is only to

“God, before whom ever lie bare
The abyssal depths of personality,”

that we can show ourselves as we are.

And so, while in one sense of the words it is true that each man knows every other man, it is true also—and this truth is the deeper one—that no man can thoroughly know another. There is a common humanity which we recognise in every man; there is also an individuality which inevitably acts as a concealing veil, and hinders us from properly seeing the mental, moral, and spiritual features of our acquaintances, and, in a less degree, those of our friends. Humanity is comprehensive; individuality is isolating. There is always something in our neighbour which we do not see; and which if we did see we should not understand. We know a man in proportion as his nature is one with our own; that is, we do not know Smith, but only that portion of ourselves which exists in Smith; and Brown, Jones, and Robinson will all have different ideas of Smith, even should they be equally intimate with him, and have equal opportunities of knowing him; for each of them will be able to recognise and appreciate only that portion of Smith's nature which is in harmony with his own. Brown is, perhaps, a merchant, Jones a painter, Robinson a clergyman. The first sees only, or, at any rate, prominently, the commercial part of Smith's nature, the second the artistic part, and the third the religious part. But though these all exist, the deepest portion of the nature—the unseen personality—may not be commercial, artistic, or religious, but pre-eminently domestic. Thoughts and emotions connected with

family life and family ties will underlie and colour all those other thoughts and emotions which have to do with business, art, or religion. In his wife's tender speech, and in his child's silvery laughter, is to be found the key-note of the varied music of his existence. To him all things are illuminated by the flame of the fire round which his loved ones gather, or shadowed by the curtains that shut out from them the darkness and the cold.

However much we know of such a man's sayings, or doings, or thoughts, however fully he unveils his heart and mind for our inspection, he himself is unseen by us until his central personality, with its one moving and controlling emotion, is laid bare. For in him—

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs [his] mortal frame,
All are but ministers—”

of the “one deep love” that supersedes all other; and we can never estimate aright the character of the ministers until we know something of the master in whose service they stand and wait.

Some men are invisible to us because we are ignorant of the events which have left an imprint upon them for ever. They can only be seen in the light cast upon them by the story of a life. There are those who can look back to some seemingly uneventful moment in their history—a moment which is, nevertheless, branded into their memory by the hand of a strange destiny; and, looking back, can see that it was the supreme moment which spread a mysterious toning of joy, or sorrow, or awe over the colour of all future days; which struck the first chord of a faint yet clear undersong of existence, which, once begun, goes on unceasingly, and makes itself heard above the grave or gladsome variations played by the touch of circumstance through all after years. A letter is carelessly opened, a chance word drops upon the ear, a strange face is seen for an instant, and though “still the days go on—go on” with the old monotony, there is a subtle internal change which changes all things; though the landscape is still the same, it is shrouded in a darkness or flooded with a “light that never was on sea or shore.”

Think, for a moment, of that dreadful tragedy which overshadowed with its terror the life of poor Charles Lamb—the death of a beloved mother by the hand of a beloved but insane sister. How subtle, yet how radical, must have been the effects on Elia's tremblingly sensitive nature of that ghastly memory, and its necessarily ever-haunting terror. How much there must have been in the moods of the genial humorist that would seem strange and inexplicable to those who knew not the story of his one great sorrow; at any rate how impossible it must have been for them to see Charles Lamb as he really was. The most effective commentary on many of his writings, and the clearest insight into

his character are given by the touching account of how, when one of the terrible periods of his sister's insanity seemed approaching, the brother might be seen walking with her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum, both bitterly weeping.

Stories like these are revelations of the unseen. I have seen an ingenious puzzle, which is, I believe, pretty well known, consisting of a couplet from which the letter E has been eliminated. It is the only vowel which occurs in the two lines ; and, of course, when it is absent there is nothing but an unintelligible and apparently arbitrary conglomeration of consonants. The moment it is restored, not only are a certain number of vacant places filled, but what was before incomprehensible and meaningless becomes at once clear and coherent. We may be ignorant of only one important fact in a man's history ; but that one fact may be the interpreter and reconciler of all the rest.

The revelation of a man's real, hidden, unseen self, is the revelation which is seldom made. We tell, perhaps, what we call our secrets ; but they lie outside of ourselves, and the great secret of personality remains untold. It is impossible with many, perhaps with all, that it should be told save at the concurrence of certain rare conditions, which are, as I have said, a fitting person and a fitting time ; to the majority of men we can never show that portion of ourselves which is deepest and truest and most really ours. We instinctively feel that there is a want of sympathising receptiveness in them that would hinder their seeing the pearl laid at their feet ; and in many cases, alas ! a brutal insensitiveness which would only prompt them to crush it beneath their heel. But God is merciful ; He will not suffer any child of His to dwell in solitary places for ever ; and sometimes in the course of a life—not often, but, I dare to believe, always once—we recognise by a divinely bestowed intuition the much longed-for, the unspeakably, ineffably, precious kindred soul. This intuitive recognition is one of the mysteries of humanity. It is the true, at first sight when eye does not simply look into eye, but soul gazes into soul. The marvellously gifted author of the "Scarlet Letter," a man whose friendship I think I should have valued above that of any recent writer, knew well what he was about when he told how Hester, by a strange instinct recognised in staid and sober maids and matrons secret companions in sin. Outward appearances might deceive ; but there was no appeal against that mystical thrill of fearful affinity. Of the same order is the inexplicable conviction borne in upon us, perhaps by the tones of a voice or the glance of an eye in a crowded drawing-room, that we are in the presence of a being whose deepest and most hidden experiences have something in common with our own.

I think it is always with a feeling of strange delight and awed curiosity that this conviction comes. Of strange delight, because of the dawning

possibility of that self-revelation without which life is a consuming and sometimes maddening loneliness ; of awed curiosity, because we know that the moment of revelation will be also a moment of insight ; that the recognition will be a mutual one, " a crossing line of light from eye to eye ;" that the dark recesses of another's being are to be lighted up for us with all-revealing flames ; that in the hour when two spirits mingle we shall know, even as we are known. Sometimes that hour comes soon, sometimes it tarries long, but sooner or later it will come. Heralded, perhaps, by commonplace conversation, into which neither speaker throws his mind, still less his heart or soul—or perhaps by those not commonplace silences during which minutes often perform the work of hours of speech—it comes, a beneficent angel, with a double blessing under its wings.

The unveiling of another's inmost personality, when the process is such as I have spoken of, is often strange, but, I think, never really surprising. Feeling runs on far in advance of knowledge ; the soul is ever more sensitive than the brain. We feel that things are true long before we can prove their truth ; we feel that men are good or bad long before we have sensible evidence of their holiness or impurity. In like manner we know something of the strange story which our friend has to tell us, for we have felt its shadow upon our spirits ; and it seems somewhat old when it is put before us in intelligible words. More than half the revelation has to be made in this inappreciable transcendental manner. If we could only reveal ourselves by means of words, we should all be unseen people for ever. Words are sometimes inefficient for the full expression of ideas ; generally inefficient for the expression of feelings ; always inefficient for the full expression of conditions—by which I mean those constant states of being, those relations to all other beings, which in every person are unique.

The surprises of which I spoke at the commencement of this paper, are those arising from the perfectly involuntary revelations of the real nature of persons with whom we have none of that peculiar and mysterious sympathy, which gives presentiments that we know will be verified. Some circumstance brings out a portion of a man's character, which may be the ruling power in his nature, and yet have been lying apparently latent for years. Though it seems an absurdly palpable remark, it is really an often forgotten truth, that nothing but what is in a man can possibly come out of him. That shrewd parson, Mr. Irwin, in " Adam Bede," says very truly—" A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action, and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom." He might have added that these exceptional actions are often the most

truly characteristic actions of our lives—the actions which enable others to see most clearly what manner of men we really are. The deepest things are those which come seldomest to the surface. The under current often runs in a contrary direction to the one which is apparent ; and in this matter the currents of human character resemble those of the ocean. How often when men are attacked by sickness or crushed down by sorrow, do they discover in some friend or acquaintance a vein of marvellous tenderness which a hard or flippant manner has effectually concealed. In like manner there are testing times which exhibit a deep-seated selfishness which has been hidden for years behind a mask of showy jollity and good-nature. It needs no great display to make the real man—previously unseen—visible to us ; a single sentence, sometimes a single glance, will begin and complete in a moment the work of revelation.

As I bring these thoughts to a close, I think, somewhat sadly, of the numbers of my acquaintances who are to me unseen people. How wondrously helpful it might be to me, if I could only gain a knowledge of their souls which should be as thorough and complete as the valueless knowledge of their faces and their manners which I have, with much expense of time, already attained. But the thought is vain. To the last they will probably remain unseen by me, and I unseen by them. Our hands meet, but our hearts are strangers each to each ; eye glances into eye, but soul hides itself from soul. It must always be so in this land of shadows. Oh, for the perfect knowledge, and the searching light of the all-revealing world ! Oh, for the eternal companionship of kindred souls, the ineffable blessedness of entire sympathy and unobstructed communion ! Oh, for the power to reveal ourselves fully, to show what in us is best and noblest and most real, without any fear of the petty misapprehensions of earth—oh, for the time, best described in Mr. Matthew Arnold's touching words—

- “ When in the eternal Father's smile,
Our soothed, encouraged souls will dare
To seem as free from pride and guile,
As good and generous as they are—
“ Then we shall know our friends ; though much
Will have been lost—the help in strife,
The thousand sweet still joys of such
As hand in hand face earthly life.”
-

FEMININE HONESTY.

If there is any good quality which we think is beyond the reach of temptation, which it needs no care on our parts to preserve, it is what is called "common honesty." We dare scarcely boast of it, as thinking it too common to merit praise, and never think we may live to lose it, either by the sudden pressure of want or a gradual process of deterioration. "Is thy servant a dog, that she should do this thing?" most girls would say if they were seriously advised to guard against dishonesty as a vice they were liable to. Yet let them have patience with a short recapitulation of what is involved in the duty of honesty, before making so sure that it is a virtue impossible for them to lose.

It is dishonest to incur debts which you cannot pay; is it honest, then, to know nothing of your means of paying? It is dishonest to spend money not your own; is it honest to accept and spend it your whole life long without inquiring whence it comes? It borders on dishonesty to know so little of your future means as to have no assured provision for your future wants; for sickness, age, and chance misfortune, and especially for those dependent on you whom your neglect would leave to the charity of strangers. It is needful therefore to know whence your income arises, to have the power of judging of its permanence, and, if it is liable to fail, to be taught some means of replacing it. A person who does not wish to be led into temptation will take care not to neglect these duties—it is much safer than making vigorous resolutions to resist it. No one cherishes for long a sincere desire to keep their conscience clear without finding that the most sure and least painful way to do so, is, not to have the pressure of their own wishes against them, not to have to give up pleasures to which they have been accustomed, not to neglect their money-matters till the exertion of putting them right is beyond their strength and courage.

Fortunately, by far the greater part of womankind have no choice in this respect. They must work for their living, and a healthful necessity prevents them from neglecting to do so. They are not usually kept in the dark as to their future prospects, and if any aspirations after what is good and right form part of their training they must learn in good time to suit their desires to their probable means, and to look to their own industry for what they spend. Women of this class work for wages until they marry, and generally after marriage too, until their family is large enough to give them employment at home. When, therefore, they give over earning money, it is not that this ceases to be a duty, but that the work the family requires would have to be paid for if they did not

do it. Saving is the same thing as earning, and is done for the same reason; and the work of one woman in this class being about equal to that of another it is better for each one to stay at home and do her own than to bring home wages and pay them away to the one who had supplied her place. The value of her labour is not much, because she can only do such work as people can learn by doing it. Any teaching more than this is beyond her means. If she belongs to conscientious parents she is trained to work from childhood upwards, and the habit of industry is her salvation in many a strait; but the way to make the most profitable use of her time she never learns—at least, it is never taught her; partly because her elders have not the means to pay for teaching her a trade, and to maintain her while she learns it, and partly because they themselves labour under the delusion that her work is something different from earning money.

Perhaps if half-a-dozen men were asked in succession why a woman must work they would each give a different answer—"it is her duty," "her place," "her natural position," "her real happiness," "what God made her for," etc. All true, but all giving no principle by which she can guide her efforts and make her labour useful. They would exclaim against the test of how much money does she earn or save, as quite inapplicable. "It is not money. It is home comfort, superintendence, management, etc." All of which are the product of labour, and may be reckoned in money. The proof of which is that all these employments are discarded one after the other as soon as there is money to pay for a substitute. In proportion as her means increase every wife transfers every household duty involving labour to other hands. As soon as she is able to afford it she hires a washerwoman occasionally, then a charwoman, then a cook and housemaid, a nurse or two, a governess, a lady's-maid, a housekeeper—and no blame attaches to any step of her progress, unless the payment is beyond her means. Which of these offices is it that should prevent her from earning money, since any of them may be delegated merely for the sake of leisure? Some women have all this array of servants provided for them, and yet their household is neglected or mismanaged; and some with few or none have leisure for other things.

But let us return to the bulk of the people, who are too poor to pay for learning a trade, and who must therefore be content with small gains. The main temptation to dishonesty in this class (beyond the feeling common to all the world, that they would like more than they have) comes from the class just above them. Their natural aspiration is to model their lives on those of women who are better off, and it is among these that the greatest neglect of duty in respect to money matters is both taught and practised. It is not uncommon in this class for women without any inherited means to be maintained by the

relations without any attempt to help themselves, up to twenty, thirty, or forty years old ; and even then, when their source of living fails, to think their destiny a hard one, instead of being ashamed of the disreputable idleness that has left them penniless. It may be said they are not to be blamed, but those who brought them up to do so. This question is of small importance. They suffer for it. Grown people do not escape the consequences of their actions by saying they have been wrongly taught. It is quite true that the bad teaching is almost universal. It is the belief of most men who can maintain their daughters without their working for wages that they ought not to work for wages. Not merely when he can provide a sure income both for the present and the future, but when he has only a life income, and even that uncertain, a father will frequently object to his daughters earning money, and neglect to teach them any means of doing so. If possible, the savings that they might make by doing the household work are not made lest the fact of working should bring the appearance of poverty. But whether they are or not it is rare to meet with a girl in this large class who is taught the habit of even looking forward to her probable future—much less of providing for it. From men who earn a hundred a year to men who earn a few thousands, the majority concur in keeping their daughters ignorant of any means of earning their bread, and frequently without any knowledge as to their future needs. Of this large class a considerable proportion must, either from death or misfortune, leave their children penniless, and a large number more must be unable to provide them a living on the scale to which they have been accustomed. The girls are doomed to remain in this poverty, however pitiable it may be, because it has been thought kinder not to teach them any means of getting out of it. "It is hard for them to have to turn out and work." But all hardship is comparative, and the greatest of all is often staying in and doing nothing. And if the hardship of patient endurance be lightly thought of, if it is "a woman's duty to suffer," instead of using her faculties to save herself from suffering, what is she to do when starvation comes? And what must be her conduct when she knows that the money she spends is not honestly acquired?

There are many means, some legal, some not, by which a man may get possession of money not his own, and after spending it, defy those whom he has robbed either to make him refund, or to inflict on him adequate punishment. Let us see what the wife or sister of such a man could do to avoid being accessory to his crime. If a woman in such a position became aware that the money she was spending was dishonestly come by, could she discontinue to spend? Even the degree in which she could retrench would depend on the man who had fraudulently acquired the money. If, by the practice of every form of dishonesty, a man plunders the community as long as it will let him, custom leaves

his female relations no choice but to share in the gains and spend them, and at the rate he chooses ; it gives them no protection, and no liberty to protect themselves against the poverty and isolation that naturally ensue. And more ; the frauds of commercial men are often justly attributed to feminine expenditure, but we need never look for feminine influence on the other side. No remonstrance will be made by those women who profit by the dishonesty of their relations. For a woman to be listened to in praise or blame she must understand what she is talking about. But the more completely she has adopted the opinion that it is not her business to earn the money, or to know where it comes from, the more undoubtingly she must accept the corollary that it is some one's place to do it for her. In all sincerity she believes it is her husband's duty to supply the funds, and probably has many acquaintances whose husbands perform that duty much better than her own. As to the how, she has the answer he has taught her ; it is not her business to know. But this she knows. Her praise, respect, and admiration, go to those who do it. The standard of feminine rectitude is so low, that the wonder would be for her to make any attempt to stop in a disgraceful downward course. To uphold for her the duty or the privilege of practising common honesty in these circumstances would as surely call forth a contemptuous laugh, as would the claim for her to be stroke in a rowing match, or champion of the ring. This rudimental morality which consists in keeping one's fingers off other people's property, women are excused from observing, and the reason is, that it is impossible.

It may be so ! "If a man steal to satisfy his hunger," we are told he should not be severely dealt with, and when women become receivers of stolen property, starvation being the alternative, perhaps the same rule should apply to them. So much has custom blinded us to the vicious nature of the course usually followed, that the reader is probably smiling at the new sort of morality just proposed. "It cannot be a woman's place to do such things. The wife or sister of a man spending a few hundreds or a few thousands a year never knows and probably could not understand how he comes by the money ; she cannot therefore judge of the honesty of the proceeding." So the simple duty of which it was offensive to be put in mind, it is found on inquiry to be impossible to perform. And an educated and conscientious woman may be, and often is, placed in such a position that she cannot do other than live, and live expensively, on money dishonestly obtained. "It is impossible." A plain duty is never impossible, except to one not in the habit of performing it. It may be true that some women cannot live without stolen money. A drunkard cannot live without spirits, nor a known thief without stealing. This only proves that an aberration from right began long ago.

It began when the principle was first taught or acted upon that the girl or woman was not bound to concern herself about her means of living. A very small deflection to one side or other will lead in time miles and miles away from the straight path ; nay, will bring one round and round a circle, where they may wander in cold and darkness to their lives' end, hoping in vain for the rest and safety that is within their reach, but which they will never attain to. To reach it they need a light before them to enable them to keep a straight line. The higher morality that women often get credit for, must be something more than a readiness to bend to public opinion. It must enable them to choose a path of their own.

Fortunately we are not without women who can do this. While some parents direct their efforts to prolonging in their daughters a childish ignorance of money matters far into middle life, and endeavour to attach the idea of meanness and avarice to any anxiety for the future, we have many who are taught to understand their prospects clearly, and to work with courage at providing for themselves. These women rarely find themselves penniless and helpless in middle life, because their own foresight, if it has not secured them a competence, has at least given them habits of labour. Nor do they often find themselves tied to a man who will indulge in dishonest expenditure, because their tastes and likings, their whole habits and modes of thought will prevent them from forming a connexion with such a one ; while a weak and wavering character will be saved from temptation by their strong convictions.

There is an indefinite idea afloat, chiefly among women, that they have a right to a certain part of the income of those with whom they live. One thing is sure. What they receive is either earned or given. If the former, they should economise out of their earnings for misfortune and old age ; if the latter, they have their time at their disposal wherewith to do the like. This is not selfishness—it is honesty, and any other mode of conduct systematically followed is dishonest. The very mention of making such a use of their income or their leisure, will prove to them that it is not earned, for they will find that it will not be bestowed for such a purpose. It will teach them that it is not unconditionally given, for they will not be permitted to employ their time for their own benefit. Handsome, even extravagant, their receipts may be, but they are not free gifts. Nor can they propose that reasonable provision for their future shall be made, nor even inquire whether it is made ; for they will know that to mention the subject would be but an delicate mode of begging.

When their own neglect, or the misconduct of those who have undertaken to provide for them, plunges them in disgrace and poverty, they are not much helped by the explanation usually given by our conventional morality. Their carelessness is justified on the ground that

the duty of honesty was delegated along with that of money-making to other people. But if a duty is delegated the consequences of neglecting it should be transferred at the same time. If this cannot be done everyone had much better keep their duties in their own hands. In fact, we can never succeed in transferring the consequences of our actions or our neglect to those by whom our conduct was advised. The relations of a fraudulent speculator sink into isolation and want along with himself if not before him. The wife or sisters of an improvident man are as likely to come to poverty as if they had not delegated the duty of providing for the future, but had only neglected it without any such preliminary. It is for each one to remember that this law is not of human fashion, that human custom can annul. Punishment follows the breach of it, however customary that breach may be; and the frequency of the dereliction can no more prevent such punishment than it can make fire not burn.

But how are women, at the conclusion of a long course of uninquiring indifference, to begin to keep themselves reasonably honest, supposing that their inclination lies that way? When, forced perhaps by the slights of their acquaintance, the desertion of their usual associates, and still more effectually by the diminution of funds, they begin, for the first time, to inquire into the cause of these disagreeables, and to endeavour after a remedy, how will they supply themselves with daily bread? They whom no one can trust with sixpence, and who (in the case of a wife) could not own it if they earned it—whose first attempt to save themselves from participation in fraud would bring down upon them the anger of their connexions and the ridicule of the rest of the world, while no success would be possible to their best endeavour.

It is the hardest question ever asked of a moralist. Since the world began—or at least since people began to speculate in it—they have probably remarked how easy it was to go downhill, and how difficult to retrace one's steps. It is only the exceptionally strong that ever do it, and the present writer knows no means of making the work less difficult. For the majority of the world the only safety is not merely moral doctrine to profess but a liking for honesty that it would make them not to indulge, a dread of wronging their neighbours that would make them prefer to deny themselves. And this is not enough. Women have this sensitiveness in a painful degree with whom it has no purpose but to embitter their lives. Misled by the teaching of false morality, while they know it is disgraceful to be without money, they think it equally so to question, to inquire, to care for it, about to give their minds to earning it. They spend their lives in receiving even from those they despise—and believe they cannot help. They had much rather have money of their own if they could, but

have none, and what can they do? They have often worked hard, these poor creatures, and lived hard too, and there has been but little profit to anyone of their labour. It has formed no part of their morality to work to purpose. They own nothing, and have no means of acquiring anything, and are therefore liable, at any moment, to have to choose between starvation and dishonesty.

For, if other people do not always provide for a woman's wants, and if starvation cannot be borne, and temptation cannot be resisted, there remain but two conclusions. Either she may disregard commonplace rules and live on the community, or she must have earnings of her own. But if she should be disposed to adopt the first alternative, she will gradually find it become impracticable. The purses of her friends and relations close as she gets older, and nothing remains within reach of the most unscrupulous hands. What are the objections to the other alternative? The custom of the majority is against it; natural idleness, cowardice, and ignorance are against it, and, to speak plainly, so is the taste of the masculine half of mankind. There is only this in its favour—that it is so plainly right that a conscientious woman can hardly pass through life without adopting it.

T.

A BROTHER'S SIN AND A SISTER'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"The tempest rages wild and high,
 The waves lift up their voice, and cry
 Fierce answers to the listening sky,
 Misereere Domine !"

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

It was a wild night towards the end of November—the wind howled and shrieked. The rain dashed against the windows of a small pretty cottage, situated at the bottom of the long straggling street which formed the little village of Drystone, on the coast of Devonshire. For days past the oldest inhabitants of the little colony had foretold the coming of a storm ; basing their belief on signs which they said never failed. The gulls had been noticed flying inland, and they seldom or never turned their flight in that direction except before rough weather. The dull lead-coloured bank of cloud, too, which had lain for days on the horizon, was a forerunner of heavy wind. The storm had been expected, and now it was come in all its grandeur and power ; occasionally there would be a dead lull for a second or two, as though the wind had been gathering its forces in that space of time for a more fearful outbreak. Then it would sweep along in its mad career, cracking the branches of the great old trees and shaking the cottages to their very foundations. Again it would subdue its tone, and wail through the trees with a piteous sound—a sound which came creeping in through the crevices of doors and windows with a moan sore to the hearts of those who had laid dear ones in the churchyard but a day or two.

A little cottage, at the end of the street, seemed almost to be the principal aim of the wind's vengeance ; it was a pretty place, with a low thatched roof and diamond-paned casements, and a green lawn sloping away far down to the brink of a brook which ran gurgling and rippling on its way as though telling its tale to the birds and flowers. In the summer, the cottage was a mass of roses and clematis, which climbed all over it, twisting their long sprays in a most impertinently curious way through all the open windows ; but that was when the weather was warm and sunny, and the wind hardly strong enough to blow away a feather ; and when the wind was raging, the house looked bare and cold. In the front room were seated two people. It was very evident from the furnishing of the apartment that its inmates were far from affluence, it was so plain that every article had been chosen more for its small cost than for its comfort ; and yet, thro

all, was a something that spoke tasteful minds ; from the arrangement of the chairs and tables to the few winter leaves and flowers placed with such a careful eye to contrast of colour in the little vase on the mantel-shelf. The elder of the two females who occupied the room was a woman, who, from the lines which sorrow and care had stamped upon a face, clearly once very handsome, looked between fifty and sixty years of age ; she was dressed in deep black, and wore a widow's cap. At her feet, on a low stool, sat a girl about eighteen or nineteen years of age ; she was very pretty ; her complexion was as pale as marble, but it was not the pallor of ill-health—not the sickly hue of disease—but a clear white—a transparent white—and the full lips were as red as cherries ; her soft brown hair was put simply back over the round white ears, and coiled in a heavy knot at the back of the small shapely head. Then her eyes—some people rave of dark flashing eyes, or soft melting eyes ; but Ethel Marley's were neither ; they were only grey eyes, but such loving expressive grey eyes are seldom seen ; interest her in the slightest degree, and they light up so, every thought of her mind shining out. Now, however, they have very sad thoughts in them, and their look of painful reflection does not accord well with the childlike face.

The mother and daughter had remained in the same position for a long time, each busy with her own thoughts. The mother's eyes were fixed on the portrait of a boy about twelve years old, which hung over the fireplace. A glance would have told you it was Ethel's brother, but, despite the strong resemblance between the two, the boy's countenance was not a pleasant one ; there was a cunning expression on it, and a look of very great indecision. Ethel's head was resting on her mother's knees, and she gazed into the small fast dying fire with a sad face. Suddenly, she felt a hot tear drop on her cheek.

"Oh, mamma," she said, raising her head ; "oh, mamma, you promised me !"

"I cannot help it, Ethel," was the passionate interruption, and the tears fell very fast now. "I cannot help it. This trouble is killing me. Day after day I worry over the same thing, and I cannot persuade myself it is all for the best. Listen, child," she continued, as a fresh gust of wind shook the window, seeming to threaten its destruction. "I think where is my boy now—in all probability exposed to the violence of this fearful night. Oh, that I had died before this came to pass !"

With every soothing word and caress, Ethel strove to console her unhappy mother ; but it was very long ere anything akin to calmness stole into her manner. Then, perfectly exhausted with grief, she lay back in her chair.

"You will do yourself great harm by crying so, mamma," said Ethel ; "do go to bed, it is very late."

Her pleadings were for a long time vain, but at last they prevailed, and Ethel and her mother retired to rest ; but it was near the grey dawn before sleep closed the eyes of either.

CHAPTER II.

“ One writes, that other friends remain,
That loss is common to the race,
And common is the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

“ That loss is common, would not make
My own less bitter—rather more :
Too common—never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.”

“ IN MEMORIAM.”

SOME two or three years previous to the commencement of this story, there resided in London a family consisting of a mother and two children, a son and daughter. They were the Marleys.

Mrs. Marley had been brought up in every comfort and with many luxuries ; at the age of twenty she eloped with her father's clerk, a young man of handsome face and prepossessing manners. That was pretty nearly all he could boast of, his fortune only consisting of a thousand pounds. The runaways were pursued, but in vain, and when, two or three months afterwards, the young wife wrote to her father, her letter was totally ignored, the old man had shut alike his heart and ears to her entreaties for forgiveness. Another, and yet another, letter was written, but both met with the same reception as the first ; the poor girl was motherless, and had neither brother nor sister to plead her cause.

Just two years after the birth of her little boy, she heard of the death of her father in a fit of apoplexy, and further learnt she was left entirely out of his will, and that he had disposed of his fortune in legacies to friends and charities. She felt the blow bitterly ; her doating parent, from whom she had never received a cross word, was dead—and worse, had died in sore anger with her ; but her cup was not nearly full yet. She was far from strong, she had to contend against poverty, her husband received a very small salary, and the whole of the sum he had possessed at the time of his marriage had been spent months since ; he had been unable to obtain employment, they had both suffered from illness, and but for that money they must have starved ; still she bore up bravely and did her best to keep a cheerful face for her husband's eyes to rest upon. The proverb says, “ when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window,” but here it proved wrong, poverty was in the house but love kept it company.

But a terrible trial was at hand. One evening poor Charles Sedgley was brought home dead. Stepping on a piece of orange-peel, he had slipped, and falling with his temple on a door scraper, was taken up dead. The broken-hearted widow bore up through all the sad details of the burial, then came the reaction ; for weeks she lay in the greatest danger, but her time was not yet come, and she rose up from her bed of sickness, in appearance and feeling, twenty years older, standing alone to fight through the world for herself and two little ones, for another, a girl, had been born, and at that time was six months old. Fortunately, Charles Sedgley had insured his life for a small amount ; and his widow resolved on giving lessons in music and drawing, in both of which accomplishments she excelled ; but it was hard work, pupils were very scarce, and with all her efforts, her income did not altogether amount to fifty pounds per annum. So the years passed away, and her health was beginning to fail under the constant pressure, when, one morning, her eye was caught by a notice in the *Times* for herself, stating that if the advertisement should be seen by Ethel Lennox (Lennox was her maiden name), she would hear of something to her advantage by applying at the offices of Messrs. Barker and Sedgford, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. Thither she went, hoping it really was herself required, and required by some person not aware of her marriage. She saw Mr. Barker, the senior partner—a cut and dried looking, but withal kind-hearted little man—and found that an old bachelor uncle, of whom she had lost all knowledge for many years, was dead, and had left her an annuity of £100 a year for her lifetime, and after her death to be continued to her children, if she ever had any. Ethel told her story to Mr. Barker, who listened kindly and patiently to her words ; he promised matters should be arranged for her to receive the first quarter of the yearly sum speedily, and she went home with a heart full of love and gratitude to God for His mercy towards her.

So time slipped away, and her children grew tall and strong. Oh ! what a wealth of love she lavished on her boy Allan, how she stinted herself and her little Ethel to give him a good education ! She would willingly have died to spare him pain ; and how proud she felt, when, at the age of fifteen, he was placed, chiefly through the interest of Mr. Barker, who had always remained her friend, in a merchant's office in the city. She felt really happy then, though all those years of care and sorrow had left their stamp on her face.

They had lived very happily until Allan was just entering his twenty-first year, then came her final and heaviest trouble. Allan forged his employer's name for a large sum and absconded, not leaving the slightest clue to his discovery. For months they tried to find him ; hand-bills describing his person and offering rewards for his apprehension

were posted in every direction. His unhappy mother met the amount and impoverished herself.

Then came to light sad tales of Allan's past life ; under a show of propriety and steadiness he had led a wild life, and had indulged in the worst company. It almost killed his mother, who had always believed him the best son on the face of the earth ; she loved Ethel, but with a far calmer love than she gave Allan, but now her heart smote her to think how coldly she had often received her daughter's caresses, and how poorly she had valued her affection. Mrs. Sedgely and Ethel determined to leave London, settle in the little village of Drystone, and abandoning the disgraced name of Sedgely, adopt that of Marley, the maiden name of the poor widow's mother. At the commencement of this tale, they had lived at Drystone about six months, but the sorrow that Mrs. Marley felt for her son's fault seemed increasing instead of decreasing. Notwithstanding all Ethel's loving efforts to lead her mind from the subject, she dwelt on it perpetually, and with an intensity of grief that at times almost threatened her reason.

CHAPTER III.

" No flowers our garden'd England hath
To match with these in bloom and breath,
Which from the world are hiding,
In sunny Devon, moist with rills,
A nunnery of cloistered hills,
The elements presiding."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE village of Drystone consisted of a long straggling street, nearly half-a-mile in length, with its humble tenements disposed somewhat after this manner. Two or three cottages, real cottages, picturesque old-fashioned cottages with gardens before them, in which monkshood, hollyhocks, sunflowers, and large bushes of sweet-briar, lavender, and southern-wood, all grew together with such wild luxuriance, that it seemed almost a wonder they did not choke one another ; sometimes these flowery wildernesses would be enclosed with palings, but oftener by a low irregular stone wall, covered with masses of pretty yellow-blossomed creeping jenny, or mother of thousands ; then perhaps, a patch of green, where the juvenile meetings of Drystone were held, and a little further on a large pool of water, forming the rendezvous of all the geese and ducks of the village, then more cottages. Half way down the street, a lane turned off—such a lane, having high hedges each side thick with dog-roses, violets, wild geraniums, and ragged robin, besides a multitude of other lovely wild flowers, too

numerous to name ; ten minutes' walk along this lane would bring you to the church, a simple white-washed building, with its one bell, which it must be confessed was somewhat cracked in tone, but then that might be the result of many years' hard work ; so the village continued after this fashion, ending with the Marleys' little residence, with its dignified title of *The Cottage*.

I don't mean to say that the Marleys were the sole respectable inhabitants of Drystone ; not at all, there was Dr. Fletcher, a kind-hearted dear old gentleman, a great florist and fernist, if I may use such a term ; Mr. Wilton, the curate, a good earnest young man, working hard to do his duty rightly and truly before God ; both these worthies lived in pretty cottages in the village ; higher up was another cottage, but more anon of its inmates. Continuing through and past the village, the explorer of its beauties, forsaking the high road, must turn down a lane, which, leading onwards for a little way, terminates on the cliffs, overlooking the sea and commanding a glorious view over all the surrounding country, which was very beautiful.

In the cottage at the top of the street lived two people, Miss Caroline Warrars, and her niece, Gertrude. Gertrude and her brother had been left orphans at a very early age, and a maiden sister of their father's had quite filled the place of their dead parents to the helpless children ; her brother was in India, and had been there for many years, while Gerty lived with her aunt. She was a pleasant nice girl, not pretty, but yet something in her face made all who saw her say what a nice-looking girl.

The morning after the storm, Miss Warrars and Gerty were seated in the little room dignified as the drawing-room, Miss Warrars studying the paper, Gerty trying over a pile of new music, when Mr. Wilton was announced. The young curate was very much liked in all places, especially at Sea View, as Miss Warrars' residence was styled ; indeed, report whispered that Mr. Wilton was deeply enamoured of Gerty, and that the young lady did not by any means dislike him. The curate was tall and fair ; so very fair, and with such a peculiar downiness of complexion, that some people said he was in the habit of resorting to the puff-box occasionally—but that was a libel, of course.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilton," exclaimed Gerty, rising and greeting him heartily ; "only see what a lovely pile of music the carrier brought me this morning ; I want you to try some of it with me."

The young curate had a habit of blushing, and he blushed very red as he thanked Gerty for her invitation. After discussing the various commonplaces of the day, the conversation turned on the Marleys.

"I expected to find Miss Marley here," said the visitor ; "I called in at one of the cottages in the village, and whilst there, saw her pass in your direction."

Carmagnoli and the Jacobin red cap, to kiss Pius VII.'s toe, and to transform himself into "a baron of the empire, and a knight of the legion of honour?" In our days, after having made magnificent speeches in Louis Philippe's Chambers on the famous maxim "the king reigns, but does not govern," on Jesuitism and Gallic liberties, on the beauties of the "Mysteries of Paris" and the "Wandering Jew," has he not become a fierce apologist for the "principle of authority," an intractable devotee, a furious defender of priestcraft, family, and property? His worthy sons have covered the Latin world with their promising offspring, and how often would they not sell conscience, justice, country, and liberty for a morsel of ribbon, even though it has been worn by "commander" Marquez, that odious tool of the Mexican clericals, that executioner of Tacubaya, so well described by M. Jules Favre in the debate on the address of 1863! He who can hang a scrap of metal round his neck looks with disdain on the wretch who wears it at his button-hole—the *grand cordon* supremely despises the *grand officier*, but this does not prevent their joining in chorus to lavish the epithet of idiots on the "country squires" who regret the privileges of the middle ages. The French police is very much embarrassed at the trade carried in the Portuguese Order of Christ, because the ribbon is of the same shade as that of the legion of honour!

You have, perhaps, felt much surprised to see very advanced democrats taking up questions of remote periods which do not ordinarily excite their admiration. The state of minds in France will enable you to comprehend the want of sympathy felt towards woman by a section of the democratic party. "The daughters of France," says one of the characters in M. Michelet's "*La Femme*," "are brought up to hate and despise what all France loves and believes. Twice have they embraced, abandoned, and killed the Revolution; first in the sixteenth century, when liberty of conscience was the end in view, then at the end of the eighteenth, which was for political liberty. They are devoted to the past without very well knowing what it is. They willingly listen to those who say with Pascal, 'Nothing is certain, then let us believe the absurd.'"

The Frenchman who speaks in this passage, indulges in exaggerations the responsibility for which, I would wish to believe, M. Michelet would not take upon himself. If it is evident, for instance, that "every Frenchman" has shown his devotion to the liberal cause, how explain the caustic "*Marseillaise*," how explain *Chouannerie*, La Vendée, the *Terreur Blanche*, the "heroes" of Castelfidardo, the triumph of reviving monachism? I will add that, without doubt, religious and political liberty owe an immensity to reform and to the French Revolution, but that the race of dictators, too common amongst the Latins, may hinder the best spirits from perceiving the somewhat remote

consequences of these great transformations of the West. On beholding Calvin burn Servetus, behead the freethinkers branded with the name of libertines, and inaugurate the *noyades*; on beholding Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, substitute a bloody dictatorship for the terrorism of absolute power, the Frenchwomen, who, it is acknowledged, at first "embraced" the side of the innovators, might well feel some desire to "abandon the Revolution."

My zeal for truth obliges me to allow that circumstances have greatly changed, and that the devotion of part of the women of France to the Catholic clergy ought to inspire every section of the French liberal party with the most serious uneasiness—an uneasiness of which the eminent historian has made himself the organ. But it seems to me that it would have been only fair to discriminate between times and countries, and not address reproaches to "woman," which are secretly meant for Frenchwomen, and especially for Frenchwomen of the latter half of our century. Have the women of Prussia, Sweden, England, Roumania, Holland, etc., the least inclination for Jesuitism? Nay, more; are the women of France as responsible as it is pretended, for a situation the gravity and dangers of which I have no desire to conceal? Have they made the law which consigns a part of their youth to the religious fraternities? Must we attribute to them so many acts in which they have been unable to take any part—acts which have given a semblance of vitality to the ideas and institutions of the past? Do not all parties—except a group of intelligent and serious minds—agree in maintaining that they ought to be brought up in the creeds of the middle ages? In this age of universal suffrage no one will any longer dare to assert that the grossest superstitions are "good for the people," but they are still found excellent for women. If Frenchmen have not had the sense to imitate the manly prudence of the peoples who now march at the head of civilization, is it just that they should shower reproaches on companions whose greatest irregularity is sharing with a blind confidence in those impulses by which they are themselves led at certain periods to renounce the most precious conquests of their fathers and to believe in "the absurd," under the pretext that nothing is certain?

At a time when M. Michelet had not yet adopted the ideas of the author of "La Justice," he evinced more impartiality. "Man," he said then, "is not innocent of his present sufferings; he must accuse himself also. In this age of eager competition, and ardent investigation, impatient every day to advance towards the future, he has left woman behind. He has rushed forward [written in 1844], and she has drawn back. This must happen no more."—(*Le Prêtre, "La Femme."*)

Is the best way to hinder women from "drawing back," to maintain

a theory, which is not only of a nature to offend their legitimate self-esteem, but which is more unfavourable to them than the Catholic doctrine itself? Shall they not be forced to regard the Church as superior to philosophy, so long as we persist in showing them this philosophy as an enemy of their rights and their dignity? The theory of original sin, as taken from Genesis by St. Augustine, has not the same difficulties for us as certain systems, by far too well calculated to exalt masculine pride. Doubtless, man "shall have dominion" over woman by reason of the disobedience of our common mother (Genesis, III., 16). But the fall—which the Church itself calls a happy fault, inasmuch as, but for it, the incarnation would not have been—has been so repaired by redemption, that Mary, instead of Adam's companion, has become the venerated type of woman. In taking her place above all the saints, on the altars of the Catholic and Eastern churches, she attests the regeneration of our sex. The new religion, which proclaims the equality of souls, agrees on this point both with Plato and idealistic Greece, though M. Proudhon does not give it any credit for this. If, obedient to its double Semitic and Grecian origin, it cherishes more than one Asiatic tradition mingled with higher aspirations; if, abjuring part of the doctrine of its Founder, it has, as I have myself stated, more than once preferred the theology of the *Manava-Dharma-Sastra* to the evangelical doctrine, it has not been able so completely to pervert the teachings of a Master who associated women with his preaching (Mary, the wife of Cleophas, the sisters of Lazarus, Joanna, wife of Chuza, etc.), as to go so far as to profess theories which would make women "an inferior species."

Even if the eastern and western churches dared to maintain such a doctrine, truth would not the less triumph over it. But the least advanced of religious sects would certainly refuse to adopt, as the expression of its faith, a theory which would apply to our sex the principles of which the southern planters in the United States avail themselves to reconcile slavery with democracy. If this unanimity amongst Christians be one of the results of Platonist idealism, blessed be Plato and Greece over again, for having inspired the west with one of those generous thoughts which, we must hope, will preserve European democracy from falling into the abyss whereinto contempt of equality and justice has precipitated the citizens of the great American Republic.

This hope seems to me all the better founded, as the spirit of 1789 tends to give justice another basis than the hypothesis of M. Proudhon. When equity is in question, France is not accustomed to make laws dependent on privileges. If it were so, would she have bestowed on the multitude, still so rude in the eighteenth century, the privilege of equality with the priest and the gentleman, in the eye of the law? Would she,

what is more striking still, have conceded the title of citizen to men of colour in her territory? "I am for the whites," said Napoleon I. to his council of state, "because I am a white. It is the only reason I have to give, and it is a good one." Liberal France, on the contrary, has found this reason very unworthy of her; and, renouncing the law of force, she has opened the commonwealth to blacks and mulattoes. Wishing to efface every trace of the old inequality by the establishment of universal suffrage, she has given the most extended political rights to workmen, to peasants, to beggars, even to those who do not understand the language, who speak only an unintelligible *patois*, and who cannot even write their name. She now summons to the poll an illiterate crowd of Bas-Bretons, of Basques, of Berrichons, etc., who absolutely decide the greatest interests of the country. One would say it was impossible to carry zeal for equality farther, did not the condition of the Frenchwoman offer the most striking contrast to all the laws which regulate the situation of the male sex. M. Proudhon and his imitators hope that the pretended inferiority of women will furnish a pretext for maintaining this contrast. As for me, I have a higher opinion of the liberal genius of France.

X.

CIVIL CONDITION OF FRENCHWOMEN.

Benevolence of the Code Napoleon for girls—Woman a minor in marriage—Different systems—Origin of Community—Imperfections of this system—The husband's power over the wife—Absolutism always the parent of revolt—Proofs furnished by modern France and by the "ages of faith"—Legislation opposed to the principle of equality—The Code Napoléon on this point inferior to the fathers of the church—Divorce prevents more abuses than Draconian laws—French and Russian legislation—The Russian Empresses considered as legislators—Catherine I. and Anne—Elizabeth, and the abolition of the punishment of death—Catherine II., and the abolition of torture—Codes of Nicholas I.—*The Organic Statutes*—The Empresses—The Regents—Civil legislation—The wife freely and entirely managing her property.

NOTWITHSTANDING the animated discussions to which the situation of women in France has given rise since the revolution, it has not undergone any important modification, except the abolition of divorce.

A little attention in studying the French work entitled, "*Code des Femmes; leurs droits, privilèges, obligations, etc.*," will enable us to perceive that the Code Napoléon has no consistency in its regulations with regard to our sex. It treats the daughter with evident benevolence; she inherits like her brothers; like them, when she attains her majority, fixed at the one-and-twentieth year, she comes in for her property,

which she manages as she pleases. She enjoys such independence, that the consent of her parents even is not necessary for her marriage. In case of opposition on their part, the only obligatory formality is an announcement, which the French euphemistically call "respectful."

But it is necessary that the spirit of equity be found in the same degree in the laws regulating marriage.

Frenchwomen can be married under five different systems: legal community of property, conventional community, simple exclusion from community, division of property, and, finally, the dowry system.

The community system is the rule, so that this is imposed in the case of couples making no contract; in such cases it is called legal; it is styled conventional, if it is the result of the marriage contract. This system began with the invasion of Gaul by the Barbarians. The Franks, who shared their booty with their wives, introduced it; but the influence of the ideas which prevailed amongst the conquered populations soon modified their customs. According to the old Frank traditions, the wife was joint-proprietor with her husband in the property of the community. The common law did not allow her this right until the dissolution of the conjugal union; for up to that time the husband, with full and uncontrolled power to alienate his partner's property, and to squander its price, had really exclusive power over it. This simple historical statement shows that, on this question, a community of Christians was less equitable than the Barbarians. Thus, when the code was about to be revised, distinguished juriconsults were astonished that France should prefer community to the dowry system, which is evidently superior, and more in accordance with Latin legislation.

The "community system" authorises the husband to manage, not only all the joint property, but the wife's own real estate. (Code Napoléon, Art. 1,425, 1,427, etc.) A wealthy girl may thus enrich an individual, and yet live in poverty by his side. Moreover, whilst the wife is forbidden to alienate anything, or to receive anything (Arts. 1,476 and 934) without the husband's consent, he is at liberty to dispose of (mortgage or sell) the joint personal estate, without let or hindrance, for the benefit of whom it may concern (Art. 1,422). Similarly, with joint real estate—that is, with property purchased after the marriage. It is not difficult to perceive the consequences of such absolute power. A French magistrate, M. Tarbé ("Travail et Salaire," p. 249) says, that poor labouring women have seen the property purchased by the sweat of their brow, sold three times over. All that is required to reduce a wife to such extremities is, that the husband should be deprived of foresight and inclination for work by drunkenness, idleness, love of gambling, or indulgence in vice.

If the contract states that "husband and wife marry without com-

munity," still the husband is not deprived of the management of the wife's property and the enjoyment of her income. But the wife may stipulate that she is to receive yearly a certain part of this income. If she does not share in the debts, she has no share in the profits which the employment of her income by the husband enables him to realise.

Under the system of "separation of property," the wife manages her real and personal estate, and she has the disposal of her income, with the exception of one-third, which she is obliged to reserve for household expenses.

Before the Revolution, the "dowry system" flourished throughout Southern France, which had remained faithful to Latin civilisation. Under this system the portion of the wife's property which is declared dotal, is usually inalienable; the husband manages it, but by the marriage contract the wife can reserve part of the income for her own use. The extra-dotal property, or "paraphernalia," is managed by the wife, who enjoys the revenue arising therefrom.

You will perhaps consider these details somewhat complicated, but they are necessary to prove that French legislation leaves a door open for the principle of equality. In fact, if the "community" be the usual system, the law does not forbid others, and it is possible to find efficacious guarantees therein, according to circumstances. Thus, the wives of the aristocracy, who generally have considerable real estate, will find sufficient protection for their interests in the dowry system. Under the system of separation of property, the labouring woman can prevent a drunkard, a debauchee, or a lazy fellow, from spending the money which she has laid by, or selling the unpretending furniture which she has collected with so much pains. But the force of custom, Gallic obstinacy, the indifference of parents, the support given to every absolute tendency by Catholic traditions, for the most part hinder marrying girls from deriving any benefit from the resources benevolently provided for them by the law.

The husband's power over his wife's person is not, like his power over her property, dependent on the difference of systems. Thibaudeau, in his "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*," quotes a sentence of Napoleon's which admirably sums up all this part of his code. "A husband ought to have *absolute empire* over his wife's actions; he has a right to say to her, madame, you are not to go out; madame, you are not to go to the play; madame, you are not to see such or such a person; that is, madame, *you belong to me body and soul*." This fine system, revived, not by the Greeks, but by the Roman Cæsars, must infallibly have the same consequences in the family as in the State. By practising it in political matters, the greatest of countries, even France herself, has been exposed to the disgrace of two invasions, which have cost her four thousand million francs, to say nothing of the irreparable affront to her glory.

In the family it is considered certain, either that the wife will regain her "soul" by allying herself with the Church even against her husband—M. Michelet has shown with infinite genius what happens under this hypothesis—or that the innate sentiment of independence in the heart of every Latin woman, being violently repressed by the indissolubility of the marriage tie, will expose the household to the difficulties so forcibly described by M. Emile Girardin. M. Legouv  , who in principle is not favourable to divorce, acknowledges that "in the present state of society the theory of indissolubility is a thousand times more injurious to families than divorce would be, if restrained by severe regulations."

It is useless to think of explaining this deplorable situation by the contagion of "philosophical ideas." The dominion of the *bourgeoisie*, a peaceable class and quite disinclined for turbulence, has, on the contrary, prevented the torrent from overflowing all bounds. The least knowledge of history is the most complete refutation of the objection here made. "There are as many virtuous women as phoenixes," said the author of the "Romance of the Rose." The poet of the fourteenth century who wrote "Beaudoin de Sebourg," was not of a different opinion.

The legend of the "Enchanted Cup" in the "Roman du Renard" is too evident in its meaning to leave the least doubt of the author's conviction. In short, whoever desires to retain some illusions respecting the "good old times" has only to read the "Livre du Chevalier de la Tour Landry," composed by an honest gentleman, with the assistance of his two chaplains, for the purpose of forming the hearts and minds of his daughters. The anecdotes he relates give us the strangest idea of the effrontery of the women of the fourteenth century, and the "Roman de Fauvel," the "Disputation de l'Eglise de Romme et de l'Eglise de France," etc., prove that they only followed the example of popes, prelates, priests, and monks.

We see that the inventions of theocratic despotism have never succeeded in obtaining possession of the "body and soul" of woman. More enlightened than the Italian priests, though by no means free from the prejudices of his race, has Napoleon managed to escape the reproaches of the liberals? Assuredly not; since the code which bears his name gives the husband such power over the wife's person, that, says M. Legouv  , "there is no autocrat so omnipotent for evil as a cruel husband with the code in his hand."

It seems that in arranging certain articles of the code the serious difficulties described by MM. de Girardin and Legouv   had been foreseen; for the law is so severe on the wife that it declares the husband "excusable" if his anger in certain cases should lead him even to murder. (Code P  nal, art. 324.) Surely it should follow that if the husband commit the same crime which authorises him to become a murderer,

the jury ought to have the power to send him to the scaffold. If the law is to punish equally crimes which are perfectly parallel, it is evident that the simplest justice obliges us to take the dagger from the husband's hands or to place it in those of the wife. The Fathers of the Church, it must be acknowledged, have, in this question, shown themselves juster than the legislators of the French empire. "The laws of Jesus Christ and those of the emperors are not alike," says St. Jerome, in his life of Fabiola; "the emperors remove all restraints on man. But it is not so amongst Christians; in equal conditions the obligation is equal."

If St. Jerome, in this significant passage, reads the Cæsars a lesson which might be applied to the compilers of the Code Napoléon, he would not have been more favourable to those who corrected it by re-establishing the indissolubility of marriage. In fact, he says that Fabiola, whom he speaks of as a saint, "separated from her husband because he was vicious, and married again." The middle ages even recognised the lawfulness of divorce for reasons of a different kind. "If either the husband or wife," say the assizes of Jerusalem, "becomes leprous or afflicted with the falling sickness, the Church after examination pronounces a divorce, and the healthy husband or wife can marry again."

The French democrats are far from being of St. Jerome's opinion. Some, by one of those inconsistencies too frequent in France, accept Catholic morality, whilst they reject the doctrine whence it is derived. The influence of education and of those by whom we are surrounded is so powerful that a genuine independence of mind is necessary to give us power to escape from this difficulty. Others introduce arguments against divorce into their own theories. Such are M. Michelet in "*L'Amour*," and M. Proudhon in "*La Justice*."

In abolishing divorce the Bourbons substituted legal separation. In acting thus they returned to pure Catholic tradition, without perceiving that separation is exposed to all the objections against divorce, to say nothing of the serious difficulties inherent in separation itself—difficulties which M. Legouvé has so forcibly shown.

If the daughter is treated with so much favour by the French law—if the wife, by choosing an equitable "system," can protect herself—the mother has been treated by the Imperial legislator with an indifference bordering on contempt. In fact, the Code Napoléon says, it is true, that "the child remains under the authority of its father and its mother until its majority" (Art. 372); but it adds that "the father alone exercises this authority;" as though it said, "the mother reigns, but never governs." The legislation does not stop on this path even as regards the most solemn acts. If the code says that "minors cannot marry without the consent of their parents," it adds, with evident irony,

that "in case of disagreement the consent of the father is sufficient." In this case it is not difficult to perceive how serious are the consequences of the abrogation of maternal authority. A mother, when her daughter is about to marry, could make use of an experience often dearly bought, could exercise great influence over the terms of the contract, and, by the choice of the "system," could secure her a better position than her own. But if her consent can be dispensed with when a son-in-law is to be chosen, it is superfluous to say that, having nothing to fear from the vigilant precautions and the wise distrust of maternal love, he will manage to secure for himself such conditions as will be best suited to free his authority from every kind of counterpoise. No government, be it great or small, ever voluntarily imposes limits to its own authority.

No sooner does a Frenchwoman become a widow than she recovers all her lost privileges, as if by enchantment. She is administratrix, testatrix, guardian; she is absolutely independent, as is proved in "*Le Code de la Veuve*," by M. l'Avocat Venant. Consequently the Parisian women are accustomed to say that she has obtained her "marshal's bâton."

From the regulations of French law on the majority of daughters, and the rights of widows, we may conclude that this legislation has entirely abandoned the old dogma, revived by some democrats, of the essential inferiority of women. If woman continues a "minor" in the married state, this arrangement cannot be justified by any principle or by any argument derived from her interest or the interest of her children. It must be considered as one of those inconsistencies which hold their ground for some time after great reforms, as a mere concession to the partisans of the old system, and which logic, commonsense, and the march of intellect will infallibly set right.

I have often heard Frenchmen, in whose presence these subjects were discussed, reply by the word "impossible" to every argument which could be adduced in favour of the right of women to manage their own property. This answer has always surprised me. In fact, as women do partly enjoy this right—without dispute and without serious inconvenience—this terrible adjective "impossible" is ridiculous enough in such a discussion. Now this is exactly the proposition I intend to prove. I shall not, as you might suppose, find it necessary to have recourse to any "republican" legislation. I shall simply consult the codes of a vast empire which has never been deemed "revolutionary," and, as the ancient philosophers of Greece sometimes opposed the authority of the "Scythian" Anacharsis to customs which they considered irrational, so shall I permit myself to direct the attention of the sons of Voltaire to a few examples borrowed from a country less civilised than France.

The monuments of Russian legislation go back to a very remote

period. So early as the tenth century we see the regent, St. Olga, who was converted to Christianity, attaching great importance to the execution of the old laws, and employing herself in administrative reforms. However, Yaroslav (1019-1054,) ought to be considered as the first Russian legislator, as he published the celebrated collection of old laws known under the name of "Rouskaïa Pravda." Even in this code we see that there is no hesitation in recognising the widow as the guardian of her children.

With the imperial era (1689), initiation into European life began for Russia. A hundred years before the taking of the Bastille, Peter the Great commenced a gigantic struggle against Asiatic barbarism. His ukase of February 18, 1700, shows us that he was convinced of the imperious necessity of providing Russia with an uniform legislation, and one more in accordance with the exigencies of the time. Persuaded as he was that Germanic manners were superior to the customs of other races, and an admirer of the legislations of Holland and Sweden, he would probably, according to his custom, have completely sacrificed Slavonian traditions. He left a code of military justice (March, 1716) and a maritime code (13 June, 1720) without having had time to issue a civil code.

Catherine I. occupied herself more with the care of executing her husband's laws than promulgating new ones. Nevertheless, she maintained the political character of her sex, by associating two of Peter's daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, in the Council of Regency.

After the reigns of Peter II. and Anne Ivanhoff, Elizabeth, daughter of the great reformer, who ascended the throne in 1754, resumed the project of the civil code, which her father had not been able to execute. In spite of the ardent zeal with which the intelligent empress prosecuted this business, the inertia of the high functionaries impeded its success. But Elizabeth had the glory of anticipating the spirit of her century by solemnly proclaiming the abolition of the punishment of death. The ukase of September 30, 1745, will, for the honour of our sex, again become the law of Russia at some future day. Unfortunately, the Emperor Nicholas was not of this opinion, and the legislation put in force under his reign punishes even purely political crimes with death.

Catherine the Great was the real legislator of modern Russia.

To obtain an idea of the immensity of her legislative labours it would be necessary to read the work of Count Speransky, an eminent jurist, "*Precis des Notions Historiques sur la formation du Code des Loix Russes*" (St. Petersburg, 1833). The plan which she drew up under the unpretending title of "Instructions to the legislative commission," may be considered as a code in itself. Indeed the "Instructions" served as a guide to the Russian jurisconsults until the promulgation of the actual laws. It is not difficult to perceive that the empress had

read Montesquieu and Beccaria, and had profited by them. By the abolition of torture, she rendered homage to the eminent author of the "*Traité des Délits et des Peines*." But the wars with Turkey and Poland so absorbed the activity of the nation and the empress that, as always happens in such cases, home reforms were sacrificed to the desire of extending the frontiers.

At length Nicholas I., although much more disposed to occupy himself with foreign affairs than to care for the progress of the country, found so many materials accumulated by Peter I., Anne, Elizabeth, Catherine II., and Alexander I., that he decided to put the finishing stroke to the work of his predecessors. A beginning was made by the publication of the "*Recueil complet des Lois de l'Empire Russe*." Then appeared the eight codes, or arrangement of the laws of the empire ("*Svod zakonov Rossuskoï Imperii*," 1832), whereof a new and complete edition was published in fifteen volumes in the month of March, 1843.

The first of the eight codes includes the organic statutes. Here we find the fundamental laws of the Russian empire, which are much more favourable to women than the constitution of the empire of the French.

Before Paul I. the emperors could choose their successors. Paul established the hereditary right of the eldest son ; but in default of male descendants women could be called to the throne.

Not only does the new legislation preserve this right, but it explicitly declares that the empress shall enjoy all the rights which the sovereign possesses. Should she marry, her husband will not even have the permission, as in Spain, to assume an equal title with his wife, and the name of emperor can never be given him.

The regulations with respect to the regency remind us of the usages before the time of Paul I. The reigning emperor has the right of nominating the regent, but he may give the preference to the empress. Should he have made no choice, the regency is entrusted to the mother of the young prince. In default of a mother these important functions are to be performed by the next heir to the throne, whether man or woman. Mental alienation or a marriage contracted by the dowager empress during the heir's minority, are the only causes which could deprive her of the title of regent.

These arrangements are far superior to the law called by the French the Salic law, whereof the name recalls its barbarous origin, and which is nothing but a tissue of contradictions. In fact, France confides the reins of the state, without the least hesitation, to a foreigner, an Austrian, a Spaniard, etc., and that in the midst of difficulties and of struggles of every kind inseparable from regencies, whilst she denies the daughter of a French sovereign the right of wearing the crown ! If the legislators

of the great western empire think that by such laws they can establish that "man represents reason"—these are the words of a democratic philosopher, M. J. Simon—they are labouring under a most extraordinary misapprehension.

In the question with which we are now engaged the civil legislation, especially, of the Russian empire, merits our particular attention.

The community of property introduced by the barbarians into France is by no means admitted in Russia. The property which belongs to each of the contracting parties at the moment of the celebration of the marriage remains as before. The woman's dowry and the property she may acquire by purchase, inheritance, or deed of gift, constitute the proper fortune of the wife. In consequence of this, in the event of legal proceedings being taken against the husband, the wife's property could not be seized—not even that which she might have received from her husband by bill of sale or deed of gift, provided it was anterior to the offence.

Not only does the wife retain the ownership of her fortune, but no one has a right to deprive her of its free and complete management. She can mortgage or sell her property, without requiring either the consent or the signature of her husband. However, and this is only just, if she engages in business, unless it be conducted exclusively by herself, she requires the authority of her husband to sign bills of exchange.

(To be continued.)

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s second letter.]

"THE ground that is set apart for this exhibition is divided into three sections perfectly distinct from each other, and yet closely connected as forming together one whole.

"1. The Park, or that portion of the Champs de Mars in the midst of which stands the palace filled with works sent in by exhibitors from all countries ;

"2. The Garden, or Horticultural and Floral Exhibition, which is annexed to the park, and communicates with it by means of four separate openings ;

"3. The island of Billancourt in the Seine, at the distance of about six miles below the Champs de Mars. The principal part of the Agricultural Exhibition is to be held there during the summer months.

"The grand entrance to the park and palace is opposite to the Pont d'Iena, which crosses the Seine from the Quai d'Orsay. A handsome vestibule leads from it through the centre of the palace to another entrance which faces the Ecole Militaire, on the highest part of the Champs de Mars.

"Before we consider the Exhibition now about to be opened you may find it interesting to look over a list that Myra has copied of the exhibitions which took place in past years.

"The first exhibitions that we hear of in France, were those of painting and sculpture, which were held periodically at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, towards the middle of the last century.

"In 1798, an exhibition, including works of industry as well as works of art, was opened in Paris, and met with great success, though the number of exhibitors from different parts of France did not exceed a hundred and fifty. But some of them obtained a world-wide reputation ; for instance, Breguet for watch-making, and Didot for printing.

"In 1801, the second Industrial Exhibition was opened in the Louvre, by the First Consul. On that occasion, more than two hundred exhibitors came forward. It succeeded so well that a society for the express purpose of encouraging industry was formed, of which the members were empowered to superintend all future exhibitions, to examine the works contributed by exhibitors, and to decide upon those which were to be admitted.

"In 1802, the third Industrial Exhibition took place in the Louvre, and contained works from five hundred exhibitors. It was now deter-

mined that an exhibition of like nature should be held once in every four or five years.

"In 1806, the esplanade in front of the Invalides was the place chosen for the exhibition. Fourteen hundred exhibitors were admitted, and it lasted twenty-four days.

"In 1819, the next exhibition was held in the Louvre. There were fifteen hundred exhibitors.

"In 1823, an exhibition was again opened in the Louvre, for upwards of sixteen hundred exhibitors.

"In 1827, the number of exhibitors amounted to about eighteen hundred. That was the last exhibition held in the Louvre.

"In 1834, more than two thousand exhibitors contributed their works, and the exhibition took place in the Place de la Concorde.

"In 1839, three thousand exhibitors appeared.

"In 1844, about four thousand.

"In 1849, four thousand five hundred.

"For those last three exhibitions the large open space in the Champs Elysées was found to be suitable.

"Exhibitions were now the fashion in other countries, and the present Emperor proposed to the French Chambers to admit foreign productions to the Paris exhibition.

"In 1851, Prince Albert opened the first Universal Exhibition in London, to which very nearly fifteen thousand exhibitors from all countries were admitted.

"In 1855, the second Universal Exhibition was opened in Paris by Napoleon III. Twenty-four thousand exhibitors of every nation contributed their works.

"In 1862, the third Exhibition of the same kind was held in London, with more than twenty-seven thousand exhibitors.

"The fourth Exhibition of like nature is about to open in Paris on the first of April, 1867, in the Champs de Mars, with upwards of forty-four thousand exhibitors.

"The building is composed of bricks and iron with a glass roof. The length of it inside is four hundred and ninety mètres, and the width three hundred and eighty mètres, the French mètre being equal to about an English yard and half a quarter.

"The following decree respecting the Honorary President of the Exhibition, is from the *Moniteur Universel*.

" ' NAPOLEON,

" ' Par la grâce de Dieu et la volonté nationale, Empereur des Français.

" ' A tous présents et à venir, salut :

" ' Sur le rapport de notre ministre de l'agriculture, du commerce et des travaux publics, et du ministre de notre Maison et des Beaux-Arts :

" ' Avons décrété et décrétons ce qui suit :

“ ‘Art. 1. Son Altesse Impériale le Prince Napoléon-Eugène-Louis, Prince Impérial, notre Fils bien-aimé, est nommé président d'honneur de la Commission impériale de l'Exposition internationale universelle de 1867.

“ ‘Les fonctions de président seront exercées par notre ministre d'Etat, et, en cas d'empêchement, par notre ministre de l'agriculture, du commerce, et des travaux publics, ou par le ministre de notre Maison et des Beaux-Arts, vice-présidents de la Commission impériale.

“ ‘Art. 2. Notre ministre de l'agriculture, du commerce et des travaux publics, et le ministre de notre Maison et des Beaux-Arts, sont chargés, chacun en ce qui le concerne, de l'exécution du présent décret.

“ ‘Fait au palais des Tuileries, le 22 Février, 1866.

“ ‘NAPOLEON.’

“ Everything exhibited in the Champs de Mars, in the garden properly so called, and at Billancourt, comprising works of art and of industry, living animals, machinery, and various methods of teaching children, is allotted to some one of ten groups, which contain altogether ninety-five classes. Thus the first group is composed of five classes of works of art, such as paintings, statues, engravings, drawings, and photographs, which are all placed in the gallery that surrounds the garden in the centre of the building. This arrangement enables visitors to compare very readily the works of some one sort in each different country in succession, while all the various works of any one country can be studied in detail, in the diverging corridor proper to it. The outer gallery of all is reserved for machinery, and a sort of terrace is raised above it from which visitors can take a bird's-eye view of the several works beneath them.

“ And now the first of April is smiling upon us from a clear blue sky bathed in brilliant sunshine, which, like magic, transforms the aspect of everything. Our old friends, Major and Mrs. Sedley, arrived in Paris yesterday, so we shall have the pleasure of going together to see the opening of the Exhibition. Mrs. Sedley, Myra, and myself, have bought season tickets for sixty francs a-piece, and we have had our photographs affixed to them, which is so far useful, that it gives us the right of going in by whichever of the sixteen entrances we may fancy. Major Sedley paid a hundred francs for his ticket.

“ From a variety of circumstances, and chiefly, I believe, from the singularly unfavourable weather during the last six months, it was found impossible to have the exhibition even half finished by the time originally fixed upon for the opening. The Emperor, therefore, with unerring good sense and taste, decided that there should be no ceremony at all on the occasion, and that he and the Empress, attended by merely the members of the Imperial Commission, and some of his own household, should simply walk round the building and the park, and declare them to be opened to the public.

“ But though there was to be no actual ceremony, everyone was

anxious to catch a glimpse of the Emperor himself, and we set out at half-past eleven with the hope of seeing all that was going forward. We found numbers of policemen and *sergents-de-ville* in cocked hats and wearing long swords, all busy placing barriers across every passage which could be kept closed till the Emperor should have formally ordered them to be removed. Wherever we turned 'On ne passe pas par ici,' greeted our ears, but I must say that nothing can exceed the politeness of the police here in the performance of their duty, however disagreeable it may be to be driven back. Two o'clock was the hour appointed by the Emperor, so we had two good hours to wait, but we amused ourselves perfectly well. We wandered about the park and in and out of the great gallery of machinery, and at last found ourselves in excellent places close to the principal entrance through which the imperial party was to pass. This entrance opens from the Quai d'Orsay opposite to the Pont d'Iena. We had ample time to observe all the preparations going on. A line of soldiers formed on each side, with a due proportion of policemen always visible. The Imperial Commissioners, all in evening dress, flitted about and stood for a while in groups on the terrace above the gallery of machinery, and then came down again. At rare intervals a few elegantly dressed ladies were led across from one side to the other. Then the band—*la musique*, as it is called in the French army—began to give a suppressed note or two, ready to burst out at the right moment, several watches were consulted, and we heard, in impatient whispers—

"'Encore un quart d'heure!'

"'Dix minutes!' 'Cinq minutes!' 'Ah, les voila!'

"At length the firing of a cannon gave notice that the imperial *cortège* had left the Tuilleries; and at two o'clock, exact to a minute, the Emperor and Empress entered the vestibule. A green velvet sort of roof or awning, powdered with golden bees, had been stretched over the vestibule, and had a very good effect, but if a heavy shower had come on, what a bag of water it would have become!

"The Emperor and Empress were received most heartily, and, as I thought, affectionately. I had set my heart on seeing the dear little prince, our Honorary President, and, to my regret, he did not come. He has been ill, and it was thought more prudent for him to keep the house. The Emperor wore a perfectly plain dress, with the star and ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The Empress had on a dress of amaranth silk, with a small velvet bonnet to match in colour, and I remarked that she kept her veil down all the time. Over her dress she wore a black velvet sort of long pelisse. No crinoline was perceptible.

"The imperial party, including the Princess Mathilde, the Prince of Orange, and the Count of Flanders, at once ascended the flight of stairs to the left, and began their progress by looking down upon the display of

French machinery which occupies one-half of the outer gallery of the French court or portion of the exhibition.

"Thus the Emperor and Empress walked round the building, arm-in-arm, stopping occasionally to allow the commissioners of different countries to be presented to them. They descended at the English section, which is to the right of the vestibule, and exactly opposite to that of France. Here a poor-looking green carpet was spread for them to step down upon, but it was out of all proportion to the vastness of the building. The procession round the terrace lasted about three-quarters of an hour. A tall footman in green livery followed the Empress with a folding stool and an extra shawl.

"When the imperial party came down again to the great entrance, the crowd, which had remained quite still while royalty was out of sight, now could not be restrained from following in their wake. The pair walked straight down the wide corridor between France and England, preceded by the Imperial Commissioners, till they reached the inner gallery of pictures and marbles. There the Emperor paused, we were told, before the portrait of the Prince of Wales, painted when he was at Oxford, and pointed it out to the Empress. A copy of the catalogue of the British department, printed in four languages—English, French, German, and Italian—was then presented to the Emperor by one of the heads of our commission.

"From the picture gallery a short visit was paid to the Russian quarter—Rue or Avenue de Russie, as it is called, for the corridors that diverge from the centre are distinguished by names of different countries.

"In the miserable-looking unfinished park a highly ornamented pavilion has been erected and dedicated to the Emperor, the Empress, and the little prince. The room intended for the Emperor is fitted up in the style of Louis XIV. ; that for the Empress, in the style of Louis XVI. ; and that for the prince, in the richest Moorish style ; all the ante-rooms being in imitation of Pompeian. They took possession of it very courteously, as Major Sedley told us, for he contrived to follow in the imperial train pretty closely.

"The carriages waited for the imperial party at the entrance which is the second in importance, and stands opposite to the Ecole Militaire. As soon as they had departed the barriers were all removed, and everyone was free to pass where they would. It was then about half-past four o'clock.

"On our way out we looked at the flower-show in one of the green-houses in the garden. Camelias, red and white, and rather small to our English eyes, were the prevailing flowers in bloom. Every fortnight the plants exhibited are all to be changed. On the fifteenth we are promised pine trees and orchids.

"The next morning we returned to the exhibition, but everything is in such an unfinished state that we made up our minds to wait another week or two before attempting to examine any of the wonders that we know await us. The weather, too, has gone back to what it was a week ago, and everyone is complaining of illness. The Empress has been unable to leave her room from a cold she caught at the opening. I anticipate great pleasure when we can pursue our observations under a more genial sky, for I can see, even now, that the exhibition will be one of the grandest shows ever heard of, and must be of infinite value to those who are competent to derive full profit from it. You shall soon hear from us again."

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.

"THERE is no new thing under the sun," but there be new ways of rendering old things ; and we hail, as a benefactor to society, a reader who throws new and varied light on an old book, whether in the drawing-room or on the stage.

Mrs. Scott Siddons has lately given two dramatic readings from the works of Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Scott. At these readings she did not confine herself to one play or piece, but chose a variety of scenes and characters. This sudden shifting, without any external help, from one situation to another, wholly unconnected as they are, is a severe test of the power of the reader to make the audience realise the new character and its bearings ; but, on the other hand, it does not require the finish, in the other characters, which is absolutely necessary when the interest of an audience has to be kept up during the recital of an entire play.

Mrs. Siddons is gifted with a peculiarly clear and pleasing voice, without any especial advantage in quality of tone, and it has been well-trained, for, without apparent effort on her part, every syllable fell distinctly and every word was heard with ease in a large and crowded room.

She has perfect refinement in her manner and elegance in her gestures. As *Rosalind*, in which part she has appeared on the stage, her youth and beauty show to great advantage. In time we hope to see a much better staff of actors associated with Mrs. Siddons, and the indirect influence of her talent will help, more surely than any other means, to bring about this desirable result.

Her acting is very careful acting, nothing is slurred over ; on the contrary, we should be inclined to say it had too much elaboration, and that her smaller actions are sometimes given with an energy which should be reserved alone for those of larger import. To emphasise every word by gesture is at once exaggeration and monotony. This tendency, indeed, leads occasionally to a faulty interpretation, e.g. when disguised as a man, and intending to keep up that disguise, *Rosalind* emphatically accents, in her speeches to *Phœbe*, that she will marry "*no woman*." In real life this emphasis would risk discovery, and in the play the audience do not require it to enlighten them.

And this leads us to speak of another fault, viz., the want of sufficient margin, so to speak, left for her climaxes. What spoiled the recital of *Constance* was that there was no rest between her passion, no repose between the outbursts of it ; it was one continuous whirlwind of wailing. What would be thought of a piece of music in which one noisy strain

all along was heard? Would it not be pronounced exaggerated and inartistic? And why should not the same regard to light and shade and proportion be observed in acting as in music? The same want of repose spoiled much of her reading of Scott. Indeed, if we may venture to say so, the restlessness approaches to something like a personal defect; her eyes are rarely, if ever, quietly still, but are, probably unconsciously to herself, constantly in motion. Had the glance been lowered in the parenthetic sentences of "Lady Clare,"—"Said Alice, the nurse," etc., we should have had nothing to complain of and everything to admire in her rendering of Tennyson's most dramatic ballad.

Perhaps there may be truth in the objection that one figure should not be produced to reality (as were Constance and Juliet), while the other personages of the play are absent—nothing left to the imagination in one part, everything left to the imagination in other parts. But we believe Mrs. Siddons to be so thoroughly dramatic that reading with her must become acting, and that she throws herself, with complete self-forgetfulness, into whatever character she for the time represents. Her acting seems to come direct from the promptings of genius rather than to be the effect of an elaborate teaching. We are inclined to believe that the mantle of her great ancestor has fallen on her shoulders, and if we mark some points in which improvement is needed, we deem that our honesty in so saying is the best and truest compliment we can lay at her feet. In the present depressed state of the real drama we need her help so much that we cannot afford to be content with lower when higher things seem possible, and we believe that to Mrs. Siddons the highest are possible.

We shall only add that her career is watched with hope and interest by many, to whom her successful progress will give an unfeigned satisfaction and delight.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—I, along with many others, feel greatly indebted to you for the able and exhaustive article on the present position of women as students of medicine, contained in this month's VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

The decision of the apothecaries, and the other obstacles thrown in the way of women, will only expedite the establishment of an independent means of procuring certificates of efficiency.

The question has taken a great stride during the last two or three years. Hardly an influential paper throughout the country but what has, to a greater or less degree, admitted the desirability of "midwifery and the diseases of women" being treated by educated ladies. Except in those medical journals which erroneously imagine their pecuniary interest involved in opposing the movement, we find little else but approval.

Anonymous writers there are, who try to "trail a red herring across the scent," by making coarse jokes as to ladies attending the male sex; but such sneers, being founded on misrepresentation, are beneath contempt. As a supporter of the Female Medical College, No 4, Fitzroy Square, I unhesitatingly assert that those who, from feelings of delicacy, desire that their wives and daughters should be able to procure female aid and advice, are the last persons who would be likely to promote anything which would involve anomalies almost as undesirable as those of the present system.

No; if there be any danger arising from women attending men, the onus must rest with our opponents. It is they who, with the same voice, encourage ladies to act as nurses and dressers in military hospitals, and condemn the employment of those same skilful and educated persons as accoucheuses and medical attendants on their own sex.

I leave those who are familiar with what nursing in military and general hospitals involves to decide which of the two may be undertaken by refined and educated ladies with least sacrifice of delicacy and trial to their womanly feelings.

Apologising for troubling you,

I am, yours sincerely,

A FATHER OF FIVE.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—In conversing on the subject of lady obstetricians with those who, from interest or other reasons, are opposed to them, the only definite argument that is brought forward against ladies practising midwifery is, that women would not have nerve sufficient to deal with difficult cases. There is not a question as to the fact that all ordinary births can be well and satisfactorily managed by them, while every consideration of delicacy and modesty render it desirable that the duties of the medical attendant should be performed towards the mother by one of her own sex. This circumstance of sex cannot be eliminated from the question; it underlies the whole subject, and the more the matter is considered by the natural and not by the conventional English standard, the more extraordinary it seems that the practice of midwifery should have been so entirely usurped by men. On the Continent accoucheuses are the rule, not the exception; and in heathen countries one of the objections brought by the intelligent natives against our superior civilisation is, that English ladies permit men to attend them at such times. The voice of nature is entirely on the side of the lady obstetrician, and numerous instances can be cited of natural cases converted into

instrumental through the emotion produced by the presence of the medical man. Several have come under my own notice, and have been related to me by the sufferers themselves. According to the statistics of Dr. Collins, of Dublin, 94 per cent. of cases, and according to the returns of the Royal Maternity Charity of London, 97 per cent. require only patience and care in their management. It is clear, therefore, that educated ladies who devote themselves to this branch of medicine would be perfectly equal to the charge of the great majority of cases. There remain, then, but five or six per cent. in which there is any doubt as to their powers. Now those who have studied midwifery know that it is one of the most definite branches of medicine. Dr. Farr, our present Registrar-General, says, "It is, perhaps, *the* most advanced branch of medicine, and is quite in a state to be easily taught to educated women." The emergencies which arise in the course of parturition are well known, and can be provided against, except in those rare instances of sudden death over which no practitioner, male or female, can have any control. The recent sad events which have darkened the homes of some high in position, who could command the services of the most accomplished accoucheurs, show that in a few rare instances no medical skill will avail. In all others women have proved themselves capable of acting. In instrumental cases, in version, in hemorrhages, properly instructed women act with as much promptitude and judgment as men, while the results of their practice are singularly in their favour. It would take too much space in this letter to show this by the collation of statistics from British practice, which ranks so deservedly high, with that of the French female practitioners; but this I have done in an essay which is about to be published.

It seems almost incredible that women who have proved themselves to have nerve sufficient to face the most terrible dangers, to overcome the most serious obstacles, and to support the most onerous responsibilities, should be supposed incapable of watching the changes which occur during gestation and parturition, and, when necessary, of applying the remedies which previous education and experience have proved to be the best. Nerve is purely a question of training. Male medical students often betray the greatest agitation when they begin their practical course, and the first midwifery cases produce much trepidation; but this, after a time, wears off; and just so is it with female obstetricians. They require training, education, and practice for their particular work, and when they have passed through it they are as competent to act as medical men, while the propriety of their undertaking this peculiar branch of medicine cannot be disputed.

Every one admires the heroic courage of the ladies who, under Miss Nightingale, took charge of our wounded soldiery; yet what could be more trying and arduous, or require the exercise of more nerve, self-control, and judgment than such a task? Then those self-devoted women who tended the sick in the recent outbreak of cholera, what could be more hopeless and alarming than their work? So in the surgical wards of our hospitals, educated ladies are found to be the most admirable nurses. Their nerve is equal to assisting at the most frightful operations, and to witnessing the most shocking sights. Human life is placed in their charge, and they are found to possess sufficient strength, mental and physical, to support the responsibility. There is a hopelessness about the majority of these cases which does not enter into the practice of midwifery, where watching the gradual operation of nature's most perfect organism gives positive pleasure, and the tenderest sympathies of the female heart are called into exercise by the care of the mother and her offspring.

The Female Medical Society, 4, Fitzroy Square, has trained the first British lady-accoucheuses, and the success of their treatment hitherto justifies us in looking forward to results as satisfactory as those which have been attained elsewhere.

I remain, Madam,

Yours truly,

ISAEL THORNE.

18, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—“Women cheap and plentiful” is the dictum of a writer in the *Medical Times* who has recently made an effort to cast ridicule on lady medical students. The animus developed in various articles which have appeared in the paper referred to, requires no farther explanation than the one fact that medical students form the majority of its readers and contributors. These gentlemen view, with no very pleasant sensations, the prospect of losing an important branch of practice. They ruthlessly attack the instruments of this loss in perspective, and, forgetting that they had mothers, perhaps sisters, assert that women are “cheap and plentiful.” There is one thing they forget in their zealous endeavours to disparage the college at 4, Fitzroy Square—they forget that their very rancour proves the reality and importance of the work the college is doing; and that it is steadily advancing towards a position which will enable its students to compete on equal terms with their would-be traducers. In short, these gentlemen are making a vain attempt to laugh down a movement which they fear. They do not attack the Earl of Shaftesbury or Dr. Edmunds, such attack would be too suggestive of that of the viper on the file. The whole weight of their wrath falls on the lady practitioners, women of such truly feminine aims that they might have hoped to fulfil the duties of their station peacefully, had not the somewhat masculine habits and manners of certain ladies, who have no connection with them, been used as a fulcrum whereon to rest the lever which is to move such lady practitioners out of the way.

Again, as women are “cheap and plentiful,” the present unfair position of women and inadequate return for their labour depends upon their having been overcrowded into a few grooves of usefulness. The very existence of this fact would point out to any political economist that new lines of employment should be opened for labour that is “cheap and plentiful.” While the press, almost unanimously, condemns those strong-minded women who seem determined to take, at the first, a position precisely equal and precisely like that hitherto held by men in the practice of medicine, the general press still more unanimously commend the medical education of women for the practice of midwifery, and the treatment of the diseases of women and children. The following extract places this matter in a clear light, as it fairly represents the views of the press and the enlightened general public.

“We are pleased to notice that there are some particular employments, connected with the practice of medicine, which may fitly be entrusted to regularly educated women. The objections, indeed, to anything like a competition of female physicians and surgeons with men, in the general business of curing our various ailments, are such as need not be suggested to any person of common sense, tolerably acquainted with the world. But there is certainly one department of surgical care and manipulation—that of midwifery—which is proved, by its good old English name, so preferable to the silly phrase of accoucheur, to have been consigned, from time immemorial, to the practice of women. It is probable that, if they were sufficiently instructed in anatomy and physiology, their advice might also be resorted to most advantageously by many female patients on other occasions, under the guidance of the consulting surgeon, who is a man of science and skill. With this view the establishment of the Female Medical Society, and its school in Fitzroy Square, which was opened with the other medical schools of London this week, deserves our good wishes; and we are glad to hear that it has met with the approval of several of the highest authorities in different branches of the profession. The opinion of the Registrar-General in favour of this movement, has been emphatically proclaimed, and must have considerable weight upon a question of social reform, as well as of professional interest. The address of Dr. Edmunds at the opening of this new school for ladies, intending to devote themselves to a most honourable, useful, and womanly occupation, was a satisfactory argument for the purpose.”—*Illustrated News*, October 6, 1866.

Permit me, Madam, to subscribe myself, yours truly,

E. M.

MISCELLANEA.

MR. VINING AND THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Easter is rich in promise of novelties at the different theatres, but it is with regret we witness the last of some of our old friends. "It is Never Too Late to Mend" concludes a career of triumphant success which its stormy *début* might have enabled anyone to foresee; as how powerfully and graphically must the scenes have been portrayed to cause such excitement in a usually rather undemonstrative public. The success of this play must be the more gratifying to those concerned in the performance, inasmuch as the piece is quite destitute of what is generally considered an indispensable attraction—an interesting female character. Susan Merton is a mere accessory to George Fielding, and it is only because he loves her that we take the slightest interest in her fate. If in only reading the play the masculine characters completely absorb all our interest, we need not say this is doubly likely to be the case when they actually speak and move before us. We regret, however, that the name of the red-haired maid-servant does not appear on the bills, as the part, though a silent one, is well played and attracts a good deal of notice; but to another lady we would hint that two years is "ower lang" to permit a servant, however careful of her attire, to dispense with a change of dress.

Of the scenery it is impossible to speak too highly; the farmyard, the prison with its interminable corridors, and the Australian ravine with its rushing stream and splendid sunrise, are simply perfect. It is so very difficult to place a clergyman on the stage without wounding the susceptibilities of some of the audience, that in the case of Mr. Eden both author and actor deserve great praise for the admirable manner in which this difficulty is overcome; indeed, the whole company sustain their parts so well, that it is almost invidious to name any one as worthy of special notice; but Robinson in the hands of Mr. Vining is if possible too attractive; from first to last he has our sympathy, and we honestly consider him the best man there. The only time George sinks in our esteem is when he refuses to shake hands with Robinson after his arrest. Robinson may be—indeed, we know he is—a thief, *c'est égal*; we feel George ought to be ashamed of himself, and scarcely pardon him when in Australia he frankly offers his hand to his former friend, and give the latter credit for great good feeling in accepting the tardy reparation. This surely is not quite as it should be, but we cannot help it, and if, right or wrong, we are warm partisans of Robinson, on Mr. Vining must rest the responsibility; he is irresistible, and we never even

dream of resisting him, but, from the first moment to the last, succumb to his power, and follow exactly where he pleases to lead us.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS, at the Haymarket, has been warmly welcomed, her name alone attracting many, who, when they found their dream of a second Mrs. Siddons was too grand to be realised, heartily applauded her pretty, arch, and fragile-looking descendant. Mrs. Scott Siddons is not an impulsive actress, but she has been well tutored, and is always Rosalind, whether almost hidden in the background or the most prominent figure on the stage ; not a gesture or a look escapes her that betrays she is not what she assumes to be. Would that as much could be said of many of our actresses ; but, unfortunately, this is a point in which English performers are, as a rule, far inferior to continental ones. We hear that Mrs. Scott Siddons' *forte* is tragedy, and hope soon to have an opportunity of seeing her in what ought, if descent is anything, to be her natural element, though we incline to the opinion that comedy must be best suited to her. Her laugh is one of her greatest charms ; and altogether she seems too slight and petite for the mantle of the *tragédienne*. Will Drury Lane put the matter to the test ? Celia was admirably played by Miss Nelly Moore, though, for our part, we confess to having completely lost sight of the actress in our admiration of the woman. Anything more sweetly womanly than Miss Moore's behaviour it is impossible to imagine. To say she was ladylike is to say nothing ; she was emphatically womanly, and every woman present must, in her heart, have thanked her for the winning manner in which she refuted the too generally credited calumny on her sex, that no woman would allow another to succeed if she could prevent it. Throughout the entire performance Celia played for Rosalind ; self was as completely forgotten as if she had indeed been the veritable Celia whose heart was bound up in Rosalind ; and yet these ladies must have met simply as members of the same profession and the same company ; that is to say, in the arena of all others most calculated to make self the predominant thought.

MISS KATHERINE HICKSON gave an illustration of Shakespeare's heroines on the 17th of April, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and we hear that she intends to repeat the same at the end of May.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—We have received the report for the eighteen months from June 24, 1865, to December 24, 1866 :—

“ At Midsummer, 1865, at St. Thomas' Hospital, the School for Hospital Nurses, there were fourteen probationers under training ; from that time up to Christmas last thirty-seven new probationers were entered. Of these, making altogether fifty-one, twenty-seven completed their course satisfactorily, and were placed on the register as

certified nurses, and thirteen were still under training at Christmas last. The remainder, numbering eleven, have, from various causes, ceased to be connected with the fund. The number of probationers who have been dismissed, or have resigned, has not been so large as formerly. This result has, it is believed, been owing partly to the exercise of a sounder discrimination in the selection of candidates, and partly to a general improvement in the character and qualifications of those who have presented themselves.

"In the course of last autumn a new building was completed adjoining the present quarters of the nurses, which affords accommodation for eight additional probationers. The whole number who can now be received is twenty-three. The funds at disposal do not, however, admit of the reception of this number on the same terms as heretofore; that is to say, teaching, board, washing, some clothing, and salary being all provided at the expense of the fund. It will be, therefore, necessary, as intimated in the last report, to require some payment from a certain number of the probationers, or else to diminish the advantages afforded to all without exception.

"As the applications from hospitals in want of trained nurses are very numerous, and the advantages to be gained by the probationers themselves from their connection with the fund are now more appreciated, the committee entertain no doubt that the full number will readily be completed on such conditions as they may determine. They do not propose to lay down any invariable rule, but will deal with each individual case as circumstances will admit.

"Since Christmas last four probationers have been received, making up the number now under training to seventeen.

"The institutions which have been supplied with certified nurses since the last report are, amongst others, the Manchester Nurses' Training Institution, Dorset County Hospital, Royal Infirmary, Margate, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, Swansea Infirmary, Cardiff Infirmary, and Derbyshire General Infirmary, Derby. To the last mentioned hospital a matron trained expressly for the purpose, and four head-nurses were sent at Christmas.

"The committee continue to feel the necessity of declining to send out nurses to take service singly, or only two or three together, and of more strictly adhering to the practice of supplying to any hospital only a staff of nurses able to take the superior charge of the wards with, if possible, a superintendent. In effecting this object they have to encounter much difficulty, from the fact that managers of hospitals who apply for assistance rarely give sufficient notice of their wants. It must be borne in mind that the institution is merely a training school; that the nurses when trained are immediately engaged permanently; and that, therefore, no reserve of unemployed nurses exists.

"Another difficulty arises from the deficiency in the supply of candidates qualified to fill the higher posts of matrons or superintendents. The number of these has been greater during the past year, but is very far below what might have been expected, having regard to the position and emoluments which this calling now affords.

"It may be inferred that many persons who would gladly undertake such situations are deterred from applying to the committee from a disinclination to undergo the course of training required by the regulations. The committee are, however, satisfied not only that this course is essential to qualify candidates for the superior places, but also that it involves nothing which gentlewomen need fear to encounter.

"It cannot be too often repeated that the inefficiency of nurses arises mainly from ignorance of their profession, a knowledge of which is only to be acquired by a systematic training in the wards of public hospitals, and that such a training will never be afforded in any hospital unless the practice of nursing be treated as an art to be taught, and a proper system be adopted for teaching it.

"The committee trust that the school at St. Thomas's may, by providing hospitals

with skilled nurses competent to train others, lead to the establishment of additional sources for the more extensive supply of nurses which is required.

"In the School for Midwifery Nurses (King's College Hospital), the committee invite applications from persons desirous of having nurses trained. The object is to supply trained nurses, who shall take the place of the ordinary class of midwives who practise among the poor, and be at the same time under the direction or control of the medical men. It is desired that the nurse, while making the practice of midwifery her principal object, shall also be employed in attending cases of accident and of non-infectious sickness. Instruction in the latter duties may, by arrangement with the authorities of St. John's House, also form part of the course.

"It is undoubted that no greater benefit can be conferred on the poor, as regards their health, than by providing proper nursing to women during their confinements and to their infants. This ought to be the first care of all village and district nurses. The poor are now almost wholly without skilled nursing in this respect, and the want is not to be met by the attendance of the medical men. In those places where nurses have been established they are admitted by the parish doctors to be not only a boon to the poor, but a great assistance to the medical men themselves, and they have altogether succeeded well.

"Several women have been trained for the 'Parochial Mission Women Association' (Hon. Secretary, Miss Oldfield, 7, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.), the managers of which have provided the cost of the nurses' maintenance while under training and during their subsequent employment.

"The instruction is gratuitous. The cost of board, lodging, and washing is £12 for six months, which is the minimum period, paid in advance, and at the same rate for a longer term.

"The committee have every reason to be satisfied with the careful superintendence and efficient instruction upon the probationers at King's College Hospital, under the direction of the Lady Superintendent of St. John's House."

LATIN FOR LADIES.—It is only the other day that we were informed that the young ladies who were examined by the roving Cambridge authorities acquitted themselves eminently to the satisfaction of their questioners. And now we learn that the preparations for the similar annual proceedings on the part of the University of Oxford are completed, and that girls and boys alike, though not, we presume, in company, are to be put through the examination process with due severity and rigour. On the whole, it strikes us that this is about the most astonishing of all the astonishing things which indicate the reality of that social revolution which English society has for some time been undergoing. That the old universities should send delegates all over the country to examine the sons of the smaller gentry, and the men of business, was a sufficiently startling novelty. But that the "cloister" should actually despatch its missionaries to report upon the acquirements of the sisters of these long-neglected boys, is a proof that our fundamental ideas as to what constitutes the perfection of the female character are radically changed. Of course it is not to be doubted for a moment that no sentimental gallantry has warped the judgment of the presiding examiners. We cannot suppose that a Latin translation, or the solution of a quadratic equation, presented by blushing sixteen,

would not be as accurately estimated at its real value as the same performance sent up by an ungainly boy. We accept, therefore, the figures by which the examiners represent the amount of success attained by the fair students, and congratulate them on the delicacy and good sense which have led them to abstain from publishing the individual names of the interesting postulants for academic honours. We are quite satisfied with their report, and it only remains for us to speculate, with no little curiosity, as to the practical results which may be expected to follow from the success of this wonderful scheme.

That the general character of women would be materially altered, and altered for the better, by an improved education can hardly be doubted. Setting aside the popular nonsense about the absolute identity of men's and women's natural powers, it is certain that most of the defects which men so often cast in the teeth of women are mainly due to the wretched imitation of education which is all that is in the reach of the immense majority of Englishwomen. If then they can be made to learn anything, or rather to study anything thoroughly, and to carry on their studies beyond the period of mere girlhood, they must certainly acquire in some considerable measure that accuracy of thought, that dislike for rhetorical platitudes, that solidity and fairness of judgment, and that soundness of critical taste, for which, as things now are, the gentler sex is not, as a rule, highly distinguished. But it is the incidental consequences of the creation of a love for serious study among English girls of the middle and upper classes which present the most curious subjects for speculation. What will be its effect upon the "matrimonial market," and upon the education of men? We do not ask whether it will frighten away our ingenuous youth from offering their hands to young ladies of whose acquirements they stand in awe and dread. Possibly here and there some foolish man might abstain from making pretensions to the companionship of a pretty girl, through dread of being despised for his inability to extract the cube root and to discuss the doctrine of the Greek subjunctive mood. But as it is, cases of clever women marrying stupid husbands are quite numerous enough to reassure us on this head. The question is not as to the marrying prospects of stupid men, but as to the marrying inclinations of well-educated women in general. And here there does seem a probability of a change. At present, as we take it, it is the want of a definite interest in some work or occupation of real moment which sets girls speculating about marriage at so early a period. It is not because she has a dread of being an old maid, or is longing to be "settled in life," or is discontented with her home, that the thoughts of a girl of eighteen or nineteen are so often turned to matrimonial contingencies. It is rather because she has no present object on which to expend her energies, and nothing to work upon with a view to any permanent

benefit. With boys and young men it is the reverse. Life with them is very soon a reality, without any necessity for an early marriage. Men, as a rule, do not look forward to marrying until they are eight or ten years older than girls are when they seriously contemplate it. Their business or their profession, that profession being more or less the continuation of the work of education itself, furnishes them with an object for their thoughts and for the employment of their energies. But when the average girl has gone through the wretched "course of studies" prescribed by the schoolmistress or the governess, all comes to an end, and the next thing is to be married, or, at any rate, to be engaged. Her education has totally failed to awaken her interest in the subjects of men's studies and to cultivate her natural faculties to such an extent as to make their further cultivation and the acquisition of more knowledge a delight and a necessity. If, then, this new movement succeeds in converting the education of girls from a sham into a reality, it will follow that by hundreds and thousands they will be far less impatient for a "settlement," and will by common consent postpone for three or four years the recognised age at which girls may expect to be mistresses of a home of their own. Some people may regret the change, but others will welcome the advent of the theory that a young woman of three-and-twenty is more likely to be wise in her arrangements for her future life than a girl of eighteen or nineteen.

Then, as to the education of the brothers and expectant husbands of these highly cultured girls. If we have to abandon the idea that the life of a woman is to be inspired by feeling and the life of a man by thought and knowledge, a man's standard as to what is expected of himself must be raised. Boys who habitually look down upon their sisters' learning and capacities are pampered in their own idleness, and never made, as they ought to be, to feel ashamed. At this time, with all our advances, the average amount of the real education of the faculties of English boys, with occasional exceptions, is simply disgraceful, from the boys of Eton down to the boys of the humblest grammar-school. And while Oxford and Cambridge examiners are scouring the country and decorating the young provincial prodigies with the title of A.A., the university system itself is so bad that of those who take an ordinary bachelor's degree a very large number are allowed to spend two-thirds of their time of residence in all but utter idleness, supplemented by six months' cram at the end, while the annual six months' vacation time is passed in pure unmitigated amusement. But when the new order of things reigns in all good households, new ideas will take possession of the lads who now disport themselves so royally in their ignorance and self-satisfaction. Shame will do what self-respect and a sense of duty have failed to accomplish. And while the Oxford and Cambridge examiners are indoctrinating their charming candidates

for distinction in the country, they will be preparing for themselves a condemnation as men incapable of controlling and teaching their own undergraduates.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

JUSTICE TO WOMEN.—The controversy which has been going on in these columns for some weeks back, and which has simultaneously, we believe, been going on in the University of London, and which is likely to make itself heard immediately in Parliament, as to the true meaning of justice to women, induces us to say a few words more on the subject, to make clear a position which is, we believe, still in great degree misapprehended by many of our readers. The ordinary, and we think just, demand of women, though it does not, we believe, lead, as it is supposed to do, to the opening of the ordinary degree examinations to women, is as follows:—"Exclude us from no career, whatever it may be, from which you do not exclude men, except for the same reason and on the same grounds for which you exclude men. If we are incompetent for these careers, or any of them, the process of natural selection will soon show it much better than *a priori* opinions; we shall not make our way, and shall soon desist from an attempt for which we are not fitted. The utmost harm that can be done is, that a few too ambitious women, like thousands and thousands of too ambitious men, will fly at too high a mark, and have the pain, it may be the injury, of a sense of failure and a broken ambition. To set against this temporary mischief, there will be not only the removal of a sense of injustice, but the substitution of an active, if unfortunate, ambition in many cases, for that languid and colourless life which so many women now lead. At all events the mischief will be temporary, the benefit of the example to other women, both in the cases of failure and in the cases of success, will be permanent." We confess this argument seems to us quite unanswerable. For our own part, we feel no doubt at all that there is a real and organic difference in the relative powers of ordinary women and men, which fits men in general for one class of active pursuits, women for another, with a broad margin common to both. That is our own private conviction. We should be exceedingly surprised to find men successfully competing with women for the management of nurseries, and we should be equally surprised to find women successfully competing with men for the management of ships or the tillage of gardens. Women's labour in the fields is not physically unsuccessful, *i.e.*, for its immediate purpose, but every one admits that it leads to great moral evils, which may even induce the Legislature to interfere with a veto. But the reasons for such an interference would not apply to the opening of the usual intellectual and professional careers to women. Women educated enough to attempt these would be themselves the best judges of their own success or failure, and there could not well be any

such pressure of physical necessity behind them as forces the daughters and wives of agricultural labourers into a field of labour by which they are, as a class, fatally injured. And we heartily admit that the only way to discriminate clearly what practical careers women are and are not fitted for, is to let them try. In many cases—as in the medical profession—we do not feel any doubt that they will find a special kind of work for which they are specially fitted, which has never been adequately done by men at all, and which never would be done but by women. In other professions, also, doubtless, there are unexplored nooks and corners—perhaps most useful special classifications and subdivisions of work never yet introduced—which the mere attempt to adapt women's powers to the profession would at once discover and provide for, as they have never been provided for yet. The only way of finding out natural fitness is free permission to try. We have no doubt of the real and substantial distinction between the real powers of men and women, but we have a very strong opinion that in very many fields of both thought and practice hitherto denied to women, provinces specially adapted to their powers will be discovered, which would never be discovered until the attempt of women to fit themselves for these fields of exertion had been practically tried. We have heard the opinion of one of the most eminent of our living physicians that one of the new lady physicians is doing in the most admirable manner a work which medical men would never even have had the chance of doing. Mothers bring their children to her in hundreds to consult her on really important points, on which they freely admit that they would never have thought of taking advice at all had she not been accessible to them. And we should not be surprised to find that even in law, as certainly in literature and art, special fields of exertion quite consistent with feminine instincts will spring up, if they are only looked for.

But the great safeguard in all these cases is this—that in practical professions the process of "natural selection" is very plain and certain in its operation. Women might, perhaps, try a policeman's work—or in a higher rank of life might aspire to the work of barristers, wish to go circuit, and browbeat witnesses. But in all probability they would not try long. The unsuitable character of the work would soon show itself, and throw off aspirants from this false track. It would be only where women were found specially suited to some division or new subdivision of professional work, that they would attach themselves in any numbers to such work. In the case of a practical profession, then, the intrinsic difficulty of success would be the natural safeguard. If women's novels and pictures did not sell, women's novels and pictures would not be produced, and if women invariably failed at the Bar, as we think they would, or as sailors, as they certainly would, the Bar and the nautical profession would never be attempted by them. Why not,

then, apply the same test to politics and let them try? We reply that in politics there is no clear test of failure or success, and that, therefore, in politics we are always compelled to take some rough security *a priori* for the political competence of the classes we admit. As a rule, that test has been, for men, living in a house of a certain value, which is supposed to involve—and does usually involve—a certain practical education, a certain amount of knowledge of the external world, and of the interests affected by Parliamentary legislation. It involves this for men, but have we any reason to suppose that it would at present involve the same general acquaintance with political interests, and the drift of rival political principles, for average women? We do not hesitate to say that it would not—that even in the middle classes, the widows, wives, and daughters of very few men, not Members of Parliament, take the slightest interest in politics, or could show even that very bare and trivial amount of interest and intelligence with regard to politics which an average man, qualified in the same way, could usually show. Man for woman, living in the same class of house, and qualified by the same rental qualification—no one in his senses would doubt that the average man's political interests and notions would be far in advance of the average woman's of the same level. None, therefore, who think that some rough minimum test of political capacity should be required for every voter, and who do not concede a vote to be a matter of right, could maintain that at present the same political test for the franchise would in the case of women work as well, or half as well, as for men. And if there be, as we maintain there is, a large and easily distinguishable class of persons for whom the same rough criterion which we apply now would mean something very much less indeed, it would be absurd to admit them on the strength of their possessing such a criterion. The possession of a house of a given rental is not like a political examination—it is not a proof of political capacity, but only, in the case of perhaps 60 or 70 per cent. of ordinary householders, a presumption verified by fact. But if applied to women it would probably not be a presumption at all, for the cases in which it would succeed would probably be 9 or 10 per cent., instead of a respectable majority of the whole number. It is, then, in the present state of women's political education, absurd to be satisfied with the same grounds of presumption with which we are rightly satisfied in the case of men. We must require more in order that it may mean the same thing. Or—and this is the rational course—we must wait till women have so far gained in general political intelligence, that the same borough and county qualifications would imply as much chance of a political mind in their case as it does already in the case of men.

So much for the political question. And now as to the educational—the admission of women to the ordinary masculine degrees. So far

as a degree is a mere professional qualification for a practical career—as in the case of medical and, perhaps, law degrees, which nobody would take but with a view to professional ends—we would throw them open to women at once, because we are persuaded that the practical discouragements of professional competition would be quite enough to teach women what they could and could not profitably attempt to do, without our prejudging the question for them. Here, as we said before, nature will prove a much better sifting power than our *a priori* opinions, which, even when sound enough as far as they go, are apt to miss the mark through not anticipating modifications of the division of labour which suggest themselves directly the conditions arise under which such modifications become possible. But with regard to those educational degrees which are coveted, and are actually obtained, only as indices of general education and culture, and the most important effect of which is therefore to react on the general teaching of the schools and colleges whence candidates for these degrees come, the case is very different. If you decide that the same general degrees should be accessible on the same terms to men and women, you decide at once that the course of general education for men and women shall follow exactly the same track; and by deciding this you may be—we are disposed to think you would be—doing a great mischief to the existing girls' schools and ladies' colleges. In the first place, you would force on girls beyond their strength by encouraging them, or their teachers, to think that they ought to pass the same examinations at the same age as lads. It is partly, no doubt, due to the early neglect of girls' education that this would usually be so excessively injurious to them. Partly it may be due to a radical difference in physical strength between the two sexes. But anyhow it would be obviously and exceedingly mischievous. But this is not all. We entertain, not without a good deal of knowledge of the subject, the sincerest doubt whether, apart from the question of age, precisely the same track of general education should be laid down as the best for average young men and average young women. In each case alike the object of course should be to give the largest development to the average faculties of each sex which is possible within the years of childhood and youth. But would this be the same for the two sexes? Is it not true that women's minds are proportionally finer and more quick of apprehension on the side of taste and art, and weaker on the side of mere intellectual grasp—feats of logic, retentiveness of memory, tenacity of hold on first principles—than men's? If so, can the best general education for the two sexes be identical? For our own parts, we believe that no general education is good which does not leave behind it the highest sense of a real gain in power and resource which it is possible to give. No education is so erroneous as that which devotes itself wholly to counteracting natural deficiencies, instead

of also developing as much as possible natural powers. What we fear from too absolute an identification of the general education of young women with the present education of young men, is that it would not instil into the former the full sense of power and resource which they are capable of receiving. It would neglect the side of their minds on which they are superior to men, and hammer away at that side on which they are inferior to men, and so discourage them. This would be 'a great evil, and one of which there would be no conspicuous practical criterion, if once the general education of girls had been assimilated to that of the other sex. We are glad that the University of London appears to have foreseen this danger, and to intend to feel its way carefully to the sort of examination which may be best adapted to react with good effect on the general education given at the girls' schools and the ladies' colleges.—*Spectator*.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The following petitions are printed in the Appendix to the 18th Report of the Select Committee on Public Petitions, issued to-day. The first was presented by Mr. Russell Gurney, and the second by Mr. J. Stuart Mill :—

“The humble petition of the undersigned sheweth—That your petitioners fulfil the conditions of property or rental prescribed by law as the qualification of the electoral franchise, and exercise in their own names the rights pertaining to such conditions. That the principles on which the government of the United Kingdom is based imply the representation of all classes and interests in the State. That the reasons alleged for withholding the exercise of the franchise from certain classes of Her Majesty's subjects do not apply to your petitioners. Your petitioners therefore humbly pray your honourable House to grant to such persons as fulfil all the conditions which entitle to a vote in the election of members of Parliament, excepting only that of sex, the privilege of taking part in the choice of fit persons to represent the people in your honourable House. And your petitioners will ever pray.

“MARY CHARLOTTE LLOYD.

“HARRIET MARTINEAU.

“ANNA SWANWICK,” ETC.

“The humble petition of the undersigned sheweth—That the exclusion of freeholders, householders, and ratepayers legally qualified in every respect but that of sex from the power of voting in the election of members of your honourable House, by depriving a considerable portion of the property, the industry, and the intelligence of the country of all direct representation, is injurious both to the persons excluded and to the community at large. That women are competent both by law and in fact to carry on a business, to administer an estate, and to fill other positions which, both by investing them with interests requiring political representation and by affording tests of fitness, are usually considered to give a claim to the suffrage. That the admission of such persons to the privilege of the franchise would be a measure in harmony with the principles of our representative system, while its beneficial effects would not be attended by any possibility of dangerous political consequences. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that any Act for the Reform of Parliament hereafter to be passed may contain provisions for granting the suffrage to women on the same

conditions of property, rating, rental, or any other qualifications not dependent on such value on which it is or may be granted to men. And your petitioners will ever pray.

"EMMA WINKWORTH.

"LYDIA E. BECKER.

"JACOB BRIGHT," ETC.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—To the Editor of the *Spectator*.—Sir,—“S. D. C.” appears to have surrendered the point in dispute between us when she says, “I should be glad to see some wider opening than now exists for the political influence of women. It has been suggested that under Mr. Hare’s system of personal representation women might combine to seat a few members, and thus ensure special attention to any measure that seemed important to them; and if a large proportion of Englishwomen were prepared to work out such a plan, it might possibly lead to useful results.” In order to do this they must be allowed to vote, which is just what we want. The question—who are fit to be electors? is totally different from the one—shall persons or places be represented? and I do not see the relevancy of introducing the latter into the present discussion. Judged by the qualifications demanded from male electors, in whom ability to read and write is not deemed essential, I believe that ordinary average Englishwomen are fit to have votes. “S. D. C.” maintains that they are not. Then she says she would allow them to vote under a system which would enable them to combine to seat a few members, but not give them the indiscriminate vote now demanded, which would not tend to give any visible effect to the wishes of women.

“S. D. C.” appears to test the fitness of the women whom it is proposed to enfranchise, not by the standard of the existing qualification, but by that of some imaginary community, where all the voters are supposed to be highly cultivated and thoughtful persons. But those who would deal practically with any question do best if they adapt their arguments to the actual state of things, and there is no doubt about the fact that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion has pronounced unmistakably in favour of lowering, rather than raising, the standard of fitness for the exercise of the suffrage. Those who ask for the admission of women to this privilege have, therefore, to compare the whole body of qualified Englishwomen, now by law prevented from voting, with those men whose rental is under ten pounds, and to inquire—are these women, on the whole, less likely to make a wise use, or more likely to make a dangerous use, of the franchise, than the lower class of male householders? Unless the answer be given against the women, what valid reason can be assigned for specifically excluding all interests in female hands from representation in the councils of the nation?

I totally deny that the “fundamental difference in the nature of the two sexes” extends to any function which men and women have in common. Male and female students in any branch of science, or

practitioners in any art, must have their qualifications and capacities tested by precisely the same rules. There is no such thing as feminine geography, astronomy, history, or metaphysics, and no such thing as feminine, as distinguished from masculine, politics. If women are to be electors, their functions as such will be precisely identical with those of men, and there seems no conceivable reason for demanding a higher standard of fitness in the female than in the male sex.

Metaphors are not arguments, and if they were, I do not see the force of the one "S. D. C." employs. I fear a housemaid who could not "carry up a heavy coal-scuttle" would not be considered worth her wages in Lancashire, but were she reduced to this helpless condition, she need not, therefore, be incompetent to decide whether John Thomas or Jeames was best able to do it for her. It is not the electors who do the heavy work of politics, but the elected. No man is obliged to undertake political labour beyond his capacity because some men are allowed to vote, and women who care nothing about political questions would not have their liberty of inaction in the slightest degree infringed if other women, who do care about such questions, were permitted to take part in them—if they chose.

There are great numbers of Englishwomen in the position ascribed by "S. D. C." to Louis Napoleon's subjects. They feel that an "unnatural restraint is put on their already developed faculties" by their legal exclusion from all share in the political life of their country, and while, like "S. D. C." they are "abundantly content with the portion God has given" them, they are thoroughly discontented with the limitation some men have assigned, as that within which they must perforce confine their sympathy and their exertions.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

L. E. B.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—To the Editor of the *Spectator*.—Sir,—It "L. E. B." had read my letters more carefully, she would have seen that the remark in my last, "I should be glad to see some wider opening than now exists for the political influence of women," was no new admission, "surrendering the point in dispute between us," but was merely a repetition of what I had said to the same effect, and at much greater length, in my first letter. Also, that while granting that the adoption by women of Mr. Hare's plan "might possibly lead to visible and useful results," I added, "if a large proportion of Englishwomen were prepared to work out such a plan," and in no way implied that I thought them so prepared at the present moment. How long such preparation would take I do not presume to suggest, but that it would involve an amount of mental training which must take considerable time, and that the franchise would be unwisely granted without such previous training, seems to me as clear as the corresponding truth, that

the franchise should be conferred when such training has done its work.

To the rest of "L. E. B.'s" letter it would be easy to reply, but the common ground between us is evidently too small to make further controversy profitable.—I am, Sir, &c.,

S. D. C.

THE SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.—The change of a single word in four clauses of the new Reform Bill is the lever whereby Mr. Mill invites us to effect a grand social revolution. We have only to substitute the expression "person" for the expression "man" in sections 3, 4, 5, and 6 (for the omission by Mr. Mill of section 3 must surely have been an oversight), and we have established by a stroke of the pen the principle of a female suffrage. It will not even be necessary to vary the language of section 7, which introduces the obnoxious innovation of dual votes, for there, by the happy forethought of the draughtsman, the registered elector is already described as a "person." The result would be that, in the event of the Reform Bill being carried, women would henceforth be admitted to the new franchises in counties or boroughs on the same terms as men, except in two instances. They would be qualified to vote as occupiers and ratepayers; as ordained priests or deacons; as ministers of registered places of worship; as serjeants, barristers, pleaders, or conveyancers; as solicitors or proctors; or as duly qualified medical practitioners—always supposing the invidious rules which bar their access to learned professions to have been relaxed in their favour. They could also claim registration as graduates or associates in arts of any university in the United Kingdom; but they could not be registered by virtue of having passed "any senior middle-class examination of any university of the United Kingdom," since this privilege is expressly reserved to "a *male* person;" nor could they be registered by virtue of holding "a certificate from the Committee of Her Majesty's Council on Education," for this provision is confined to "schoolmasters," a term which can hardly be construed so as to include schoolmistresses. Subject to these restrictions, the proposed amendment faithfully embodies the spirit of a petition which has been lately signed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen pledged to the cause of women's rights. This petition sets forth "that the exclusion of freeholders, householders, and ratepayers, legally qualified in every respect but that of sex, from the power of voting" for members of Parliament is injurious both to the persons excluded and to the community at large. It represents that females, being already competent to exercise various legal functions, must be presumed capable of electoral functions; and that a measure "granting the suffrage to unmarried women and widows" is not only desirable in itself, but "would be in harmony with

the principles of our representative system." As very few married women are householders, the adoption of Mr. Mill's proposal would almost exactly fulfil the object thus defined.

It is not very easy to speak with perfect gravity of a scheme which, perpetuating the disfranchisement of married ladies who are not separated from their husbands, and of young ladies who are not orphans, admits to the polling-booth a mixed multitude of widows and those whom, for want of a more respectful term, we must needs call "old maids." We acknowledge, however, that a serious appeal deserves a serious answer, especially when supported by such authority as that of Mr. Mill. Let us, then, banish from our minds all considerations which might be suggested by a sense of humour, and examine impartially the reasons by which the enfranchisement of women is commonly advocated. These reasons are of two kinds, some of them being founded on justice, and some on expediency. It is said that it is unfair to exclude from political rights a class of persons qualified for them by mental and moral capacity, who are otherwise recognised as citizens, and required to pay their share of taxation. It is further alleged that, in consequence of this exclusion, women are subjected to certain practical disadvantages; that a want of due regard for their interests is apparent in our legislation; that in the administration of educational and other charities their claims are not duly considered; that even their position and weight in the social scale are prejudiced by their political disabilities. The removal of these disabilities is recommended on the score of expediency, as a means of bringing a new and salutary force to bear on politics, and particularly on such political questions as the law of settlement and the dwellings of the poor, where female experience is peculiarly valuable. Many women, it is urged, would be able and willing to co-operate actively with men for the public good; many more would contribute the benefit of an intelligent sympathy now damped by the sense of political nonentity. It is, moreover, emphatically asserted in the petition before us that whatever advantage might be gained by their enfranchisement "could not be attended by any possibility of dangerous *political* consequences."

Our sad fate compels us to join issue with the champions of women's rights on almost all of their main positions. We deny, in the first place, that a sex constitutes a "class" or an "order" in the only sense which is material for the purposes of the argument. Classes or orders are more or less arbitrary divisions of the body politic; whereas it is a *petitio principii* to assume that women are, or ought to be, parts of the body politic at all. It may or may not be for their own good and that of the nation at large that they should remain a non-political element side by side with the male population, but such, at least, is the theory of our own Constitution, nor are we aware that any other European

people has yet acted upon a different theory, except within very narrow limits. The disfranchisement of minors obviously rests on analogous, though not precisely similar presumptions. It cannot be disputed that some undergraduates at the Universities are perfectly qualified to form an independent judgment on public affairs, and would vote more honestly and intelligently than some adult electors. Still, because it is on the whole better for persons who have not attained their majority to abstain from political action, and because it would be impossible to distinguish, even approximately, between the few youths who are fit and the many who are wholly unfit to be trusted with the franchise, the State refuses it to all below twenty-one years of age. The argument that women keeping house for themselves, being taxed, ought to be represented, is more plausible, but hardly more sound. Nothing short of universal suffrage will ever make representation co-extensive with taxation, so long as taxes are retained on articles of general consumption. The grievance of women, therefore, is, at most, equivalent to the grievance of the unenfranchised lodger. In reality, however, it is much less, for the law imposes upon men in all ranks many actual and more possible obligations from which it properly exempts women. It is not only in time of war, and in countries where the system of conscription prevails, that men have cause to envy the immunity of women from some of the heaviest burdens of citizenship; the same principle governs the statute and common law, underlies all our institutions, and runs through our whole social organization. Of course, if feminine interests are neglected by male legislators, or if the work of government would be materially advanced by the personal aid of ratepaying widows and spinsters, the fact of their inability to discharge other duties of male citizens would not be conclusive against their enfranchisement. The former proposition, however, needs much stronger evidence for its support than has yet been produced, while the latter is supported by no evidence whatever. It is absurd, for instance, to quote the greater number and value of educational endowments for boys as a proof that Parliament cares little for the education of girls. These endowments are almost all provided by the bounty of private founders, and the obvious explanation of their unequal distribution between the sexes is that girls, unlike boys, are for the most part better educated at home.

The truth is that any attempt to deal with such a problem in a merely political aspect is utterly hopeless. There are social laws that lie far deeper than any political laws, and the first of these is the law which determines the relation of the sexes. It may be an ungallant thing to say, but it is the fact nevertheless, that human society, whether civilised or uncivilised, Christian or heathen, is built upon the physical and intellectual superiority of men to women. It is the glory of all

Christianity, and the crowning triumph of Christian civilisation, to have created and consecrated moral safeguards against the abuse of this superiority. Wherever Christianity has penetrated, there exists, as it were, a tacit concordat guaranteeing to the weaker sex the protection and deference of the stronger, upon one condition only ; that condition is the political dependence of women, and it is a condition the breach of which might involve consequences far beyond our powers of prediction. The question is not whether female education may be so far improved, and our habits so far modified, as to diminish some of the objections now felt to their enfranchisement ; the question is whether their enfranchisement would prove a blessing or a curse to themselves and the community. Let it be conceded that some women, not being absorbed in family cares, have the requisite leisure, as well as the requisite intelligence and interest, for participation in elections ; still the question recurs whether it is well—whether it is not perilous to the best interests of both sexes—to affirm, to this extent, their political equality. It is a just instinct which has prevented the vast majority of educated ladies from claiming, immediately or prospectively, the fatal gift of electoral power ; and it will be an evil day for English homes when Parliament shall be induced to confer it upon them.

THE approaching controversy on reform promises to be enlivened by an episode of a singularly interesting character. Mr. Mill will appear as the representative, not of constituencies that are or that would be—not of the two or three hundreds of thousands that have been flattered with a glimpse of the suffrage, but of half the human race—the better half—entire womankind, or, to speak more particularly, every adult woman in this country. Having been called on to acknowledge the compliments paid him by the reformers of York, he has gently reminded them that their happy agreement of opinion must carry them a little further. “The principle that it is unjust that the great bulk of the nation should be held amenable to laws in the making of which they have had no voice cannot stop at ‘residential manhood suffrage,’ but requires that the suffrage should be extended to women also.” Mr. Mill is not content with putting this as a logical inference, to be dealt with at discretion ; he urges it with the pointed and peremptory zeal of thorough conviction. “I earnestly hope,” he says, “that the working men of England will show the sincerity of their principles by being willing to carry them out when urged in favour of others besides themselves.” The working men are told, without mistake, that they are one-sided in their views and selfish in their objects, not to say hypocritical, if they refuse to women the essential right they claim for themselves, and allow them to remain at the mercy of laws made by men, certain, like all other tyrants, to abuse

the power. If we had to follow Mr. Mill into the abyss of discussion he has opened under our feet, it is not unlikely we should soon have to make the serious admission that women do indeed suffer by the passive part they are forced to play in the story of legislation. No doubt the weaker, be it woman, or child, or slave, or the simply ignorant and helpless, must go to the wall. Were the case to rest on the proofs of injustice and the imperfections of legislation as regards the weaker classes, we might find it hard to resist Mr. Mill's logic. But that is not the way in which to deal with this subject, or any other political question. Mr. Mill pursues his own honourable occupation of philosopher by trying to invent, and work out, a good theory of representation. The misfortune of that course is that it leads, in every direction, to the infinite—above, below, and all round. It takes you into space, and leaves you there. Practice, on the contrary, is always defining and securing its ground, subjecting everything to the test of facts, and not surrendering the ground that it has found to be good.

The question goes very deep. Indeed, the cause and the actual movement embrace all the moral and social differences between the sexes. Mr. Mill, if he perseveres in his political gallantry, will soon find his hands full. Female writers do not require his aid, for they seem able to hold their own. Female preachers and doctors are coming in. The lawyers have their usual success in keeping women outside the bar. But if women are to have votes for parliament, why may they not be returned themselves, and have their cause pleaded by thoroughly congenial representatives? Nor can the principle stop here. Why not a female cabinet? We have plenty of peeresses in their own right. Why may they not take their seats in parliament, opened, as it is, by the most exalted of their sex? But if so, it would be only proper to raise a few ladies eminent for their religion to the episcopal bench, on which there need not be any difference of costume. There are an immense number of ladies, of all ages, who would be only too ready to undertake any office or work Mr. Mill might think them fairly entitled to. Placed in power, they would be conservative, no doubt; but Mr. Mill is not the man to flinch from a logical conclusion, even if it landed him in a despotism administered by a Mary or an Elizabeth. But is it not a real and lamentable fact that men monopolise the national spoil with shameful greediness? Of the seventy millions raised by taxation, if we deduct the dividends, of which women get their share, they do not get a hundredth part. Even in our great commercial undertakings, such as the railways, they are not employed, though thousands are in France. Their wrongs are great, and our laws bear on their face the very stamp of man-made law. But, nevertheless, we differ most honestly and most entirely from the philosophic member for Westminster. Strong as the case may be, it only proves to us that women should be more cared for,

not that they should be invited to care for themselves. A lunatic may be very ill used, but that is no reason for putting a sword into his hand. A fool may be plundered of his money as fast as he gets it ; but that is no reason for giving him more, or for withdrawing such control as there may be on his expenditure. So, whatever a theory may require, and whatever the strength of the case, we simply think we should be doing women more harm than good by giving them political power in addition to the other powers so often found to exceed their measure and to be a burden above their strength.

But if the York reformers, with the rest of the British public, see that a theory only condemns itself when it requires female suffrage, they will possibly see that theory requires to be stopped in some other direction. It is a good servant, but a very bad master. No man of common sense and humanity can fail to respect and admire, if not to pity, our agricultural poor, as a class, so hard do they work, so simple are they, and so dependent. But no man of common sense and humanity would wish to give them the suffrage, except on the speculation that they could be herded and managed just like the cattle they spend their lives with. If, however, it be only a question of right, and if they ought to have an assignable voice in the making of the laws to which they are held amenable, they have a right to cut their own throats as they please, and this they certainly would do if they made the laws. So we are indebted to Mr. Mill's singular honesty and courage for an illustration which reduces theory to its true worth. If theory is good for anything, Mr. Mill says, it is good for enfranchising all women as well as all men. The legitimate inference is that it requires checking at every step by practical considerations. The proper question to be asked at each fresh application of a recognised theory is, how will it work ? How, for example, would female suffrage work ? How would the thirty or fifty thousand seamstresses of the metropolis vote ? No doubt the poor things would find their votes worth something, as so many lords of the creation have done before them. But what would be the good of it, and would our laws be the better for it ? That is the very question to be asked about a dozen other projects, and Mr. Mill deserves thanks for suggesting it so forcibly.—*Times*.

MR. MILL cannot conceal his impatience to bring forward, in committee on the Reform Bill, the amendments of which he has given notice. The first and most prominent of these is, of course, that which proposes to confer the electoral suffrage upon women. We will assume that he is in earnest, and really believes in the equal political rights of the sexes. We will even accept as genuine the petitions he has presented, with masculine and and feminine signatures, and not inquire

too closely into the proportion of school girls, and other misses still in their teens, whose pretty penmanship has urged an allowance of their claims as voters ; but it is hard to believe that Parliament can be tempted into any solemn dissertations upon the subject, which is better in harmony with the intellectual temperature of an American state convention than with that of the English House of Commons. It affords a good ground for the exercise and display of ingenuity, yet even in this respect the topic is very threadbare. We know of all the arguments beforehand—female prose-writers, poets, and scientific students, teachers, preachers, sovereigns, and administrators ; women diplomatists and economists, women's influence over kings and cabinets, parliaments and constituencies. The whole of this has been said, more or less pointedly, a hundred times ; but it has nothing in the remotest degree to do with the question which the philosopher of Westminster proposes. Nor, upon the other hand, need we go with those who maintain that the sole end and object of educating women is to fit them for the duties of maternity, on Napoleon's principle that it is "the fate of the mother." That is a narrow view which must be repulsive to all women of thoughtful natures ; but, taking the most "perfect woman, nobly planned," why should she be mixed up in the moral heat and dust, the strife and jealousy, the excitement and scandals of parliamentary elections ? It is not that she is without the mental qualifications, not that she is inferior—for, being different, she may yet be equal—not that she would misuse the franchise ; but that it would be unnatural to her. Grant much of the advocacy on her part—that she is made to be more than a parent for her children and a companion for her husband ; that she may be called upon to act in neither capacity ; that it is not her allotted task to "conquer at home those who conquer abroad." It is not because she is excluded from political activity that she should be either a silly young wife or a sour old maid, fit only for cats or croquet, discontented with herself and useless to society. Nor is it because she does not mount the platform that she is to enjoy no power in the land. We do not even make the objection that our English Miranda has not been sitting long enough or attentively enough at the feet of the Parliamentary Prospero to fit her for exercising the suffrage ; our objections are—firstly, that the vote is not necessary to her, and, secondly, that she does not want it.

We first heard of this demand about the spring of the year 1850, and in the American state of Ohio, where a Woman's Rights Convention was held, where a woman was president, and where all the speakers were women. We shall be curious to learn how much of their arguments Mr. Mill will condescend to repeat. They declared themselves injured because they had not the suffrage, or seats in senates and jury-

boxes. They insisted upon these, they said, as they did upon their lives and their liberties. Why should they, if accused of crime, be tried by male judges and male juries? This reasoning goes a great way too far, we fancy, for the courteous representative of Westminster. It simply aims at a total demolition and reconstruction of society. For there is one thing which, we admit, is not very logical, but which is, notwithstanding, of the utmost potency against them. It is custom, "the great viceroy of nature." An ordinary Reform Bill is not an invasion of our feelings, which this suggestion is. The idea is barred by immemorial precedent and universal practice. The mightiest minds of all ages have in vain hinted at a change. But there is more than the prejudice of generations which is also hostile to any innovation of the kind.

We are told that women are made legally inferior because they are physically weaker. Do they themselves believe it? They know that the entire wealth and strength of nations have a thousand times in the annals of the world been arrayed on their behalf. The vast majority of them know, too, that by their own instinctive consent they have always avoided politics and publicity; that they prefer private and domestic life; that there are countless spheres of action in which they may shine; that the vulgarities of canvassing, of tavern meetings, of hustings personalities, are alike unsuited to their modesty and their love of quiet. Mr. Mill would destroy the most beautiful, the priceless characteristics of home. Where would the weary rest, with a constituency round the fireside hotter than the fireside itself? It is a terrible fancy—that of papa arguing his daughters out of the yellow ranks into the blue, or giving his wife a choice between independence and pin-money. As we have said, it is nearly impossible to treat this subject with much gravity. There will be too much of that, perhaps, in the discussion to come. Nothing can be easier than to expose, as a paradox, that while a woman may be a queen she cannot be an elector, or to demonstrate her fitness for politics by pointing to the common examples of Elizabeth, Isabella of Castille, Catherine of Russia, and Jeanne d'Albrecht. Will all this, or any of it, reconcile us to have candidates taking advantage of business hours to canvass our families and persuade the ladies into opposition? That is really the question. We do not want and will not consent to have the English household turned into a hot-bed of political opinions, or to have the minds of girls hardened by the influence of factious controversy, made selfish and unfeeling, plunged into the struggles, rivalries, and collisions of public warfare, immersed in newspapers and quarterlies. But, it is objected, we keep one-half of our species in an unjust and compulsory subordination to the other. If that were true there might be a better case for Mr. Mill to plead upon. Is it true, however? At any rate women

do not say so. They are not asking for this concession. They are ridiculing it. Ninety-nine hundredths of them only expect to be amused when they read the debate on the member for Westminster's motion. Of course it is always possible to collect a few signatures for any petition upon any subject whatever ; but it must be impossible for the most extreme champion of the female prerogative to maintain that, upon the whole, or in any large degree, the women of England are favourable to this crotchet. Nor is this all. Allowing that men exercise the power, have they, in general, made an unmanly and selfish use of it ? Here, again, women, if consulted, would answer, no. Never were the sympathies and attractions of the domestic roof more dominant in our country than now. Never was there a time when it would have been more difficult to destroy or disturb them. But if Miss Corinthia, at the age of twenty-one, is to have a vote, and swear by one journal, and if Miss Cornelia is also to have a vote and swear by her own particular organ, and if the mother of these interesting girls is to have a third opinion and a third oracle, and if their father is to differ from all three, and if candidates are to come about the house with those methods of bribery which the law can never prevent, "merry" indeed may England hope to be. The spark of the *mens divini*, kindled by the franchise, would speedily spread into a flame ; the breakfast-table would become a stage, either of sullen brooding or disputatious talk ; dinner a Parliament ; supper a division. The prospect leads us irresistibly to extravagance. Either women will agree with their husbands or fathers, or they will not. If they do, the feminine franchise is a nullity ; if they do not it is a source of domestic dissension. But, taken altogether, the work is unfit for them ; their education tends, as it ought, in other directions ; their natures bloom into other ideas than those of election committees ; they themselves acknowledge the truth, and Mr. Mill, with a few thousand of "true blue" clients to back him, cannot catch a whisper of support from the millions, for whom, having manufactured a brief, he arrogates a right to plead.—*Standard*.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—There is not the smallest chance, we regret to say, that the Reform question will be speedily settled. . . .

There are altogether 14,459,314 males in Great Britain and Ireland, but there are 15,476,090 females, and not one of them has a vote for a member of Parliament. The British female's claims to the franchise are now at last to be insisted on. We published yesterday an authoritative statement that petitions for the enfranchisement of women had been prepared and signed by various celebrities, male and female. The heir of Earl Russell has found a spouse worthy of himself ; and when we remind our readers that Viscountess Amberley figures among the fair sub-

scribers of the document they will appreciate the political significance of the event.

The first idea aroused by a perusal of the statement referred to, is one of interminable controversy. The question seems as yet in the hands of "moderate" reformers and reformeresses, but it cannot long remain in its present position. Viscountess Amberley has reached only the threshold of this great movement. She is where her father-in-law was, when in early days he contented himself with asking for the transfer of one or two members from rotten boroughs to great towns like Manchester or Birmingham, then unrepresented. Why, Viscountess Amberley advocates a scheme that would leave herself without a vote! The petition which she has signed asks for the enfranchisement of unmarried women and widows only, and ignores the claims of the British wife! Viscountess Amberley may have her own reasons for supposing that the British wife is adequately represented by the British husband, whom, doubtless, she rules in political as in domestic matters, but it is not thus that the invidious scheme will be generally regarded by married women. They will consider the proposal to exclude them to be an insult, the exclusion itself to be a badge of servitude, and we foresee an immediate and clamorous demand for the enlargement of so narrow and unsatisfactory a basis. The scheme of Viscountess Amberley, moreover, has a pernicious tendency to diminish the status of the mother in relation to her unmarried daughters, who, younger, less experienced, and less judicious than herself, would thus be placed in possession of political rights denied to her. We cannot believe that the British materfamilias will accept a position so humiliating, and we expect soon to hear her powerful voice, or to see her powerful pen, protesting against this "policy of exclusion." Besides, it may be plausibly urged that, as the regulations of the trades' unions have been pronounced to be in restraint of trade, so the scheme supported by the Viscountess is in restraint of matrimony. Under it, the spinster or widow who marries gains a husband, but she loses the franchise. She becomes a wife, but she ceases to be a voter. After having taken, perhaps, a prominent part in politics, she is called on by her suitor to retire into private life in the prime, it may be, of her energy and ambition, and to abandon her party, possibly at the crisis of its local destiny. Such an alternative is not one that ought to be presented to a conscientious female politician, and its effect must be to swell the ranks of spinsterhood. . . .

Then there will remain to be adjusted, surely not without a great deal more of controversy, the subject of qualification. To whatever lengths female franchise may be carried, there must, we presume, be a limit of age, and it will not be proposed to extend the suffrage to the nursery or the schoolroom. It is to be feared that some of the elderly supporters of the new movement (we observe Miss Martineau's name in

the list of petitioners) may be disposed to favour a high qualification in the delicate matter of—age. How much will depend on this it is scarcely necessary to point out. . . .

But no measure could be deemed satisfactory by the fair sex that did not recognise the claims of that intelligence which is much more equably diffused among women than among men. Household suffrage would fall far short of the mark, since, whatever may be the case with widows, the proportion of spinsters occupying tenements is comparatively a small one. Any scheme of female enfranchisement, based either on ownership or occupancy, would be the merest mockery, and would be recognised as such by that monster-monopolist, Man himself. Even however, the "liberal lodger franchise," with which Messrs. Beales & Co. propose, in the case of male adults, to supplement the inevitable limitations of "residential household suffrage," would not meet the case of the British fair one. A "liberal lodger franchise" might bestow the suffrage on the ordinary seamstress, but it would exclude Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and the votes of Mayfair and Moray-place must be swamped by those of the "daughters of toil" in Whitechapel and the Canongate. A simply residential suffrage would obviously be required, and even this might not efface the inequality of numbers, unless we had recourse to a plurality of votes, which could be based on accomplishments, rising from the three R's to the harp and the use of the globes. We leave it to Professor Lorimer's practised ingenuity to frame a graduated scale which would apportion an equitable number of votes to Viscountess Amberley and Miss Martineau, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Braddon, respectively. . . .

The subject becomes vast, and indeed interminable, when we attempt to follow it into its remoter regions, and find ourselves confronted by such questions as the right of women to sit in Parliament, as well as to vote for members of the House of Commons, the problem of the direct representation of women, the protection of women as voters from masculine bribery, corruption, and intimidation, not to speak of the correlative necessity for an inquiry into the means of protecting the male sex from the "undue influence" of female candidates or canvassers, and from the charming terrorism of female "demonstrations." It will be time enough, however, to consider these matters and the relation of female suffrage to the British Constitution altogether when we have before us something more definite than the statement we published yesterday.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

SOME of our contemporaries find great difficulty in adjusting their minds to the very limited and commonplace proposal which Mr. Mill has made for giving the suffrage to such women as fulfil the conditions upon which it is now given by law to men. They are calling it a "grand

social revolution," and speak of it as an attempt to establish "female suffrage" by a stroke of the pen. We presume that it is because Mr. Mill has a philosophical reputation and has said some startling things in his time that everything he proposes appears to some minds in an uncommon light. The *Times*, on Saturday, made a merit of speaking with gravity of what it called his "scheme," but the difficulty would be to speak of it otherwise while speaking to the point. There is nothing romantic or funny about it—nothing upon which wit or humour can take hold. It would be almost as absurd to talk of speaking with gravity of the multiplication table. The only way of opposing it which we have hitherto seen tried is to represent it as something different from itself. The *Times* declares that it establishes the principle of a female suffrage : let us see. Household suffrage means voting in right of holding a house : manhood suffrage means voting in right of being a man ; and by the same rule female suffrage—the term is not Mr. Mill's—should mean voting in right of belonging to the female sex. Mr. Mill certainly does not propose *that*. The *Times* betrays a sounder knowledge of the facts than it chooses to take for the basis of its comments when it says that if the clause were carried, women "would be qualified as occupiers, rate-payers," and so on. That is the simple state of the case. The Legislature is about to create wholly new franchises. Mr. Mill does not introduce the element of sex into the question ; all he does is to ask that no one else shall do so. He says to Mr. Disraeli—If you are going to attach the suffrage to occupation, or ratepaying, or any other condition, do not make exceptions by using the term "man" in your bill, but speak of "persons."

We should like to be informed in honest black and white on what grounds such a claim can be resisted. The fact that the objectors to it choose to import into so simple a question the subject of "women's rights"—whatever they may be—seems to suggest a consciousness that their case cannot be safely dealt with on its merits. When it is borne in mind that the proposal is to give the franchise only to those women who possess independently and in their own person the qualification prescribed by the law of the land, it will be seen that no peculiar woman's right is in question. Such objections as we have been able to find are very soon dealt with. The *Times* says that women are "not parts of the "body politic at all," and it says this knowing that the highest political prerogative and dignity in this country is held by a woman. A woman appoints and dismisses the great officers of state ; no law can be enacted without her concurrence, no writ issued but in her name. And yet we are told "women do not belong to the body politic, but remain a non-political element side by side with the male population." If such is the theory of our Constitution, then, at any rate, the Constitution is not consistent with itself. But we will look in another direction.

If Mr Disraeli's Reform Bill should pass in its present form, just see what will happen. A number of householders and ratepayers will be refused votes on the ground of their sex, and yet elections for members of Parliament may be decided by their direct action. The process by which hundreds and thousands of householders may be enfranchised or disfranchised by local vestries availing themselves of the provisions of the Small Tenements Act, was described a week ago by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe. In these vestries the ratepaying ladies, who are declared not to belong to the body politic, have one, two, four, or six votes, and in certain cases it would be quite easy for half a dozen of them, acting together, to bring upon or remove from the register men enough to turn a small minority into a majority. Considering that it is the practice, all over the country, for legally qualified women to vote in matters of local concern, it shows a great forgetfulness on the part of a public writer to allege that the exclusion of women from the franchise is required by "a principle that runs through our whole social organisation."

Having exposed the fallaciousness of this objection, we look for another, but there is none forthcoming. The writer in the *Times* feels the poverty of his case, for having done his best by means of this one argument, he falls back upon another, which would be relevant to a proposal to give votes, not to householders and ratepayers, but to the wives and daughters of householders and ratepayers. We need not discuss pretended "social laws," which after all may be no laws at all, or argue the "natural dependence" of women. Mr. Mill's proposal only concerns those whose dependence has wholly ceased, and who occupy their own position in society, discharging all its duties and satisfying all its claims. If such persons are citizens in every respect but the acknowledgment of their right to take part in the political affairs of the country, the prejudice which excludes them will not be made more respectable by calling it a "just instinct." Englishwomen of independent position—who are not invariably, as the *Times* rudely affirms, either widows or old maids—found bishoprics, write our most powerful books, and establish institutions of instruction and charity which will last for ages. Without their wish, and from the operation of causes beyond their control, working in a state of society for which men have chosen to be exclusively answerable, their position is becoming more important every year, and sooner or later it will have to be recognised.—*Daily News*.

LITERATURE.

Tennysonianana: Notes Bibliographical and Critical on Early Poems of Alfred and C. Tennyson; Opinions of Contemporary Writers; In Memoriam, Various Readings, with Parallel Passages in Shakspeare's Sonnets; Various Readings in Later Poems (1842-1865); Patriotic and Minor Poems; Allusions to Scripture and to Classic Authors; The Tennyson Portraits; Bibliographical List of Tennyson's Volumes, and of his Contributions to Periodical Publications. [B. M. Pickering.]—These notes will be found very valuable to the students of Tennyson's poems, but they will only be fully appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of every edition. Nearly forty years ago a small volume of "Poems by Two Brothers" appeared, bearing the modest motto, "*Hæc nos novimus esse nihil* (we know this to be nothing)." When these poems were written Alfred Tennyson was in his eighteenth year, and our attention is especially drawn to the frequency of parallel passages between them and later acknowledged ones; the numberless coincidences of expression, and the lines containing the embryo of some grand passages in subsequent writings. We take an example from the "Poems by Two Brothers."

"SWITZERLAND.

"O when shall Time
Avenge the crime
And to our rights restore us;
And bid the Seine
Be choked with slain
And Paris quake before us?"—p. 185, 5th stanza.

"— All is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,
Proclaiming social truth shall spread
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again,
The red fool-fury of the Seine,
Should pile her barricades with dead."—"In Memoriam:" cxxvi.

It is curious to note the review which appeared in the *Athenæum* of July 22, 1829, on a poem on Timbuctoo, which obtained the Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge.

"We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner; for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it—namely, in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before

seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us; and the examiners seem to have felt it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, though the measure in which he writes was never before, we believe, thus selected for honour."

An editorial foot-note ascribes this notice to John Sterling or Frederic Maurice. Not the least interesting chapter is the one devoted to "In Memoriam and Shakspeare's Sonnets," and many paralleled passages are given in order to show the reader the coincidences of idea and even expression, not exactly to be called imitations, and still less plagiarisms, which seem to prove that Tennyson's mind was so imbued with the spirit of the elder poet as to render some unconscious echoes almost unavoidable. Two causes are assigned for Tennyson's silence during ten years (1833-42)—his grief at the loss of Arthur Hallam, and a desire to perfect himself in his art.

t "A record of this ten years' apprenticeship to the muses would be deeply interesting, could we get it; but we must not pry too closely into the private history of a poet—

" 'No public life was his on earth,
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.' "

"At any rate, he has been profiting by the admonitions of reviewers, friendly and inimical, and is pruning, clipping, cutting, and clearing his garden of weeds and noxious excrescences. That is to say, he is ruthlessly drawing his pen through one poem, and revising another till it is scarcely recognisable as the juvenile production from which it sprung. In short, most of his poems which he retains are so thoroughly re-written from beginning to end, as to be to all intents and purposes new poems. So let not the unwary reader of 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'Ænone,' or 'The Miller's Daughter,' fancy he is reading these poems as they first appeared in 1832; they have, as the author himself tells us, been 'considerably altered' since then."

It is undoubtedly a valuable study to watch the "growth of the poet's mind," which the quotations from the earlier editions enable us to trace, and in 1867 we are able to judge how far the words attributed to John Stuart Mill in 1831 have been realised. After reviewing the first volume of poems to which Tennyson's name was affixed, he says, "Mr. Tennyson knows that 'the poet's mind is holy ground;' he knows that the poet's portion is to be—

" 'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.' "

"He has shown, in the lines from which we quote, his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's destiny, and we look to him for its fulfilment. It is not for such men to sink into mere versemakers for the amusement of themselves or others. They can influence the associations of unnumbered minds; they can command the sympathies of unnumbered hearts; they can disseminate principles; they can give those principles power over men's imaginations; they can excite, in a

good cause, the sustained enthusiasm that is sure to conquer ; they can blast the laurels of the tyrants, and hallow the memories of the martyrs of patriotism ; they can act with a force, the extent of which it is difficult to estimate, upon national feelings and character, and consequently upon national happiness."

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. 2 vols. [Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.]—This book was projected by the co-editors eleven years ago, and it is impossible to suppress a feeling of regret that it did not appear until he who had contributed that portion of the work to which it owes its chief interest and value had been nearly eight years in his grave. Whilst alluding to this delay we must do Mr. Lee the justice to acknowledge that the original suggestion of the joint undertaking came from him, as is stated in Leigh Hunt's "introductory letter" which opens the first volume. The following passage strikes the key-note of the more elaborate essay—

"It may be thought by some persons who do not happen to be conversant with the particular form of verse denominated the *sonnet*, that, while making extracts from poets, we might have done better than confine ourselves to a species of composition not yet associated in the general mind with the idea of anything very marked or characteristic ; but it will not be difficult to show that the sonnet, while admitting of a greater and happier levity than those who think lightest of it imagine, is in reality connected with some of the most thoughtful, some of the most affecting, and some of the grandest events of the most exalted men."

In the essay, which comprehends the "cultivation, history, and varieties of the species of poem called the sonnet," we are first taught the desirableness of cultivating it ; the nature and properties of the legitimate sonnet are then exhibited ; followed in due course by a passing notice of the productions of its earliest Italian masters, Guittone d'Arezzo, the tender Cino da Pistoia, the noble-minded Guido Cavalcante, and of their great friend, Dante Alighieri, who—

"With the graceful Guido Guinicelli and the others, carried to philosophical heights of refinement those efforts of the brain which the Provençal poets were in the habit of substituting for the effusions of the heart ; but these transcendentalisms were accompanied with a sensibility and a pathos which not only exonerated the Italians from the charge of a like mistake, but confirmed those demands of real feeling in the sonnet, and in amatory poetry in general, which were soon to be diffused throughout the civilised world by the fame of Petrarca."

Leigh Hunt, however, thought that this fame would have been eclipsed by Dante, had he written half as many sonnets as his illustrious successor in this line, and thoroughly applied his faculties to the task.

The other principal sonnet-writers of Italy have a chapter to themselves, full of critical and biographical interest, and occasionally enlivened with romantic incident—to wit, the history of *La Bella Mano*, the notices of Vittoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, and Gaspara

Stampa, a Paduan of Milanese origin, who was deserted by her idol, a Count of Collalto, for another lady, and is said to have died in consequence. Respecting Tasso, the glorious but exuberant exalter, and Marini, the corrupter of Italian poetry, the reader will find much to interest him. The chapter on legitimate but obsolete forms of the sonnet, particularly the comic sonnet, abounds in novel and curious matter. The last section of the essay brings us to "English sonnets, and the sonnet illegitimate, or Quatorzen."

The oldest known sonnet in our language dates no farther back than the reign of Henry VIII., and is a translation of a sonnet of Petrarca, and the production of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who, says Leigh Hunt, "in several of his poems, had the courage to aim the most cutting side-blows at the cruelty and effeminacy of that brutal tyrant." It is singular that not a sonnet is to be found in the poems of Chaucer, and Leigh Hunt considers the reason to be that the sonnets, neither of Dante nor Petrarca, had yet followed into England the great poem of the one, or the fame of the Latin poetry of the other. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, preceded his young friend Wyatt with English sonnets possessing an Italian music in which Wyatt was deficient. Sir Philip Sydney, "with an additional and almost Shaksperian flow of ideas," also brought this Italian music to his sonnets. Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Donne, Daniel, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Milton, down to Gray and Warton, are all learnedly and gracefully characterised.

With Milton the sonnet disappeared from English poetry for nearly a hundred years. But it rose again in the solitary one by Gray on the death of his friend West. Leigh Hunt says—

"The sonnets that appeared in England between the times of Gray and Wordsworth are generally of a workmanship inferior to that of both; yet the species of composition is so favourable for expressing a real feeling, whether it be a cheerful one requiring no greater compass, or a mournful one too painful to enlarge upon, that truthfulness of impulse has, in not a few instances, given permanent value to a sonnet for nothing but the general impression left by it on the reader's mind, or even for that which has been made by a single verse. The sigh or the sweetness of a whole life seems now and then to breathe out of a single sonnet, and readers cherish the memory of it accordingly, even when they are masters of the art. A few sonnets of Bowles's on this account made an indelible impression on the mind of Coleridge, and Coleridge's praises have helped them to live on."

A glance at Anna Seward, Helen Maria Williams, and Charlotte Smith, brings us to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Charles Lamb. Leigh Hunt expresses his "admiration, indeed wonder, at the marvellous beauty, dignity, delicacy, richness, the entire worthiness and loveliness of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, particularly of those professing to be from the Portuguese. It is little to say of a woman of such genius, that, for anything which survives to show the contrary, she is the greatest poetess that ever existed. She is great whether among

poetesses or poets ; and the greatest might have claimed her for a sister." In addition to the names we have already mentioned, there are sonnets from numerous poets of our own times, such as Leigh Hunt himself, his son Vincent, Laman Blanchard, Hartley Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans, and Thomas Hood. And among those happily still living, we find Bryan Waller Procter, Richard Chevenix Trench, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Edmund Ollier, G. J. De Wilde, John Watson Dalby, and others. The following sonnet by Mr. Dalby we select as being not only a very striking picture, but a remarkable example of the facility the sonnet affords in the hands of the true poet, of breathing thereout the "sigh of a lifetime."

"A RENCONTRE AT TYTHERINGTON.

" (*Merci, Monsieur, merci !*)

"Forth from the farmer's hospitable nook,
 Among the trees and where the waters gushed—
 A holy calmness all the welkin hushed ;
 And lo ! before me stood, or rather shook,
 A tall gaunt figure iron want had crushed
 Into a thing scarce humanlike. He spoke,
 Help in his native accents did invoke,
 While through his frame a tide of divers feelings rushed.
 'Poor, wretched, and from Paris !' all he said ;
 Yet, plainly written in his visage pale,
 Fancy could still piece out the mournful tale ;
 And, right or wrong, the history fully read
 Of the wan outcast in a Gloucester vale,
 In that sad, low, strange tongue, imploring bread."

To many of the sonnets in this collection Leigh Hunt has appended foot-notes, critical, explanatory, and biographical, on the value of which it is unnecessary to descant.

Emily's Choice. An Australian Tale. By Maud Jeanne Franc, author of "Marian," and "Vermont Vale." [Sampson Low & Son].—This author is somewhat given to parading her religious opinions and sentiments in a way which excites opposition rather than sympathy. We give one example.

Before a social entertainment given to the heroine of the tale on her arrival as a bride in her husband's parish, the following discussion takes place. After saying that "parties" are usually a waste of time, if nothing worse can be said of them, Emily's husband tells her he has been invited to houses where it has been "absolute pain to stay"—

"I remember one evening particularly ; the invitation had been most pressing, the host and hostess were both members of a church, and regular attendants at its services ; I could do nothing less than accept it, but, my dear little Emmy, I soon wished myself back again at home. As it was I could only sigh, look grave, and remember what worthy John Bunyan tells us about "religion in her silver slippers."

"Why, what was done, and were you the only minister there ?"

“ ‘I was not ; the minister of the church to which my friends belonged sat by—very complacently looking on—throwing out occasionally some quiet sarcasm about strait-laced people, and people “righteous over much,” for my especial edification, I presume. There were many young people present, and for their gratification our complying hostess got up a little dance. “It was a quiet, innocent amusement,” she whispered, apologetically, to me. “She did not approve of public balls—oh no ! but this was so very different, so private and select, only friends,” and her pastor confirmed her in her opinion by replying—“Young people must not be mopes.”’

“ ‘Oh Gilbert !’

“ ‘Then, after the dancing, came song after song, till at last, sick at heart, and weary with an argument on the subject that I got up with this same worthy pastor, I left the place.’

“ ‘And can this be Christianity ?’ exclaimed Emily, sadly.”

Doubtless Gilbert Owen and his wife had every right to abstain from dancing and to be bored with music, but we question the “Christianity” of entertaining such uncharitable sentiments towards those who did not agree with their opinion, and we think they both fall into the not uncommon error of regarding “the world” as a snare to be avoided by absence from balls, theatres, and public amusement, and spiritual life maintained by separation from those who differ from them in doctrine and profession.

Ersilia : or The Ordeal. [Newby.]—We must confess to finding this severe reading ; the characters are remarkably unlike any ladies or gentlemen we ever met, and the heroine’s language to her lover is enough to make one close the book in despair. Imagine a young lady saying to you—

“ ‘Mr. Percy, you have dropped many a word in season that I have picked up ; many a jewel of truth from the flowers of imagery you are so fond of wrapping your ideas in, and strewing them on your listener’s paths ; many a gem have I furrowed out among the fields of your rich discourse.’”

It reminds us of the author of “Enigma” who, instead of saying “a copy of Shakspeare lay on the table,” speaks of it as “that fund of human thought and feeling which teaches the heart through the little name of Shakspeare.”

Which will Triumph ? By A. B. Le Geyt. [Newby.]—The opening chapter is certainly the weakest part of this otherwise very readable novel. There is nothing very striking in any portion of it, but, fortunately, the author has avoided murder and bigamy, and, to the best of her ability, given us a story which reads like life. The characters are none of them particularly interesting, but they are well-sustained, and if, as we imagine, this is a first attempt, we think there is decidedly promise in it of better things to come. We must, however, advise the writer to allow her future heroes and heroines to talk in a less artificial, melodramatic, and forced manner, to curtail her moralisations, and to abstain from suggesting what the reader will write on the margin of the page.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1867.

GOOD QUEEN BESS AND HER "DEAR SCHOLARS."

IN the year 1566, Elizabeth "lay at Wodestock," for which place— notwithstanding the circumstance that it had been her patrol-prison in her sister Mary's reign—she had a feminine fancy.

She had long promised to pay a visit to her "dear scholars" at the university of Oxford; and now, on her road from Wodestock to London, that ancient university lay directly in her path. Accordingly, the university authorities received the royal command to hold themselves in readiness; and "on a sett daye" the Maiden Queen, with all the vast retinue of Tudor times, set out from the castle of Wodestock and made her first "progress" to her loyal university of Oxford.

Carry we then our imagination back to the time—now three centuries ago—and picture to ourselves, as best we may, the scenes and circumstances of that royal academic progress.

The cavalcade halted at the little village of Wolvercote, some two miles from the university city. We see the almost abject reception of her haughty Majesty by the heads of colleges, who are attended by the famous Leicester. We seem to hear the Queen's well-timed pleasantry on Humphrey, the Puritan divine: "Methinks, Master Humphrey, this gown and habit become you very well, and I marvel that you are so straight-laced in this point; but I come not now to chide." We see the whole university ranged in proper order, in what is now the Cornmarket Street; we hear the several "faculties" addressing there her Majesty, in Latin verses and Greek orations—as was then the mode; and we hear her modest Majesty's reply to "Master Lawrence," the Greek professor of the time: "We would answer you presently; but, with this great company, we are somewhat abashed. We will talk more with you in our chamber." We picture to ourselves the "disputations in physic and divinity" at St. Mary's, and the learned Queen herself haranguing the university, in Latin, "to the great comfort and delectation of them all."

And, the visit at length over, we join the university and city authorities in escorting her Maiden Majesty to the ferny heights of Shotover, and there listening to her lingering "long farewell:" "Farewell, thou worthy University of Oxford! Farewell, my good subjects there! Farewell, my dear scholars, and pray God prosper your studies! Farewell! Farewell!"

The Queen and her "dear scholars" part company. The "good subjects" linger awhile upon the hill-top, till the last remnant of the royal retinue disappears over the eastern ridge of the hill, and then returns majestically home.

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A period of well nigh threescore years has elapsed; and again her Majesty, now verging on sixty, visits her "dear scholars." Again she enters by the Wodestock road; again the "speeches and disputations" are heard; but, though the auditress is the same, both speeches and disputations come from a race of scholars who recollect not the former progress in the palmy days of "Good Queen Bess."

Once more the procession goes out to Shotover; and again the royal Tudor dame bids her "dear scholars" a "long"—and, this time, a "last"—"farewell."

Ere another decade had passed away, Elizabeth was reposing in her abbey of Westminster, and the pedant son of her ill-starred cousin was reigning in her stead.

FEMININE KNOWLEDGE.

WOULD any of us choose, if we could have our choice, to belong to that large class of the human race who pass through the world knowing nothing of the causes of their good or evil fortune, and powerless consequently to help or avert it? Who see, for instance, their numbers thinned by small-pox or ague, without knowledge of the help or rescue that may yet be within their reach. If it is fifty miles off, they cannot bring it; if it is offered to them, they cannot judge it; if the safety of those dearest to them depended on it, they could not tell how to look for evidence, or what evidence to look for, as to its effects. Immunity from both evils may have fallen to their lot, but they know nothing wherein their safety lies; they are even quite likely to throw it away in obedience to bad advice, or to neglect precautions in defiance of any advice whatever. Would any one choose to be one of these, even if by the care of others he were kept in health and safety—or would he prefer to know the reason of his security, and be able to protect himself?

And if he were one of the thousands, rich and poor, who have been brought up to some trade or handicraft by which they earn their daily bread, and who are liable suddenly to find that there is no farther demand for their industry, would he choose to be one of those whose mental habits enable them to know, or soon to learn, what has supplanted their labour, to find out whether the demand will return, whether it exists elsewhere, whether it can ever exist again—or to be one that must suffer in silence for want of that knowledge that so nearly concerns him?

And if he saw one of his neighbours rise out of his class, grow rich, and surround himself with good things, would he choose to belong to those who can only envy him, or call him fortunate, but who know nothing of the means to do the like?

To which of these classes would any one willingly belong? To one utterly powerless over their own destiny, or to one able to foresee a great proportion of human evils, and to mitigate almost all that they foresee? And if it is not given to ordinary intellects to know all these things, it is yet possible and common for a man to have such information as will enable him to judge of them. To have intercourse with knowledge, is the next best thing to having possession of it. Though with less certainty, it can be turned to use and profit by those who know of its existence, often almost as well as if they owned it.

And if the material advantages of knowledge are so great, the mental

and moral ones are far greater, or at least more important, though the power that it gives seems at times its greatest benefit. When we contrast the position of a man who can save himself from oppression by his political information, from illness by his choice of a residence, from poverty by working with his brain as well as his hands ; who can surround himself with pleasures that the downcast eyes of plodding ignorance never saw and cannot understand ; when we contrast all this with the life of a man hopeless of protecting himself against the commonest casualties ; whose trade leaves him, whose children die, whose health fails, whose enemies unjustly triumph, without his having power to see the cause or the remedy—we are likely to ask, can knowledge give us better than this ?

But there are blessings that follow the pursuit of it worth more than all this.

If ever it has happened to any one to try to bring their heart and temper into accordance with their known duty, it has probably happened also that they have sometimes failed in doing so. They will have found that though they may govern their feelings when but slightly moved, there are times when their strength fails ; when to say they should not feel so, or to determine that they will not feel so, is as much to the purpose as to say that they should not or will not have the toothache. Injustice will rouse their anger, or misfortune overpower their courage, or strong attraction draw them to a pleasure that they would not accept, but cannot turn away from. In vain they struggle for self-control, and wish to heaven they could forget the dominant idea, were it but for one half-hour. But how forget ? Can the mind think of nothing ? They will find there is but one means of displacing a tyrannical thought, and that is to substitute another. Therefore to have the intellect so trained as readily to take interest in matters foreign to its own immediate concerns, is almost as great a blessing as earth has to give. For sensitive and excitable natures especially, the inevitable provocations and misfortunes of their daily life sway the mind to the extent of its balance, and sometimes beyond it. It is vain to preach self-control to these, or to any one, if the means be refused them ; and there never has been found, and never can be found, any means of overpowering a ruling idea, except to put another in its place.

All this will seem somewhat needless and commonplace to the reader, if he merely asks himself is it true or not. "Of course it is true. Of course people profit by knowing. It is desirable at all times no doubt to get knowledge, and with all our gettings to get understanding." But in saying this he will perceive on reflection that he speaks of men only. Almost every one will put some qualification, some limit to their agreement if it is expected to apply to women. Either, it is thought,

they cannot acquire it, or they ought not to have it, or it is acquired for them by their friends from whom they profit, and whose advice they ought to follow. Sometimes they are allowed to learn something, at other times more. The boundary-line varies with the age and character of each man, and changes in each generation. In a time when reading and writing are little in fashion, it is enough for them to know how to read their Bibles. Where light literature abounds they may make imperfect acquaintance with a part. Often it is thought, they may study a good many things, but not profoundly. But wherever the limit is put it is not where a woman would put it herself—at the extent of her mental appetite and no nearer. It is not fixed either by her tastes, her interests, or her capacities, though these are often used as arguments for the decision, but by the tastes of those about her who must pay for her instruction. It cannot be otherwise. It is only wise men who heartily tolerate greater wisdom than their own, and even if a man tolerates it, why should he provide for its acquisition? It belongs to all who will suffer from ignorance to provide themselves with knowledge. Those who would have it must work for it. It would be childish to complain that those who give them much do not choose to give them more.

There is a glaring instance which may be given that shows how little the knowledge allowed to women is dictated by attention to their interests. If there is one kind that ranks higher in value to them than any other, it is acquaintance with medical science. Such scraps of commercial or legal information as women have need of may be begged or bought, but very often medical information cannot. Not that it is not in existence, but that the women needing it cannot be the purchasers. When in health their feeling probably is that the necessity for applying to a doctor only occurs a few times in a life, and that, with a little courage, the disagreeable may be got over. But courage belongs to health only, and an effort that is disagreeable in health is much more difficult in illness. The class of diseases to which they are most exposed adds to the difficulty. Women above actual want seldom suffer from extreme labour or from excessive indulgence, but they seldom enjoy their full vitality either in exertion or in pleasure. Whether from this reason or not, their most frequent illnesses are those connected with this deficient vitality; such as can keep them in lingering misery for years; affecting chiefly those organs whose healthy activity is not immediately necessary to life. Not half the illness of this kind is under the care of a doctor. When he is consulted it is, if possible, at second-hand, and he is very likely to hear only half the symptoms.

The scarcity and the absolute necessity of medical knowledge has created a custom among women of telling their experiences as being at all times interesting to other women. "I tell you this because

it may be useful for you to know," is made an excuse for any detail, and a good one too. "Don't tell mamma, she'll make me see the doctor," a girl will exclaim, after talking and crying to her confidential companions. A woman grown beyond the help of "mamma," repeats her symptoms to friends, strangers, or casual acquaintances, in the desperate hope of meeting some one who has gone through the business of "seeing the doctor." Whether her illness is occasional indigestion or fatal disease she has no means of knowing, and she wavers in her ignorance between the most hopeful and the most desponding convictions. When very depressed she can do nothing; she will consult the doctor when she has more courage. But who could face the misconstruction that would be sure to follow a consultation on such subjects by a woman who was not ill? She bears her disease until her misery and danger overpower every minor consideration, and then may perhaps be told that it had been curable, but that now she must linger and die. Thus, practically, the best medical information that women can obtain is limited to what one person can acquire by her own observation. All the accumulation of knowledge that many people can collect in a long time they profit little by, except in extreme cases, when pain and misery overcome their repugnance to apply for it. But the main use of medical knowledge, how to keep themselves well, they can seldom profit by. Their sex is, as a whole, shut out from all science beyond that of nurses of an inferior class, having little general knowledge or mental culture, not prompted to inquire by love of science, nor always even by the idea that greater knowledge would bring them in more money. It is natural to point to the multitude of women under constant medical care, and the number of doctors whose practice lies chiefly among female patients. But if those could be counted who are endeavouring to cure themselves by traditional remedies, by quack medicines, by advice at second-hand, by the use of means that have been recommended by some doctor to some other woman, they would outnumber the former tenfold. And it must be remembered that most of the first class belong also to the second as often as they dare.

The reserve that prompts this recourse to all manner of ridiculous and irrational means of cure is a quality perfectly appreciated by the other sex. The absence of it would not be tolerated. But no efforts are made by the masculine community to obviate the suffering caused by its being constantly wounded. Yet the blame of the evil should not be laid to their neglect or indifference. The remedy can only come from women themselves. At any time, when it seems needed, a serious part of a man's income is cheerfully paid to secure to his female relations all the help in their sickness that money can buy. It is they who have been content with inferior knowledge, or none at all,

until the time came when it was needed. And then—as honesty is out of the pale of feminine virtues because it is not taken into the scheme of their life to begin with—so is medical knowledge beyond feminine reach because their sex, as a whole, take no trouble to acquire it. It is taken for granted by them that this, like everything else, ought to be provided for them ; or that, at least, the acquisition should be made as easy to them as possible, instead of the labour and difficulty being left for themselves to conquer.

This curious effect of everlasting receiving should at least make them cautious how they remain in the position of constant recipients—a position that teaches people to feel themselves wronged if there is any good thing that might have been given to them which they have not got. Instead of complaining of those who teach them because they have neglected to teach them what was essential, or because they habitually put limits to feminine acquirements, their best way would be to learn for themselves. These limits, this neglect, are far more common among women than among men. If it be pleaded that women know no better, let the same plea serve for those who have given them so much.

And they will find that, though custom deprives them of education, though the opinion of men, much more loudly echoed by women, puts serious impediments in the way of getting it, it is yet true that if the good-will of men only were required they might safely calculate upon it. Though every man puts a limit to what his womankind may learn, his limit is, generally, beyond theirs. Except, possibly, a few very degraded ones, men earnestly wish for women to be wise, instructed, and happy. If a vote or deed of theirs would make them so, most certainly it would be done ; done even by those who would find no companionship among such women when they got them. But it needs more than the will, ay, and more than the wisdom if they had it—it needs the power. A man's ability is rarely sufficient for his own wants and wishes. If he supplies those of his womankind it must be at some sacrifice of his own. How much, then, will he sacrifice ? After supplying all the wants that he can understand, is he to deny himself in order to minister to such as he cannot ? His own liking, however selfish, is, most justly, the measure of his generosity. His own ignorance, however great, must bound the knowledge of those dependent on him for instruction. The evil is in the dependence, which nothing but a woman's own exertions can remedy. There may be a few wise men who would set no bounds to a woman's knowledge, except her capacity to receive it ; but the woman dependent on such a one would be limited in her acquirements, if not by his choice, then by his necessity. In plain terms, he would need to be rich. But not many are rich, and still fewer wise ; and hence it is, that among many

conflicting claims, that of leisure to learn gets but small acknowledgment. All the obstacles put in the way of women's learning really have their root in this, that they cannot pay for it. Public opinion and general practice are against their being educated, and their own wishes would not alter the fact. It would be altered in a twelvemonth if the majority of them could pay for learning as well as wish for it. But the majority know too little to wish for knowledge, and are too dependent to be willing to take a way of their own about a thing they so little value. Thus their ignorance keeps them ignorant, as their poverty keeps them poor. The two evils have each a tendency to perpetuate the other, and both together are well nigh immortal. One point is gained if there is daylight to fight by. Before all things, therefore, they should fight for time and money to be spent in some sort of intellectual activity. They should choose the kind that suits them best; no matter what, so that it draws them on and sharpens their appetite. Once accustomed to read and think, the most interesting subject of thought must be the means of combating the other enemy. Women need not think they belong to the educated class in virtue of their station, sex, or position; yet with the one condition granted, that they are not compelled to spend all their waking hours in labour, it depends on themselves to become one of those having skill to avert many misfortunes and to soften them all, or to remain in the class we are all born in, with only power to suffer and to be misled. All the wisdom of those around them can do little to prevent their belonging to the lower class, if their own mental inactivity places them there.

There are, of course, many men—even rich men—who have no cultivation or knowledge whatever beyond the things that immediately concern them. And as the women belonging to them must have less, both men and women naturally coalesce in their endeavours to undervalue what they have not got. Those who live among people of this class, or any other that cherishes an hereditary respect for ignorance, are likely to have no more intellectual intercourse with mankind than the dead have with the living. Like those we have heard of who were taken for dead while yet conscious of all that was passing around them, to them is denied the gift of speech. They may hear their dearest interests discussed—all the pleasures, not directly selfish, that they can have—all the human interests in which they are concerned, may be settled for them before their eyes, and they will be as little consulted as the buried dead by the busy crowd who hurry past their graves. People no more think of listening to them than of digging up a corpse. While they discuss their affairs for them—talk of their qualities and social position—of their peculiar wants and duties—settle the faculties they have, and those they ought to be allowed the use of—

their joining in the discussion would call forth as violent a repulsion, if not as great a terror, as would a corpse walking about in its grave-clothes.

Can anything be worth more than books, then, to women in this position, unless it is the earnings to buy and the leisure to read them? Books never turn away from them with the belief that they cannot understand, and ought not to try. In the company of books they need never feel guilty or ridiculous for indulging their interest in what occupies the attention of so many besides themselves. From books they can learn at least to judge themselves by the opinion of a larger circle than that they see every day. Almost every one has such a degree of individuality that there is a part of them that does not meet with response among the people they daily see and talk to. Hence it is that women so often cherish the idea that they are unappreciated or not understood; nay, that it is so often true. The number of their acquaintance being very limited, and generally chosen from people all of one stamp, it is very probable that each one will have thoughts and tastes not understood by the rest. But they need not doubt that whatever feelings or opinions they have, some of the human race have had the like before them. They are re-discovered, perhaps, and in that sense original, but not therefore exclusively theirs. They are most probably very commonplace. In books they may find them all, to their infinite pleasure, and not less to their profit. And while they are learning how small is their store of wit and originality, they have an enjoyment always at hand, never exhausted. They find room for themselves in the world, and appreciation too. They no longer doubt their sanity on those points on which they cannot but differ from their neighbours. In the consciousness of fellow-feeling with their kind they can have good-will towards them.

And while their mind undergoes this unconscious training their feelings profit at least as much. There is often a morbid tendency in excitable youth to slight the everyday interests of which they are in actual possession, while longing for some extatic happiness, of which we all feel ourselves capable; which, however, is but seldom the portion of any, and which comes not at all to most. But there are little pleasures the aggregate of which amounts to as much, each one the result of an effort, each one leading to another. The gradual arriving at some slight acquaintance with what the human race has learnt and done, and the means whereby, give a sudden expansive pleasure in the capacity of the race, a sense of power and triumph, half in what others have achieved, half in the belief that we see the means of doing it; means perfectly human, quite within reach.

This enthusiasm is neither conceited nor silly. It brings with it the true blessing of learning, a magnificent prospect, a noble motive for

strenuous exertion of all the faculties, with the certainty of good results. And this is, perhaps, the state nearest heaven that God has permitted to us on earth. The contrast between their large endeavour and their small success, does not prove them wrong in their exertions. Their little faculty, their small capacity for labour may take them but a short way, but how much farther than if they had never started ! They need never fear, as little in knowledge as in morals, that the highest standard they can appreciate is too high for them to aim at. If with this high standard they accomplish little, what would they reach if it were lower ? What does it signify that, compared with others of greater capacity, their conquests will be small ? "Revelations of science are the smiles of the Creator." Every fact that they understand and appreciate is a new pleasure, and there are none more varied, more refreshing, more within reach.

It may seem an error to say that no knowledge which they can wish for is too high for them to aim at ; for we always hear of a limit somewhere, beyond which they should not go. And it is true, so long as they depend on others for the means of learning, their objection to supply them is liable to take the form of disapproval of the employment, and the consciousness that they have the power to dictate, will, of course, lead to the habit of doing so. But the dissuasion and condemnation that stand in the way of learning will disappear before success. For that opinion which awes, is itself awed by a superior one. Now they must hope in the course of their lives to gather round them some friends, meaning people who will sympathise with their tastes, and who will therefore tolerate any amount of learning they may have ; while, by choosing to please those who tolerate less, they deprive themselves both of knowledge and friendship. The bugbear of "men don't like it," is very real and very frightful too ; but it always recedes as they advance. It need not be so effective as it is in stifling natural activity, since no woman can lose more than the approbation of her inferiors by setting it at defiance ; her superiors, and even her equals, will not object to her advancing. Perhaps it is possible that some women might get so wise that no man would be able to appreciate their wisdom. But the majority may run the risk. There is not much danger of their going so far in any course as to outstrip all others and arrive at solitude ; so they need not regret the threatened desertion of those whom they would naturally leave behind.

There is a form of opposition more difficult to contend against. The "little knowledge," that is all which women are able to get, is often in such odd pieces, so small, ridiculous, and disjointed, that to all those who have more it seems better to have none than to be doomed to such scanty allowance. Without intending it, men of information often act injuriously on those below them by this intolerance ; and their

condemnation of half-informed women is interpreted to mean that men capable of judging disapprove of feminine cultivation altogether. Perhaps some men do disapprove of it. All of them are very apt to think that their taste and gratification should be the object and limit of it; that somewhere or other a bound should be set, and women kept on the hither side. They say that here their tastes and faculties find the fullest play, forgetting that if the extent of their faculties is to determine their field, bound and limits are altogether needless. For no one ever went further than their faculties could take them.

If then a woman is not bound down to labour through all her waking hours, what should she do with her time but learn? True, custom has not found this employment for them, but custom is for the inferior—it prevents their sinking lower. It acts against the superior when it interferes with them at all. The way in which custom dictates that women shall spend their youth, carefully avoiding all serious knowledge instead of acquiring it, shows that their interests, their improvement, and, in many cases, their inclination, have not been consulted. Those who have learnt enough to wish to learn more will feel their hearts flood with envy at the luck of the favoured sex destined to be educated; who, from ten years old to twenty or twenty-five, are expected and encouraged to spend their days in acquiring knowledge, with all the advantages of first-class teaching arranged and provided expressly for their benefit. But it profits not wishing for other people's good fortune. Their business is to provide education for themselves, and, in the meantime, to recollect, as a matter of justice, that no one is to blame for not doing it for them. It is their own opinion that will make education possible. Though only a few will profit by great opportunities, if they have them, it is those few who, humanly speaking, are the salt of the earth. It is they who bring the blessings of knowledge to the rest; who raise the standard of life and conduct in their generation.

As the money expense of books is but little, the real difficulty in the way of feminine improvement is the want of leisure to read. There is a feminine tradition as to the amount of leisure enjoyed by women. While a man spends his time, his strength, and his wits in saving his womenkind from the necessity of working, in the hope that it will tend to their greater cultivation, their own opinion is that "women's work is never done." And their opinion is truer than his, for theirs is founded on actual experience, while his is but a description of what he intends it to be. It is not given to one human being so to protect another through life as to bless her with more good than she earns for herself. Though with all the advantages of wealth on his side, and artificial poverty on hers, the nature of the human being interferes to prevent it. When a debt is too great for a woman ever to hope to pay in full, every

opportunity that offers for paying something must be taken, and more than this, every service that can be easily given will be exacted. Women would be richer by accepting less, and retaining the command of their own time. For they can never be so graceless as to refuse to employ themselves according to the wishes of those to whom they owe everything. "I should like," or "I don't want," are to them commands, and the taste of another person is the limit to the indulgence of their own. Reading may be the amusement they prefer to all other ; if they are not rich, it may be the only one within their reach, and tears rise in one's eyes at the idea that they may be deprived of it because "I," or "we," or "they," or all the world do not want them to have it.

Let them undertake, then, the duty of providing for their own mental progress, as they must bear the consequences of neglecting it. Let them not alternately wrap themselves in idleness, on the ground that others will give them all that is needful, and plead in despair that against others they can do nothing. Neither is true ; and if it is partly true still let them strive after such improvement as they can get. It is this that strengthens the intellect and moulds the character. To be ever striving after something better is one of the things that God made them for.

T.

DIVIDED.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PARKINSON.

THIS world is a huge wilderness,
A weary tangled maze,
With hiding places numberless,
And many secret ways.

I pace alone with doubtful feet
The pathway to and fro,
Musing—"Perchance I here may meet
One I lost long ago."

A weary long long time it seems,
Whether of months or years
It matters not, confus'd as dreams
Are scenes portray'd in tears.

To watch and wait ; to watch in vain ;
To call, yet none reply,
Turns days to years of lingering pain
Too clogg'd with tears to fly.

We loved, though never word of love
Had by the lip been spoken.
What need of words our truth to prove ?
Love is the heart's love token.

But the world came between us—how,
And why, 'twere long to tell :
Nought of that time recall I now,
Save one sweet sad farewell.

Since then a wanderer I have been,
Far seas and countries roved,
And forms worthy of love have seen,
But not the one I loved.

I seek her home—the well-known place
Seems at first glance the same ;
But she has gone, and left no trace ;
Echo forgets her name.

One only answer to my moan
Comes as I linger here,
One dull monotonous murmur—"Gone !"
Both here and everywhere.

Only in dreams I seem to see
 That glory come again,
 And hear that voice, which was to me
 As to parch'd flowers the rain.

Come, holy sleep, and as I lie
 Tranc'd in this conscious grove,
 Restore, what wakeful days deny,
 The presence of my love.

(Sleeps.)

(Awaking.)

Ah me ! how sweet it were to dream,
 If one might never wake ;
 Nor this too truthful sunny stream
 The sweet illusion break.

Fade not, sweet vision, from my sight,
 Let me awhile forget
 The grief that turns my day to night,
 Day brings, when suns have set ;

All substance into shadow turns,
 In shadows substance owns,
 In noisy crowds for silence yearns,
 In silence hears love's tones.

Yes ! just the same—that brow as fair,
 Those eyes as softly bright,
 Those lips as finely sculptur'd, hair
 As rich in golden light.

The colour—ah ! it comes and goes—
 Those eyes with feeling beam—
 Blossoms with consciousness that rose—
 Say—do I wake or dream ?

Oh, heart, be not so wildly stirr'd ;
 Be still, thou throbbing brain ;
 That voice—her voice so long unheard—
 I seem'd to hear again.

That voice once more ? The sweet clear tone
 The buried past revives—
 The shadow from my day is gone,
 My dream's ideal lives !

MY HOUSEKEEPER COOK.

My housekeeper cook is an excellent old soul, as unlike the fine servants of the present day as a genuine barn-door fowl is to the hybrid poultry so fashionable in many farm-yards, but more given to cackling than laying of eggs. She told me some anecdotes the other night after we had finished discussing the programme of work for the next day. I cannot do better than give them in her own words :—

“ Indeed, ma’am, your servants are so well fed and so liberally treated they have no right to turn up their noses, though I said bread and cheese was a very fit supper for them now and again in Lent ; not that I think, bless you, that fasting in Lent will take us to heaven a bit the sooner, but I just wished to punish the stomach of that fat cow-boy who was a bit saucy to my kitchen-maid about his cold beef this morning, and also neglected to feed the pigs till he had finished his own breakfast. Well, ma’am, as I was saying, one does see so much waste and niceness among servants now-a-days. When I was with Mr. Brown, who had a very large establishment, you know, I took the greatest pains to please the servants’ hall as well as the dining-room, and you have often been pleased to say, ma’am, my cooking is not to be despised. The butler, ma’am (who also valeted the master), and the upper housemaid were the sauciest couple I ever set eyes on ; they sneered and made unbecoming remarks at every blessed morsel of food that was put on the table ; they did not like mutton-broth, forsooth, nor pease-soup ; they preferred Julienne or white soup—plain roast and boiled was not good enough for their grand ideas ; they had been accustomed to *entrées* in some earl’s house, where they had both been—some of the third day’s warm-ups, I used to tell them, for no cook who knew his or her place, was going to throw away *quenelles* or *rissolis* on the like of them. They scorned my roly-polys and my good baked raisin bread-crust puddings ; they laughed together, and said there should be a reform in the servants’ hall puddings. And didn’t I give them a reform pudding, ma’am, one of my best ; but still, like the Reform Bill, it wants a deal of sweet sauce to help it down. Would you believe it, ma’am, they had never heard of a reform pudding before ; and my Manchester puddings, that young Mr. Henry said were a match for anything Soyer ever made, those two declared were only fit for cotton-spinners and factory children. My Manchester puddings, ma’am, with their noble appearance—because you see, the bread-crumbs and the jelly are good comrades, and the frothed white of egg crowns them with triumph !—I could not away with *their* being despised. Breakfast, dinner, supper—something was always wrong ; it was enough to make one sick to hear them.

“ A long time after, when I was with Mr. Yarrington in the Regent’s Park, I went out a-shopping one day for my mistress. As I was turning

out of Conduit Street, I came upon a man with a poverty-stricken air about him. It was a cold day, and he was shivering and hungry-like. I looked at him twice, and my heart was in my mouth when I said, 'Goodness gracious me! is that you, Mr. Bootle?' There stood the saucy butler of former days, cold, hungry, and thinly clad; it gave me quite a turn to look at him. He seemed a bit ashamed at first, and then he told me he had had a fever, was out of place, and had no character, as his last master had gone abroad while Bootle was in hospital. He told me he would be thankful for any job. We were just then in want of an odd man, as the house was full of company, so I said, 'Come along with me, Mr. Bootle.' I took him down to the kitchen, and made him draw near to the cheerful fire; then I went up to Mrs. Yarrington, and told her all the story. She desired me to give him meat and drink at once, and to engage him as odd man till he could get another place. Oh! ma'am, he was thankful for the plainest of food; he would sit down to hash and pig's liver with a smile on his face; never a word of daintiness came out of his mouth again. He was a changed man; his misfortunes were his salvation. It was at Mr. Brown's, too, ma'am, where I was laid up for a week or two with the influenza. Our odd man only got his dinner in the house, and went home to his cottage every evening. He had a family of small children. The first day I was able to get out I passed through the dairy-shrubbery, which the odd man had to cross when carrying the pails of kitchen-stuff to the pigs. His back was turned to me; he was stooping over the pails, and picking out something. It was small bits of bread, ma'am, and yet a deal too large and good for the pig's pail; but 'when the cats away the mice play,' I always find, ma'am. 'The pigs have wealth of food, Mrs. Hopkins,' he said, 'so I thought it no harm to take out those nice bits of white bread for the little children at home'. I am tiring you, ma'am, but with the cattle-plague scarcely out of the cow-house and daintiness increasing in the kitchen, I bring to mind an old man who did out-door jobs for a family I served many years ago. He had small wages, as he was old and infirm, and no food. Ma'am, I've seen that poor man come into the kitchen with his wood-basket while we were at dinner, and he stood looking at us, the tears coming over his old grey cheeks—for his face was grey, ma'am, not a bit of healthy colour in it. He looked at us in such a way I could not stand it, so I took my dinner, and carried it out to the yard, and made the old man sit down and eat it. It was no great loss to me, as I had my other meals to fall back upon. Many a day my dinner went in that way; and if it was a wrong to my mistress, I hope it will be forgiven. Oh, ma'am, the hunger and want I've seen among old people and young children in my day has often made my food lay like a stone on my heart.

"May the Lord be blessed, ma'am, who has provided you with abundance and a heart to feel for them that need."

A BROTHER'S SIN AND A SISTER'S LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ETHEL had spoken to Dr. Fletcher about her mother's health, and one morning, in accordance with her request, the old gentleman called at the cottage. Mrs. Marley liked the doctor, and it was an easy task for him to draw her gradually on to speak of her health, and to tell him her symptoms. She knew very well she was delicate, and that consumption had done great mischief in her mother's family. She also knew that she strongly resembled her mother, who had been one of its victims. She had known for years that the seeds of that fatal disease were sown in her frame, and that her longing for death would ere long be gratified ; but she had never breathed a word of it to Ethel, and supposed her daughter to be in perfect ignorance concerning her danger. When Mrs. Marley asked Dr. Fletcher to give her his true opinion of her case, he candidly told her his fears ; he said the sad words very gently, and tried to make the blow seem less heavy ; he told Miss Warrars after, when she anxiously inquired after Ethel's mother, that she did not appear to feel in the slightest, she was perfectly apathetic, he said. But if the doctor had seen Mrs. Marley five minutes after he left her, he would not have thought so. His patient possessed extraordinary self-control ; if she was moved she did not manifest it, she had heard her death-warrant pronounced without moving a single muscle, or even changing colour. If she had been told her life was to end that very evening, the probability is she would have remained as calm and self-possessed as possible whilst she had spectators ; but afterwards—ah, when she was alone that morning all her apathy departed, and she wept bitterly and reproachfully ; bitterly that life was so near closing, for notwithstanding her words that she longed for death, life was very sweet. The grave, the dark silent grave—Mrs. Marley shuddered when she thought of it ; for with those fearful doubts in her heart, she did not look forward to rising from sin and sorrow to realms of eternal bliss and joy, where all is love and peace, and where all tears are wiped away. She wept reproachfully when she thought of Ethel, the coldness and reserve she had worn towards her, how carelessly she had received all her child's tender little attentions ; now she repented her conduct. "My poor girl," she murmured, "what will she do when I am gone ? Despite my unnatural behaviour to her, she will miss me ; one comfort to me is, she will not have to toil for her bread as I have done." She dreaded breaking to Ethel the tidings of her approaching end, and yet

it must be told her. As we know, Ethel was aware of her mother's weak state ; for when she told Miss Warrars of her trouble, she also spoke of her delicacy ; but Mrs. Marley did not know that, and trembled in spite of her control when she heard Ethel's footstep in the hall, and felt the dreaded time was near at hand. As her daughter entered the room, her mother signed for her to sit by her side, and when Ethel had brought her little stool and sat down, Mrs. Marley began—

"Ethel, I have had a visitor this morning." The girl's mind reverted to Miss Warrars, but her mother's next words undeceived her. "My visitor was Dr. Fletcher."

"Dr. Fletcher!" uttered Ethel, and a cold thrill ran through her ; what was she about to hear ? Some bad news she felt sure, and a silent petition went up to heaven from her heart for strength to bear the coming burden.

"Yes, dear ; and Ethel, he asked me how I felt, and when I described my symptoms he looked very grave ; you know my mother died of consumption, and there is every reason to think I have inherited the disease from her."

"Oh mamma !" was all the poor girl could utter.

"My child," Mrs. Marley continued, "Dr. Fletcher has advised me to prepare for—for—" she hesitated ; she saw Ethel's face turn very pale, and she *feared* to say more ; she was not permitted to say more, for Ethel's grief broke all bounds, and her agony was piteous to see.

"Mamma, mamma," she cried, "don't say you will die, and leave me ; what shall I do without you, all alone ? Oh, mamma, if you die, take me with you ; mamma, my precious mamma !" and she clasped her arms round Mrs. Marley as though she would keep her by force.

She knew her mother was far from strong, but she never suspected death was near, or even probable, and her anguish was intense. They were bitter moments to Mrs. Marley, as she witnessed the girl's pent-up love, and she yearned for time to make up to Ethel for the long period of coldness and reserve. Very loving were the mother's efforts to soothe her, and she partly succeeded ; Ethel held her mother's hand tightly, now and then kissing it fervently.

"Oh mamma," she said, "he is mistaken ; you *can't* be so ill, and you will live a long time."

Mrs. Marley's face grew ashy white, and big beads of perspiration gathered on her brow, as she began—

"No, no, Ethel, he said—" then she stopped a moment to gather fresh courage, and went on with a quiet steady voice, "my darling, my darling, you will be alone in a few weeks."

She was prepared for fresh agonies of sorrow, but Ethel made no movement, she was stunned by those last words. In a few weeks she would be alone, and her mother dead ; it was the overflowing drop in

the cup of sorrow. Rising, she kissed her mother, and went to her own room ; once there, she fastened the door and fell powerless on the floor, blessed insensibility had come and numbed all feeling for the present,

CHAPTER VIII.

"Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night."

RICHARD III,

WHEN Ethel came to her senses she was almost alarmed to find herself on the floor of her chamber ; in the middle of the day, too ; but, when she collected her thoughts, recollection returned, and slowly, one by one, the events of the morning dawned on her memory.

"Oh, mamma !" she moaned, and her voice was full of helpless sorrow. "Oh, mamma, what shall I do without you ?"

Ethel went to her window and looked out ; but her gaze was very vacant. It was one of the lovely spring days ; a day when every object seems covered with a soft hazy veil, and when the air is full of delightful spring-like feeling—a day which makes us long to go for a lengthy ramble, exploring unknown paths, peeping into the hedges, finding little bird's nests. Ethel fancied the beauty of the morning seemed to mock her sorrow ; everything was so lovely and joyous she almost wished her life was ended. She could not realise the fact—the bitter fact—that her mother was dying ; she blamed herself sorely for having been so blind as not to perceive her mother's failing health. Ethel had long known that Mrs. Marley's cough was very troublesome, and she had urged her again and again to ask Dr. Fletcher for his advice, but her mother had persistently refused to acknowledge the necessity of doing so. Still Ethel reproached herself for neglecting her mother's health. She went downstairs to the drawing-room. Mrs. Marley had fallen asleep, and Ethel sat quietly down in the window to wait her wakening. The invalid soon roused from her light doze, and, seeing her daughter, called her ; and when she was by her mother's side, tenderly smoothing her cheek, and talking in low fond tones, Miss Warrars entered the room. Ethel greeted her old friend affectionately, and Mrs. Marley did so with more than usual cordiality. The reserve in which she cased herself was much softened by Ethel's love—love which had been so neglected by her—and she felt now really anxious to show Miss Warrars attention for her kindness to her child. Ethel knew the purport of the old lady's call, and took an early opportunity to leave her alone with her mother.

When Ethel was gone Mrs. Marley told her visitor Dr. Fletcher's opinion of her case. Miss Warrars was very shocked at hearing such

sad tidings, and her sympathy completely broke down Mrs. Marley's fortitude, and she wept bitterly. The old lady then spoke of the hope a Christian always has in looking forward to a world of light and love.

"This is a world of sin and sorrow," she said ; "but what perfect recompense all those will experience who fight on to the end with confidence in the mercy of God. My dear Mrs. Marley," she continued, "I have heard Ethel speak of the many sorrows you have had ; you have preserved faith all through ; do not let it forsake you now."

"Trouble?" was the reply. "Yes, few have led such a life as I have, Miss Warrars. I was little more than a child when my troubles began, and they have followed fast and heavily on me ; my life has been one of constant bitterness, yet I have kept faith ; but now," she went on, wearily, "I suppose my mind has been failing with my body, for at times I lose all hope and trust, even to doubting the great mercy of God."

"My dear friend, do you forget those words—'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' Was not Abraham, a true and faithful servant, sent a great sorrow when he was commanded to offer up as a sacrifice his beloved and only son, Isaac ? God does not send us any trial except in mercy and wisdom. Remember Job, who devoted his life to God's service ; he had his full share of sorrow ; yet he kept faith to the close and implicit trust in God's wisdom."

"Oh, Miss Warrars, you have not had trouble like mine ; you do not know such."

"Have I not?" replied Miss Warrars, her cheeks flushing painfully. "I have had many trials, and hard ones too ; but my Heavenly Father has graciously mingled sweet with the bitter of my draught. I thought I should have died when my only brother was taken and his wife, but He spared their children to be my solaces."

Mrs. Marley begged Miss Warrars to join her in praying for confidence in God's merciful providence ; and God heard their prayer, and sent into that troubled heart that peace which passeth all understanding.

CHAPTER IX.

*"Her palms are folded on her breast ;
There is no other thing express'd,
But long disquiet merged in rest."*

TENNYSON.

FROM that day Mrs. Marley sank rapidly. The deceitful strength which had buoyed her up so long quite left her, and Dr. Fletcher told Ethel, when she begged him to let her know the truth, that her mother's days were numbered. Ethel was incessant in her devotion ; she could scarcely be persuaded to leave her mother in order to take sufficient rest.

"You will fall ill, child," said Miss Warrars to her one day ; "do not waste your strength, Ethie, you will need it all."

Ethel's heart told her what her strength would be required for, and her cheek grew a shade paler at the thought. So the days went on until spring grew into summer, and sweetbriar and roses filled, with their sweet fragrance, the little drawing-room at the cottage. Miss Warrars and Gerty were daily visitors, and it soothed the dying woman to notice the love they felt towards Ethel.

"You will never forsake my girl," she said one day, "you will always give her your friendship?"

"As long as life lasts," was Miss Warrars' answer. These words satisfied the invalid that Ethel would have some one to look to when she was gone. Miss Warrars said to Gerty one day, "I wish Ethel felt this trouble more now ; it will fall very heavy when it does come."

One lovely evening in June Mrs. Marley and Ethel were sitting alone ; the invalid's couch was drawn close to the window, which looked out on the lawn, at the far end of which the little brook rushed and danced gaily along, sparkling in the bright sunshine, and its distant rippling fell very pleasantly on the ear.

"Ethie," said her mother, breaking a pause which had lasted for some time, "Ethie, if Allan comes back when I am gone—" she stopped ; she had not mentioned his name before during her illness, and it gave her heart a pang now. After a moment's hesitation she resumed : "If he should come back, Ethel, you will receive him, will treat him as if nothing had happened to part you. Do not reproach him with his sin ; but oh ! Ethel, try to bring repentance to his heart. Remember how I loved him ; and if at times you feel bitter against him, think how your dead mother prayed you would be to him all that a sister should be. Promise me, Ethel, will you?"

"I do, mamma," was the girl's reply ; "I do promise you solemnly, that, should Allan come back, I will do all you wish."

"Thanks—thanks, dear child ; and tell him I left my full forgiveness and fervent prayers that God will not cast him out, but will give me both my children in heaven."

She was quiet for some time, and then said, "Ethel, never let anything stand between you and the love you show Allan ; give him all your affection—all—all ! Will you, Ethel ?" And she grew excited in her anxiety.

"Yes, dear mother, all my love shall be his, believe me." And she laid her hand softly on her mother's arm.

"You are a dear, good child—my true comfort, Ethel. Kiss me, my darling, again and again, and let me hear you say once more you will be kind to my boy."

In a trembling voice Ethel repeated her promise, and soon after

Mrs. Marley fell into a doze. The evening wore on, the flowers shut their petals, and a solemn still quiet was in the air. Night donned her soft grey mantle, shade was over all things, and the sweet evening star rose in the clear sky, and shed forth its trembling silver light before Ethel tried to rouse her mother. Twice or three times she kissed her brow and cheek, but to no avail; then she grew frightened, and a half-defined suspicion made her lay her hand on her mother's heart. It was quite still; the poor weary spirit had done with the things of earth, and had passed to realms where there is no sorrow, and where all tears are wiped away.

Ethel's kind friends insisted on her making Sea View her home for some time after her mother's death, but after a few weeks Ethel determined on returning to her own little home. The first evening Gerty spent with her; the second Ethel found very lonely. She sat in her room where her mother had died; and sitting there all alone she almost fancied she heard again Mrs. Marley's voice beseeching her to be kind to Allan. Ethel pondered deeply over it, for she felt it was a very solemn agreement to wipe from her memory all her brother's sin and disgrace—to devote herself to his welfare. She had promised never to let any difference come between them—never to let anything interfere with her love and duty to Allan, but to give up all for his sake.

CHAPTER X.

"The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TIME waits for no man; and the months rolled on, seeming to some slow in their flight, to others far too rapid, yet doing their appointed work. To Miss Warrars and Gerty they brought joy; for a letter came from Herbert, the Indian sojourner, containing the glad news that before many weeks had passed he would be with them again, after an absence of fifteen long years.

The faces that greeted Ethel one morning shortly after the arrival of this letter were very happy ones.

"Herbert's reason for coming home is to get strong," said Gerty; "he has been very ill, and is sure never to recover in that horrid climate. Only think, Ethel, I have not seen him since I was five years old. I wonder whether he will remember me, for people say I am much altered even in the last two or three years."

So Gerty rattled on, often with the sheerest nonsense, her excited spirits finding vent in talking. Ah! little did she deem the pain her words were giving poor Ethel. Gertrude was looking forward with joy to the coming of her brother; and *her* brother, where was he? An outcast and wanderer from home and society, in all probability from his country; for if he had not left England they would have heard of him ere now. Gerty was too absorbed in her happiness to notice her companion's pale sorrowful face. One day Miss Warrars asked Ethel if her brother was alive. Ethel did not answer for a moment; the question had completely upset her. How did Miss Warrars know she had a brother? The suspicion darted across her mind that Miss Warrars had heard something connected with Allan's sin. But the next words set Ethel's heart at rest.

"Your mother spoke to me one day about her boy Allan; does he know she is dead?"

"No," faltered Ethel; "I don't know where he is, so I can't write to him."

"Not know where he is?" repeated the old lady. "Is he at sea?"

"Yes," was the only reply Ethel could make before bursting into tears, for she was in a state of great nervous excitability. Her crying relieved her overwrought feelings.

"I don't know what it is," said Miss Warrars to Gerty, when they were alone, "but I'm sure there is some mystery connected with that brother of hers—a mystery that gives the child a great deal of sorrow."

In due time Herbert Warrars arrived at Sea View, and two or three days after he came Gerty fetched Ethel to spend a long day with them. Ethel was in better spirits now, and she and Gerty had been very merry over their ten minutes' walk from the cottage to Sea View. When Ethel was introduced to Herbert, she at once acknowledged to herself that he was a very handsome man: tall, full five feet eleven inches, and broadly built; his complexion was deeply browned by long exposure.

"Tell me now," said Gerty, as the girls were taking off their hats, "do you think Herbert looks very ill?"

"He looks in excellent health," said Ethel; "I am quite surprised to see so few traces of invalidism."

"Well," said Gerty, "it was not an illness exactly, you know. Herbert held a civilian appointment in Calcutta, and about ten or twelve months ago he engaged a new secretary, who seemed to be very valuable, and Herbert quite congratulated himself on the possession of such a treasure. One night a noise in his room awoke him, and what should he see but this lovely creature ransacking the contents of his pocket-book. Herbert spoke to him, and asked the meaning of his conduct, on which the man fired a pistol at him, and took to his heels. Poor Herbert had enough sense left to ring his bell;

and then he fainted ; they tried ever so much, but never heard anything of this man again. Herbert only wanted something to determine his idea of coming home ; so as soon as he was strong enough he took his passage for England, and yesterday he told us this story."

"He looks very much older than you do, Gerty."

"Yes, he seems much older than he really is, and his grave manner increases the supposition ; aunt says he never was a child, he was always so steady and serious. Does not Aunt Carrie look happy, Ethel ?" she continued. "I know the wish of her heart has been gratified by Herbert's coming home. She had almost resigned herself to never seeing him again."

Miss Warrars did, indeed, look happy—trotting about amongst her darling flower-beds, consulting and appealing to her nephew. The dear old lady always looked supremely happy when she had some one to talk to concerning her pets. Gerty, she said, only cared for them as lovely objects of scent and beauty, and detested the work of setting, planting, and taking cuttings ; whereas she would toil from morning till night as though her daily bread depended on her labour, and constantly lamented Gerty's want of love of nature.

"Why don't you come out," said Herbert, coming to the window where the two girls stood ; "the air is so soft and balmy."

"I was making you a hero, Bertie," returned his sister, "telling Ethel the narrow escape you had in India."

"Yes, it was an escape," he answered ; "and, despite the fellow's behaviour, I cannot help feeling very sorry for him."

"Sorry for him, after his trying to shoot you !" cried Gerty, in astonishment.

"Yes, very sorry for him," he replied.

"I declare, Herbert, you are, without exception, the strangest being I've ever known. A man tries to rob and kill you—you, in return, only pity him !"

After dinner Mr. Wilton came to Sea View. He had been unable to dine with his friends, but arrived in time for a walk to the sea shore. Miss Warrars said it was too long a walk for her, and they must leave her at home.

"Tell the truth, Aunt Carrie," laughed Gerty ; "you are afraid to leave Robins to himself ; you have too much love for the plants to commit them to his tender mercies."

The old lady looked at her niece's merry face over her spectacles. "Gerty," she exclaimed, "you are incorrigible ; but I confess there are some very particular things to be moved this afternoon."

"And you know you would rather superintend your garden than come to the beach with us," persistently repeated her niece, as the old lady pulled on her gardening-gloves and walked off. Mr. Wilton and

his *fiancée* sauntered along so slowly that Herbert and Ethel lost all patience, and walked on, leaving them to follow at leisure.

It was a lovely evening in October; the whole month had been unusually fine; the woods looked, in their numerous varied hues, as glorious a bit of Nature's handiwork as one could wish to see. Through it all there was the least bit of sharpness in the air, and a clearness of outline between the mountain and horizon that might well make Miss Warrars careful of leaving her tender bedding-plants exposed to the night air. The tide was coming in, and it was pleasant to watch the tiny wavelets seemingly running after one another, sometimes blending into one; pleasant to watch the little hollows left by the last tide fill up one after another. It was difficult to believe that the smooth shining expanse spread out before them could rage, storm, and wreak damage, taking away lives, and bringing sore grief and loneliness to many a heart. The sea shone in all its beauty that evening, in all its variety of colour, from light green shading into dark green, then almost imperceptibly fading into deep blue—deep, clear, rich blue; while the ships lay to idly on its surface like white winged birds.

Herbert and Ethel stood by the side of the water, for some time, without either speaking; each, apparently, finding occupation in thought; the murmur of the waves fell very pleasantly and soothingly on the ear.

Herbert was the first to break silence.

"I think nothing inspires me with such a feeling of awe, and belief in the power of God, as the sea."

"The very same thought was in my mind when you spoke. I always feel better after a visit to the beach."

"Yes," he replied, smiling, "it seems to calm and tranquillise my feelings, but I can't say it makes me feel a better man."

Ethel coloured; she thought he was laughing at her. He noticed the flush, and said hastily—

"Don't think, for a moment, I doubt your feeling so; my aunt says the same, but I never have. I mean I do not feel sanctified or made more religious by it. I wish I did," he added, in a lower tone.

Ethel heard the whisper, but said nothing; she did not care to continue the subject. She had known her companion but a few hours, and felt a little afraid of the strong broad man who stood beside her; she fancied he was inclined to be amused at her words, and Ethel was very sensitive to ridicule. Herbert, however, was not at all disposed to laugh at her words. He began talking about his life spent abroad, and his hearer became very interested. He was a very entertaining narrator, and described everything with such clearness and vividness that he gave colour and life to the simplest circumstances.

At last Gerty came up, full of merry scolding for their inattention to outward objects ; and, when they reached home and found Miss Warrars rather dignified over their long coming, Gertrude said, mischievously—

“Well, aunt, Herbert and Ethel were so high in the clouds there was no getting them down”—sending at the same moment a glance of meaning towards Ethel.

The evening passed quickly, and Ethel rose to depart. Miss Warrars was very anxious she should stay at Sea View, but Ethel preferred going home, and, in spite of all her protestations to the contrary, Herbert would see her safely to the cottage.

Ethel thought, that evening, what a happy day it had been ; and Herbert, as he walked home, thought what a very pleasant interesting companion Miss Marley was.

CHAPTER XI.

“Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain ;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain.”

E. C. PINKNEY.

HERBERT WARRARS did not stay at Drystone above a month ; then he went to see other friends and relations in different parts of England. The intimacy between himself and Ethel had increased during that short time. Gerty tried to make her brother confess himself smitten by Ethel ; but Herbert remained uncommunicative. With Ethel she succeeded better, for Ethel had an unfortunate habit of blushing.

If Herbert spoke to Ethel, Gerty would instantly shoot such a significant look at her friend. So Gertrude flattered herself her manœuvring was prospering, and decided that there must be something between them. She kept her thoughts to herself, and left Miss Warrars perfectly in the dark. The good old lady never for a moment suspected her niece's wish, and Gerty did not care to open her aunt's eyes. After Herbert went away, he was surprised to find how much Ethel Marley occupied his thoughts, and he found himself longing to be again at Drystone, and able to see her ; then he knew how dear she was to him, and determined on returning home.

Ethel thought more of Gerty's brother than she cared to confess. Gerty was a pleasant companion, but her conversation was not like Herbert's, and sometimes the wish would creep into her heart that he was back again at Sea View. So days passed away ; but before Herbert arrived, Ethel fell ill of a severe nervous fever. For weeks

she was scarcely able to bear even the presence of Miss Warrars or Gerty, who were her constant attendants. The least sound, the very moving of a chair would seem too much for her to bear.

Winter was near its close before Ethel was sufficiently strong to be moved downstairs. Then she lay on her couch, carefully wrapped in shawls and blankets, resting on pillows, with her pure, pale face ; the large clear eyes looked larger and clearer than ever, and the small hands seemed almost transparent ; she did not, in truth, look earthly, and so Herbert thought when he came that first day to see her. He looked the worse for Ethel's illness ; it had been an anxious time for him, and how thankful he felt when he heard that Dr. Fletcher considered with care and attention she would recover. Miss Warrars would not at first hear of Ethel's receiving company so soon. "Wait a week, Herbert," she urged, "wait a week ;" but it must have been a far harder heart than Miss Warrars' to have withstood his earnest pleadings. If Gerty had heard half of them, she would have rejoiced ; but Miss Warrars saw nothing very extraordinary in them. "Only a quarter of an hour, Herbert," she said, following him into the room her patient occupied, "and I shan't allow Ethie to utter six words." Ethel had been prepared for the arrival of her visitor, but still the sight of him brought a bright flush to her cheek, and then left it looking more delicate and fragile than before. She felt his hand tremble as he held hers for a moment. He had brought a rose, knowing her love of flowers—such a glorious one "*Souvenir de Malmaison*," a rich soft creamy tint, its delicate petals laid like velvet one upon the other, and gradually deepening into a lovely pink in the centre—a pink like the inside of a sea-shell ; there was a bud, besides, just opening, only showing sufficient of its beauties to make one long to see it unfold then and there, and delight all beholders with its loveliness and odour. Her look of intense pleasure and gratitude thrilled through every nerve, and well repaid him for the long ride he had taken that very morning to Summerly to obtain the rose. He hardly seemed to have been in the room five seconds, when Miss Warrars said the quarter of an hour was gone. He rose to depart. As he stood by the couch for a moment, the door-bell was heard ; his aunt left the room, for she said, "My patient must see no more callers to-day ; she has had enough excitement." When he was alone, Herbert could not resist stooping down and pressing one kiss on the face before him. "Good bye, dear Ethel," he said, and was gone. For an instant Ethel was bewildered ; "He called me dear Ethel !" she murmured, the very recollection brought colour to the pale cheeks. She felt so happy in the thought that he cared for her. How good of him to bring her the rose ; it should never leave her, she would always keep it ; and, so thinking, Ethel fell asleep, with a happy smile on her face.

CHAPTER XII.

"And so these two were wed, and merrily rang the bells."

TENNYSON.

ETHEL'S strength returned but slowly, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on her. Herbert came daily to see her, sometimes bringing lilies of the valley, sometimes roses, or heaths in their variety of shades, or the sweet white and purple violets with a few primroses intermixed amongst them. When Ethel could be moved Miss Warrars took her to Beachford, a small wateringplace a few miles distant, and remained with her until it was time to return home, as the day fixed for Gerty's marriage drew near. Herbert had resolved on that day to tell Ethel his love for her, but "man proposes, God disposes."

Ethel was to be Gerty's bridesmaid. She was to be married in the little parish church, and then, after spending a month at the Lakes, Gerty was to begin life as the parson's wife at Drystone. If the saying is true "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," Gerty was a very happy bride, for the bright May day was lovely. Ethel spent the previous night at Sea View, and went early the following morning to Gerty's room. Gerty generally was gay and lively, now she was looking pale and grave, her manner was almost sad. Miss Warrars was completely overcome; she loved Gerty as her own child, and she felt losing her even for a month. Ethel did them both good, and they were more cheerful after she came.

"Remember, Ethel," said Gertrude, "you must be aunt's child until I come back; mind you don't let her miss me."

Ethel promised she would do her best to prevent the old lady from feeling lonely, and Gerty's look, so full of grateful thanks, told Ethel how much she dreaded leaving Miss Warrars. When Gertrude was nearly ready she said—

"Go down, Ethel dear, and I will come soon."

When alone, she knelt down and prayed earnestly that God would assist her to fulfil the vows she was about to take upon herself; that He would help her to be a true wife and friend to Frank Wilton; prayed for help to discharge her new duties well and faithfully, and then she went downstairs.

Mr. Wilton had lost his mother some months previously, and it was his wish that the wedding should be a very quiet one. In a short time the party were assembled in the church, and the solemn words of the marriage service were being spoken. The bride was of course the chief person of the day, but Ethel was the chief beauty. She looked very delicate, for her illness had left its traces. It was soon over, and Gerty had bound herself to Frank Wilton for ever.

The newly married pair left Sea View to catch a train starting from Summerly a little after two o'clock ; so with a long drive before them no time was to be lost. And then the trying moment for Miss Warrars arrived at hand ; she strained Gerty to her heart with infinite tenderness, and kissed her again and again, for the old lady loved her niece with an intense affection. Gerty had been the sunshine of her life, and, though it was true she was going to live with Gertrude at the Parsonage, it was not the old life. But partings, however bitter, must have an end, as Gerty's husband was reminding her, when a telegram was given to Herbert, calling him, without delay, to the death-bed of an old friend.

"I must go by your train," he said, "if I wish to see him alive."

So with a sorrowful heart he had to leave Drystone without speaking to Ethel.

Ethel made her old friend retire early after the excitement and fatigue of the day ; but she would not hear of spending the night at Sea View, she would begin her visit on the following morning. She walked home slowly, for it was pleasant to remain in the open air such a lovely evening. The young moon hung in the dark blue sky, and the air was full of the fragrance of wild flowers. Down the village street she went, stopping once or twice to speak to cottage friends, and at one point she caught such a pretty glimpse of the sea, lying so calm and lovely in the soft twilight, that she felt almost sorry to see her own home rising before her. The cheerful ruddy flames of a fire lit up her little room from end to end, and drawing a chair close to it, Ethel gave herself up to rest and thought. From one subject to another her mind reverted to the preceding year, when Dr. Fletcher had told her mother how ill she was, and she recalled her wretchedness and misery, and how mercifully she had been helped to bear the burden.

But sitting before a cosy fire thinking is not conducive to wakefulness, and before very long Ethel slept ; for she was tired and worn out, and the fire was growing dimmer and dimmer, casting an eerie shadow round the still room, when she was roused by the sound of some one at the window. At first Ethel thought her imagination was playing her a trick, but listening further, she heard the casement tried once more. She was alarmed, and trembled, for she saw by the fire how late it was, and the maid was in bed, and by this time probably asleep. Ethel sat quite quiet, her heart throbbing with undefined fear, when she heard her name distinctly pronounced in a pleading tone.

"Ethel, Ethel ! open the window and speak to me."

She hesitated no longer, but drew back the curtain. Outside was the figure of a man, crouching down on the ground ; in the feeble light his face looked pale and wan.

"Who are you ?" faltered Ethel.

"Oh Ethel, don't you know me? I'm Allan."

Ethel's heart gave a bound, then beat hard.

"Allan—Allan come back!" she said, as if in a dream.

"Yes Ethel; for God's sake let me in, I think I am dying, and it is so cold!"

Ethel stepped out and helped in the poor wanderer. She made him lie down on the couch, and wrapping a thick heavy shawl round him, she revived the dying coals. The flames soon blazed up, cheerily, and then she knelt down, unlaced and pulled off the heavy wet boots and socks, and lighting a candle she left the room. Presently she returned, with a tray on which were some refreshments.

All this had passed in utter silence, not a single word being uttered by the brother or sister. But when she said, "Allan, take this," he lifted his eyes to the white face before him, and took the cup from her hand; but replacing it on the table he cried—

"Oh Ethel, Ethel! have you forgiven me?"

Ethel's own eyes were wet now. "Allan," she said, "God knows how all hard thoughts of you have left my heart."

Allan could not speak for sobs. Ethel was shocked to see him so worn, and his fits of severe coughing wrung her very heart. His complexion was browner, else he was little changed; he looked still the boyish stripling she last remembered him; the expression of the mouth was as weak and indecisive as ever, and the eyes had the same sad pleading look. With many entreaties she induced him to take some food, and having satisfied herself he was thoroughly dry and warm, she led him to her own bedroom.

"Good-night, dear Ethel; God bless you for your great goodness to me!" said Allan.

Ethel's parting kiss was full of peace and forgiveness; it brought with it a balmy sense of comfort to Allan's weary heart. Ethel went downstairs again, and moved away the wet soiled boots and coat, and sat down once more in her chair.

"I won't go to bed," she thought; "it is morning now, and I could not sleep."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Then speech and thought and nature failed a little."

TENNYSON.

THE stars grew paler and paler until they faded entirely from view as the grey dawn advanced, then a few faint pink-tinted clouds appeared, streaked with orange and crimson, intermixed with others which looked like golden vapour. The little singing birds twittered and chirped from every tree

in anticipation of another glorious day ; the grass, wet with dew, caught and reflected in bright colours the dancing beams ; and numerous spiders' webs shone in the sun like threads of spun silk ; the trees waved their fresh green heads as though in obeisance to the bright glorious sun. It was, in truth, a magnificent sight—and as Ethel sat, her head resting against the window-pane, her face looked sad and pale, her heart was full. She could scarce realise the idea that in the room above her Allan was sleeping—Allan, the disgraced wanderer, come home again. What had she better do—go and seek advice of Miss Warrars, ask her to come and see Allan ? She wished the minutes to pass ; it was not five o'clock yet, it would be insane to go to Sea View at this hour ; and yet she felt so restless and feverish. At last the door opened, and her servant entered ; her face expressed her amazement at seeing her mistress up and dressed at such an hour.

"My brother came here unexpectedly late last night, Catherine," said Ethel ; "he is ill, and requires rest ; so be sure you do not disturb him."

Ethel then went out to her favourite seat on the bank at the foot of the lawn by the brook, where a few rustic chairs were placed, forming a delightful retreat. Here she sat thinking, or walking up and down the path with Allan in her heart, till, looking for the hundredth time at her watch, she saw it was seven o'clock.

"I'll go now," she thought ; and hastily dressing herself in hat and shawl, and again charging Catherine to be very noiseless, she set off. Early though it was, Miss Warrars was up, sitting under the verandah, luxuriating, like her flowers, in the beams of the morning sun. The old lady saw Ethel coming up the garden-path, and went to meet her.

"So good of you, dear child, to come and breakfast with me ! I really never suspected you were such an early riser."

"No, Aunt Carrie," answered Ethel, "I can't come and stay with you. Let me sit down here under the verandah, and I will tell you what has happened."

Then she related to Miss Warrars the painful tale. When she concluded, the old lady said—"Well, Ethie, I cannot ask you to leave your brother, if he is as ill as you represent ; but, dear child, I do not see how I can advise you. All that lies in your power is to obtain the best advice at once ; it may be merely a bad cold he is suffering from ; and, Ethie, trust all to God and rest satisfied your cause is in His hands."

Ethel went home ; she felt far happier now she had shared her anxiety with her old friend, and all which remained to be done was to fulfil her promise to devote herself to Allan's welfare. She left a message at Dr. Fletcher's to the effect that she would like him to call at the cottage, and on reaching home found her brother dressed and sitting by

the open window, breathing the sweet pure spring air, and looking, she fancied, far better than the previous night.

Breakfast was soon over ; and then Ethel, drawing a footstool close to Allan's chair, said—

"Allan, will you tell me how you have lived since—" she hesitated a moment—"since you left us?"

His pale face flushed ; he marked her hesitation, and knew why she had faltered.

"I will tell you all, Ethie," he said ; "but first say again you are sure you have quite forgiven me. Well, when I went into that office I was thrown into the worst society, and one miserable night I lost a large amount to a fellow named Sevvick. Oh, Ethel, if he had never crossed my path I might have been free from vice now!" a dreadful fit of coughing interrupted him, and she saw that the handkerchief he held to his mouth was stained with bright scarlet spots. He went on—"I could not pay this sum, and did not know how to raise the money," he stopped, and grew very white ; "then I forged that cheque, and paid Sevvick. Once done I was seized with dread of the consequences, and resolved on leaving London without seeing you again."

"But how," she asked, "did you contrive to elude pursuit?"

"I went at once to St. Catherine's Docks," he replied, "and was so fortunate as to find a vessel then on the point of sailing for Calcutta. I took passage in her. In India I got into plenty of trouble, and injured my health, and now I have come home."

"How did you discover my address?" said his sister.

"By the merest chance," he answered. "Our vessel put into a port not many miles from this village—I forget the name—she had to repair damages sustained on the home voyage, and I went ashore and walked out here, and overdid myself, for I'm not very strong ; and, resting in a cottage, I heard your name. Though the Ethel was right, I could not understand why your surname was different, and I resolved to satisfy myself. In the evening, instead of coming straight to you, I sat down under a hedge and fell asleep ; I awoke cold, stiff, and feeling very ill. I thought I was dying. You do not—you cannot imagine the joy it was to hear and recognise your voice ! But oh, Ethie, my poor, poor mother ! The woman told me she was dead—I have killed her—but for my sins she would now have been alive !"

His sister tried to console him.

"If I had been a good son she would have been alive now !"

His sobs were interrupted by the cough which quite shook his frame. When he was calmer Ethel said, lovingly—

"Allan, you must see a doctor."

He turned his eyes full on her face as he said—"Ethel, if I had not this cough I should not stay with you. If I thought it would be for

long I should not stay with you ; I would not bring the burden of a felon brother on you ; I would never let you feel the dread of my being discovered and brought to justice ; I would never let people know that Ethel Marley had a relative with such a blot on his name. No, Ethel, I stay with you because it will not be for long ; I am dying now ; my mother bequeathed to me her disease, and, mark what I say, Ethel, before Christmas comes you will be alone again."

"No, no, Allan," cried Ethel, "you will not die, I will love you, nurse you, tend you with all my heart—you shall have every medical aid. I do love you as I ever did, and ever shall !"

"Oh, Ethel, how differently you treat me from what I deserve !" he said.

"Don't refer to that subject again, Allan ; and now lie down and rest."

Ethel told her fears concerning Allan's health to Dr. Fletcher, and in compliance with her wish he called to see the invalid. Allan knew why the doctor asked him the various questions about his symptoms, and astonished him by saying, suddenly—

"Dr. Fletcher, you must see, I'm sure, that I have not long to live ; I wish you would tell me so in plain words."

"My dear sir," was the answer, "I trust you will not excite or alarm yourself. You are certainly not at all well, but—"

"Hush," interrupted his patient, "hush, you know I am dying—I know it myself ; I know I am like my poor mother ; so then tell me the truth."

Pushed into a corner, the doctor was forced to confirm the young man's suspicions.

Allan told Ethel himself what the doctor had said.

"I do not believe it, Allan," she said.

Miss Warrars passed most of her days at the cottage. When first Ethel spoke to her brother of Miss Warrars Allan seemed very reluctant to make the acquaintance.

The old lady heard very frequently from Herbert ; he said his friend was rallying rapidly, and that before the end of the following week he hoped to be home. When his aunt read the letter to Ethel its contents made a thrill of joy run through every nerve, and the tell-tale blush rose to her cheeks. She turned hastily round to hide it, but she need not have done so, for Miss Warrars would have been the last in the world to suspect anything warmer than friendship between her nephew and Ethel.

Allan was, in the meantime, rapidly getting worse. The disease asserted its sway very vigorously ; his spirits, too, were so low that poor Ethel often found it a relief when his falling into a doze left her at liberty to take a little stroll. She fulfilled her promise right well. No

sister could possibly have been more devoted to a brother, every wish was forestalled, and she exerted herself to the utmost to make his last days peaceful.

So time slipped away, and the day fixed by Herbert for his return to Drystone was drawing near.

Allan grew weaker and weaker, his hands looked almost transparent, the large eyes looked brighter, and the cough was more frequent than ever. When Ethel saw how ill he was, one thought concerning her brother troubled her heart. Was Allan prepared for death, prepared to meet his Judge, to render an account of his mispent and sinful life? Ethel had not seen her brother with a Bible in his hand since his return, and her heart misgave her. She resolved to speak to him, but how to broach the subject she knew not. Allan himself gave her an opportunity. It was a glorious day in the end of June, the sky was cloudless, bright, and beautiful; Allan's couch was drawn close to the window, and down at his feet on her footstool sat Ethel.

"I always see you working, Ethie," said Allan at length; "you always seem busy."

She started.

"I thought you were asleep, Allan," she answered; "when I looked at you, your eyes were closed."

"So they were," he said, "part of the time; nevertheless, I was not even dozing; but, Ethel, are you not tired of working?"

"No," was her reply; "I do not care to read, unless you would like me to read aloud to you?"

"Indeed I should," he said, and his tones were very eager; "and may I choose the book?"

"Allan, Allan," said Ethel, in a reproachful voice; "how can you say *may* I?"

"I didn't know, dear Ethie," he said gently, "whether you cared to read the book I like best;" and putting his hand into his bosom he drew out a little worn Testament.

Oh the flush of joy that passed over his sister's face, making her eyes moist with its intensity! All her fears fled.

"Oh, Allan, I am so glad!" she uttered; "I was afraid you did not care for that."

He saw what had been passing in her mind.

"My dear Ethie," he said, very fondly, "my dear Ethie, did you think so? Thank God I do care for that book, it is my only comfort. Listen, Ethie, I will tell you how I came to know its value. On our home voyage I was very ill for some time, and amongst the passengers was a clergyman. He knew I was friendless, and he talked to me about my soul. I was on the high road to hell, but he, with God's help, turned me back, and showed me the way to everlasting life.

This book was his gift to me, and I promised to read it daily. Now, dear, read the fourteenth chapter of St. John." She read that beautiful chapter, full of glorious promises of life to those who fight the good fight, and overcome by the grace of God.

Just then Catherine brought a note ; it contained these words :—

"DEAR ETHIE—Come and see me this evening, I am very far from well ; I won't keep you from Allan long.—Ever yours,

"CAROLINE WARRARS."

She showed it to Allan. "Of course you will go to her, Ethel ; it would be very selfish to monopolise your services ; and you see," he added playfully, "you are a universal blessing."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Between the Past and Present
On that bleak moment's height
She stood."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

MISS WARRARS had been suffering all day from a violent nervous headache, and Ethel found the old lady completely knocked up, though the pain had left her. Ethel amused her with little tales of the village and the neighbourhood, but through it all a pale patient face with pleading eyes kept hovering before her, and notwithstanding all her efforts to be cheerful, Ethel looked so sad, that Miss Warrars, guessing the reason, began to speak hopefully of Allan and his illness.

The time Ethel had given herself for remaining at Sea View was fast passing away, when the door-bell rang ; Ethel rose to go, but before she could take leave of Miss Warrars, the door opened and Herbert stood before them.

The excitement of seeing him had made her pale, and he felt her hand shake as he inquired after her health. Ethel proceeded to carry out her intention of returning home, and Herbert seized the opportunity of offering to escort her.

"I would rather go alone," said Ethel, "please let me."

"I cannot please to let you," he said, smiling. It seemed a very short time before they stood by the garden gate. Herbert opened it for her to pass through, then instead of leaving her entered himself, and turning off from the door, took the path leading down to the brook.

Then Herbert told Ethel how dear she was to him. His words sent joy to her heart, and for an instant her happiness was unspeakable ; then came the remembrance of her promise to her dead mother never to let anything stand between her and Allan, followed by the thought

that Allan was very ill, and that she would soon be free. But the blot on their name remained, she could never marry anyone.

"No, no, I cannot, I must not, do leave me," she said, faintly.

Still he pleaded, but to no avail. At last Herbert went with a heart full of sorrow, and Ethel ran up to her own room, and there began to realise the sacrifice of that hour, and to cry for peace which would not come.

"Ethel, my dear sister," said Allan, some days after, "come and sit here and talk to me."

She brought a low stool and did as he said, laying her head on the pillow of his couch; with his thin pale hand he smoothed her hair. The touch was very loving. The action brought such a feeling of love for him that she reproached herself for having, for one moment, thought of his death leaving her free.

"Ethel, I have watched your face for the last week, and I know something worries you; let me know what it is. The night you came from Sea View you passed my room without coming in. I thought, at the time, something was wrong; now I am certain of it. Tell me all about it and let me comfort you."

The tears would no longer be restrained; but she could not tell Allan of the sacrifice his sin had caused, so she pleaded being ill and nervous. Ethel did indeed look ill; there was a restless expression in the soft eyes, and the lines round her mouth were full of sorrow. Not an hour passed but she thought of that evening, and had to wrestle with the strange thoughts that came into her heart. It was strange that, until Herbert had declared his love, she had never thought of Allan's crime being a bar between them. Then she would cry, for her life seemed a blank without him.

Herbert did not tell his sorrow to his aunt. At last he resolved to see Ethel once more; and then, if she still refused him, to return to India. Gerty was expected home that day, her month's absence had already been extended, and Miss Warrars was longing for her return. Herbert's manner had been very odd lately, but she could not get a word from him. He had not called on Ethel's brother, and when his aunt spoke of his going to do so, he had stopped her so sharply that she had not time to see if he understood that Ethel had a brother. She wondered, too, why Ethel kept away, and began to think that Allan was worse.

"How changed Herbert is," said Gerty, two or three mornings after her return. She was sitting in the window-seat.

"He is indeed, Gertrude," said Miss Warrars, "and he seems to me very far from well."

"And Ethel has not been here since the evening he came home, Aunt Carrie?"

"No, poor girl. I expect her time is fully occupied with her sick brother."

"Oh!" was the only answer Gerty vouchsafed to this supposition; then, after a pause, she continued—

"Has Herbert called on him?"

"I do not think he knows that Ethel has any relation living with her."

"Rather unlike you, aunt, to refrain from telling him."

"It is not my fault," said her aunt. "If I open my lips about Ethel he turns the conversation directly."

At this point Miss Warrars was called out of the room. Gerty smiled to herself at the thought of how little her aunt suspected the cause of Herbert's odd conduct.

"Of course Ethel and he have had some disagreement. He cares for her, I am sure, and now it is my task to bring about a reconciliation. He shall come with me to the cottage to-morrow. I'll pave the way to it this evening."

When Herbert was alone with her some few hours later, standing by the window looking out, with a moody dissatisfied expression of countenance, Gerty asked—

"When do you intend calling upon Ethel's brother, Herbert?"

He faced right round.

"What do you mean, Gertrude, by Ethel's brother?"

"Exactly what I say," was the answer. "Whilst we were away Ethel's only brother came to her, and is dying of consumption."

"I never knew of it," he said; "why did not Aunt Carrie tell me?"

"She says that you would not allow her to speak Ethel's name in your presence."

Herbert was silent, and Gerty's quick eye saw the colour deepen in his cheek.

"We must now atone for your apparent neglect, Herbert; and, to-morrow morning, you and I will go and see them."

Once more he turned round as if to speak, but then, altering his mind, he resumed his former position and then left the room.

The next morning they set out to pay the proposed visit to Ethel. On reaching the cottage, the servant told them that Miss Ethel was in the garden, but Mr. Allan was still up-stairs. "Then, Herbert," said Gerty; "you go into the drawing-room; I'll follow Ethel, to give her a little surprise by my sudden appearance," pointing to the room her brother was to enter. Allan was not up-stairs, but in the drawing-room, fast asleep. Herbert entered the room, and when he saw the figure on the couch his eyes seemed rivetted to the spot. "What brings him here?" he muttered. Allan, easily roused from his light

sleep, opened his eyes, and fixed them in astonishment on the intruder. Herbert's face was almost as ghastly as Allan's.

"Oh, for mercy's sake spare me!" he gasped.

"Spare you!" returned Herbert, "what right have you to be in this house?"

The poor invalid, with a cry of agony, exclaimed—

"I am Ethel's brother!"

"Ethel's brother!" moaned Herbert.

"Show me mercy," prayed Allan, "and hear what I have to say." And Allan told him all the story of his life; his early temptations; his mother's misery and death; and how Ethel had received him back—never once reproached him for all his conduct. But he entreated Herbert not to let Ethel know of his last crime; "It would kill her," he exclaimed, and in his excitement he had slipped off his couch and knelt at Herbert's feet, while his frame shook and his words were broken with his violent cough. Herbert was shocked, for he saw that Allan's life was near its close, and he regarded him as a dying man and Ethel's brother.

"Do not kneel to me," said Herbert; "rather to Him against whom you have so sinned."

"I have knelt to Him," was the reply; "and He knows how deep and bitter my repentance is; but tell me you pardon me."

"My poor fellow," said the young man, "if you want my forgiveness, you have it freely, and I promise to forget the past."

"May God bless you—may He repay you for your mercy to me! Now I shall die easy."

"You must lie down at once," said his companion; and lifting Allan like a child, he placed him on the couch, shaking and arranging the pillows as carefully and tenderly as Ethel could have done. Allan asked him once more to promise that Ethel should never know how he had acted towards him.

"She shall never hear it from me," said Herbert.

Allan fervently kissed the hand he held, as he expressed his gratitude. Just then they caught a glimpse of Gerty and Ethel coming.

Ethel was very pale when she greeted Herbert; but she had resolved on being calm. She was very glad, however, when they rose to go, for Gerty soon made a move, as she saw her brother was completely upset, and during all the walk home she endeavoured to discover the cause. She was totally baffled, and reached Sea View in a perfect puzzle, which was further increased by Herbert's leaving her at the gate and walking by himself in the direction of the cliffs. His mind was in a tumult; he wanted rest and peace, and to think calmly over the extraordinary events of the morning. He walked until he came to a place perfectly concealed from all view, then, throwing himself down on the grass,

he covered his face with his hands and gave himself up to the thoughts which filled his mind ; " Ethel's brother was the man who had attempted his life in India ; and a forger." He could hardly realise it ; a man who had spent his short life in the commission of such crimes was the brother of the being he loved best on earth ! This was why she had refused to marry him. She had shrunk from tainting his name with sin ; she had sacrificed her love to save his family from disgrace. She was still ignorant of Allan's sin abroad—" And she shall never know it !" he exclaimed, and his heart swelled with love for Ethel ; and he resolved on showing her brother how entirely he forgave him. Slowly he walked home, sad, but happier in spirit, and his behaviour quite mystified his aunt, and even astonished Gerty.

CHAPTER XV.

" Who is the angel that cometh ?
Death !
But do not shudder and do not fear ;
Hold your breath,
For a kingly presence is drawing near.
Cold and bright
Is his flashing steel,
Cold and bright
The smile that comes like a starry light,
To calm the terror and grief we feel ;
He comes to help and to save and heal.
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing while we wait this angel's sword—
Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

As the summer faded Allan Marley grew weaker, and was unable to leave his room. Herbert came daily to see him, bringing him fruit and flowers, and sitting with him for hours reading and talking to him. Allan's gratitude was unbounded, and his eyes would often rest on his friend's face with a look of the deepest thankfulness. Of Ethel, Herbert saw little. Her evident avoidance of his society gave him pain ; at times he would think that she did not care for him, but then that evening she had almost admitted that she loved him, and he would reproach himself for doubting her. He little knew how she listened to every word he spoke, and the sorrow that filled her heart when she thought he would never be more to her now than a common acquaintance. " It is wrong of me to love him so," she would murmur, " and yet I cannot help it. Oh mother, mother, if you had only known !"

One evening Herbert was with the dying man, who had been worse that day, when Dr. Fletcher came. The invalid was propped up with

pillows, and the beams of the setting sun were pouring in, bathing him in a wonderful glow of light as he lay with his head resting back, his eyes closed, and his lips moving, though no sound issued from them.

Ethel was there, too, crouched down by the foot of the bed. They had long waited in the sick room, and the silence was only broken by Allan's cough. Presently he moved and called Ethel. She laid her hand on his, and the action was full of love and tenderness.

"My darling Ethie, it is so hard to leave you! You have been so good to me, you and Herbert. Where is he?"

His friend spoke, and Allan seemed satisfied.

"God will bless you both for your goodness to me"—here his voice failed, and he lay quiet. "Herbert," he began again, "you will remember your promise?"

"Yes, yes, Allan," replied Herbert; "but do not think about that now."

"It is very dark," moaned Allan, "I think night is come—this must be death. Darling Ethie, where are you? Think of me sometimes, Ethie, and—forgive—me—for—all."

"Allan, dear, you know how I love you," she faltered.

He remained in a stupor, never speaking, never moving, and the sun went down, the sad grey night clouds gathered in masses, the room grew darker; the only sound which broke the silence of the night was the dying man's faint breathing and Ethel's smothered sobs.

When morning dawned Ethel was once more alone. Allan's death was a great blow, for not even her brother's sins had lessened her love for him. Herbert had resolved on returning to India. He told his sorrow to none, and Miss Warrars heard his announcement of going abroad with much grief.

"I shall never see you again, Herbert," she said; "I am old and must die soon."

He went quietly and alone to wish Ethel good-bye. He had not seen her since Allan's death, and he was struck with her delicate and fragile appearance. After talking some little time he said—

"I am going away, and must, therefore, wish you farewell. I think of going back to Calcutta."

The blood rushed to her face, then left it very white.

"I cannot stay here longer, unless, Ethel, you tell me to stay to comfort you under this trial. Ethel," he cried, "I have been so wretched that I almost envied Allan his peaceful death."

"I cannot marry you," she said.

"But why not, Ethel—tell me your reason?"

"No, no," she moaned.

"I know you love me," he continued. "Ethel, what is your reason?" He paused a second, then said "May I guess it?"

"You cannot, you cannot," she murmured.

"Is it because of Allan?"

She looked at him with the greatest wonder in every feature.

"How do you know of it?" she asked, in a whisper; "who told you?"

"Allan himself," he answered; "I know all; and Ethel, darling, I love you more dearly still, and reverence you for your love and tenderness to your poor sinful brother."

She did not speak, but put her hand into his, and both their hearts were filled with joy at last.

THE END.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s Third Letter.]

"WE certainly did come to Paris at least a month too early; not only on account of the incomplete state of the Exhibition, but still more because of the unusually bleak season, both of which were disappointingly backward. Since our one bright day for the opening, when the sunshine lent imperial lustre to all things, we have seldom had two consecutive days without driving rain or showers of melted snow, accompanied by whirling, penetrating winds and a grey atmosphere. Our visits to the Champs de Mars in April were consequently few and far between. But now the merry month of May, though often untrue to its name, has brought us sultry midsummer weather in good earnest, and warm balmy breezes; and the scent of double-wallflower, hawthorn and lilac fill the sweet air.

"Myra has an eye for nature, and she exclaims every morning—'Is not this the loveliest place in the world, with all its leafy trees so clean and fresh?'

"We hope and intend to see some part of the grand show two or three times a week, which will be quite often enough, for nothing is more tiring than looking intently at a variety of dazzling objects. For my own part, when I stay too long, even in a picture-gallery, I feel as miserable as if I were on board the Boulogne steamboat. Depend upon it, occasional intervals of repose, and a little time to think quietly over what most took our fancy on the previous visit will be a great boon to us.

"The Exhibition in the palace is open everyday from ten to six o'clock, except on Mondays from twelve to six. The entrance is free on Sundays. On week-days those who have not season-tickets pay a franc, besides something extra to see the garden and one or two other sights. The park is kept open till midnight, and well-lighted for the accommodation of persons who may like to dine at any of the restaurants in the outer circle of the palace, and to walk about in the cool of the evening in the open air, for each building is closed at six.

"Some of the countries represented in the Exhibition offer us their own peculiar style of cookery, and we might partake of a French, an English, a Russian or an Austrian dinner, and many others besides, if only we could eat our way through the several dining-rooms. As is but natural, England has her never-failing 'ros-bif,' and Russia revels in her oily jars of caviare from the Caspian Sea, but it is supposed that the dinners are all prepared by skilful French cooks. One day we went into the Russian café and asked for tea, hoping to taste overland tea brought

to Moscow by caravan from China. In a minute they poured some that was boiling hot into large glasses for us, with a slice of lemon floating in each.

"All round the outer margin of that huge international eating-gallery, and shaded by a pleasantly dark awning, a fringe of white-painted iron tables extends into the park. Crowds of straight-backed chairs, that look as if they could bear a deal of knocking about, cover the intervening ground, and are generally occupied from morning to night by crowds of hot, thirsty-looking visitors, who seem to be right glad to sit down and 'take something.' Thus it happens that by whichever door we go into the palace or come out of it, we pass through a little grove of glasses from Baccarat; and coffee-cups from Limoges.

"We naturally took some pains to ascertain which would be the best and cheapest mode of conveyance to the Champ de Mars from our abode in the Rue de Morny, near the Avenue des Champs Elysées. Omnibuses are so well managed in Paris that we planned to try one of those just established expressly for the Exhibition, or 'Exposition,' as it is called here, but they start from the Palais Royal, a long way from us, and they are sure to be always full, even if we knew where to meet them. Our next thought was to go by one of the little steamers on the Seine, which profess to land passengers on the Quai d'Orsay. Major Sedley undertook to find out for us what they were like, and his report convinced us that they were utterly unapproachable for ladies. He had to go through much jostling and squeezing before he could scramble on board, which he did not succeed in doing after all without the help of a policeman. The railway that goes round Paris was recommended to us, and it sounded promising enough, but we came home by it once, and found it extremely tedious and fatiguing.

"And so, all things considered, we made up our minds to have a *remise*, which is a better sort of *voiture de place*, from which it is distinguished by its number being in red figures instead of white.

"We can rest in the principal vestibules of the Exhibition as often as we please, for there is no lack of chairs there, attended by women carrying bags ready to swallow up the hire-money as soon as anyone sits down, as those who have been in the Tuilleries gardens know by heart. There are also a good many little go-carts, or chairs upon wheels, drawn about by men appointed for the purpose, for two francs an hour.

"It is almost impossible to find any sort of a carriage on leaving the Champs de Mars unless one has been engaged by the hour, which is expensive. Visitors who can speak English-French only, will do well to bear in mind that there is no coach-stand near at hand. This is a very serious evil, and ought to be remedied. What are ladies to do when it rains—above all if they cannot make themselves understood? They may call out *co-shay*, and shake their parasols at him in vain.

"The grand avenue to the Palace from the front gate of the Park, facing the Pont d'Iena, is five hundred feet long and wide in proportion. On each side of it there is a row of those tall slender poles called Venetian masts. They are painted pale green, picked out with gold, and a narrow flag streams from the top. In front of those poles iron chairs are ranged, and on flower-beds behind them stand some good samples of Minton's imitations of the old and peculiar sort of earthenware that is called Maiolica, which Major Sedley told Myra owed its name to the island of Maiorca, whose Arab conquerors were the best potters of their time. Some of the finest specimens of their work are to be seen in the beautiful enamelled tiles in the old Moorish houses of Seville and Cordova, which he says we must visit. Myra is charmed with our friend's pleasant way of giving her the derivation of names, which she calls mental hooks upon which more information can be fastened from time to time.

"As we drew near the Palace one morning we were sorry to hear that one of the two magnificent plates of unsilvered looking-glass from the manufactory at Saint Gobain had just been broken by the awkwardness of a workman who, in fastening some drapery round the wooden frame, drove a nail too far in. This accident is to be regretted from the intrinsic value of the glass itself, which is said to be fourteen thousand francs, and also owing to the difficulty of making such another large sized plate.

"Though due notice was given that no workmen were to be admitted inside the Palace after the last week of April, carpenters, painters, gilders, and people numbering the pictures and statues, flitted about during the first half of May, though I must say they seemed to be putting merely finishing touches, which looked more hopeful than some unopened boxes still remaining in the smaller sections. But it cannot be denied that the wondrous beauty of numberless things displayed in the larger sections, particularly in those of France and England, fully compensate for any minor delay, and put to silence all grumbling. The splendour of some of the stalls far exceeds what we expected. Even Major Sedley, who has seen exhibitions all over the world, is astonished at the vast amount of really excellent work, and the comparatively small number of inferior articles exhibited, and is delighted with the artistic manner in which they are arranged.

"As for Myra, she is quite captivated by all the loveliness she beholds on every side. You should see her admiration of a superb white Lyons silk dress, trimmed, or rather ornamented, with peacocks' feathers woven in the natural size and true colours, to look like the finest embroidery. The white enamel-like shafts or stalks of the long tail-feathers, are represented as fastened at the quill end round the waist of the dress, and descend in graceful lines, garnished with their greenish-

brown, golden-hued barbs, till what we call the eyes form a rich purple and green border near the hem. In the same glass case in the French section, there is a very elegant dress of Havanna or cigar-coloured silk, trimmed with velvet and satin of the same hue, only deeper in tone.

"Near that stall there is a square room lined with tables, on which are spread out printed muslins, and other cotton textures, from Mulhouse. Natural flowers and fruit are the fashion this spring, and nothing can be prettier. We saw a charming clear white muslin powdered with lilac and yellow pansies; others with wild dog-roses and downy grass in blossom, purple violets, delicate blue hare-bells and yellow buttercups mixed with ferns, all evidently drawn from nature, and depicted in their true colours, with the exception of the leaves, which are black. We ladies could have spent some hours amongst those exquisite designs, had not Major Sedley reminded us that we ought to take advantage of the coolness of the day to begin our walk round the Park.

"The Park, alas! looks somewhat dilapidated in its present condition; nevertheless, the grass is growing vigorously, and it is most refreshing to have some green to look upon. Does not the Arab proverb tell us that 'the joy of the eye is to behold green meadows'? The trees too have burst rapidly into leaf and flower, and will contribute their friendly shade to soften the aspect of the discordant buildings, and may, possibly, fill up the abrupt gaps between them.

"The first thing that strikes a visitor on entering any part of the Exhibition, is the surprising multiplicity of minute details that meet his eye simultaneously. This is more especially the case in the Park itself, where buildings of every variety of form and size are crowded together without any ostensible purpose. Of all those constructions that which would, as a matter of course, be the most attractive to Englishmen is the International Club. It welcomes us, almost the first thing, to the right or English side of this grand entrance.

"The façade of the Club, towards the Park, is crowned with allegorical figures representing Commerce and Industry sheltered beneath the wings of the Imperial Eagle. The lower room is used as a restaurant for all comers, and a very large room above it is fitted up as a dining-room for those exhibitors who pay a hundred francs' subscription for the season. The ground floor, *Rez de Chaussée, even with the road*, as it is called here, is divided into several small shops, a few of which are occupied, the others being still ticketed '*Boutique à Louer*,' which gives a certain money-making tone to the Park, and that is far from being grandiose. The same thing occurs in some of the other buildings with a like bad effect.

"Opposite to the International Club, the British and Foreign Bible Society is represented by a goodly collection of Bibles and religious

books, all on sale. We bought a well-bound square Bible in good-sized print for three francs, and several copies, even cheaper, were sold while we were looking on. They told us that the Society had printed the Scriptures in more than ninety different languages and dialects, of which they gave us specimens. Its nearest neighbour, in the Park, is the model of a Mexican temple, where human sacrifices used formerly to be offered ; and the stalls or houses of the Protestant Missions are not far off.

"An open space, to the west, is allotted to Morocco. It contains a beautiful but incomplete model of the Palace of the Bey of Tunis, with six lions, the size of life, guarding the steps that lead to a covered balcony supported by Saracenic pillars. This part of the Exhibition is under the care of Ferdinand de Lesseps. He is fitting up, in a separate building, models of the Valley of the Nile, the Suez Canal, and other gigantic works ; and, what is still more interesting, a panorama of the Desert, which will be finished in about a month, they told us.

"Egyptian, Chinese, and Japanese buildings come next, all of them progressing but slowly. The Viceroy of Egypt himself superintends the Egyptian section. It contains—

1. A lamentably stunted sort of temple which is approached through an avenue, between two rows of sphinxes, and is ornamented with bas-reliefs from sculptures said to be as old as the time of the Pharaohs.

2. A house like those built in modern Cairo.

3. An Oriental coffee-house, where zarfs are used instead of coffee-cups, according to the Eastern custom. A zarf is a little round bowl without a foot, and stands in what looks like an egg-cup, and which may be made of any sort of material, from gold and silver filigree enriched with costly precious stones, down to the simplest kind of earthenware.

4. A stable for dromedaries and other domestic animals. Two white dromedaries were lately sent over from Algiers to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which answers to our Zoological Gardens. Those dromedaries will be shown occasionally in the Park by their Algerine attendants.

"On the Seine, near the Pont d'Iena, there is to be exhibited an Egyptian boat, like those used on the Nile from the earliest times to this day, and it is to be manned by native boatmen dressed in the scarlet and gold viceregal livery.

"From Egypt in the Park we turned to take a glimpse at Egypt indoors, and there we found porous water-bottles made of unbaked clay dried in the sun. They are graceful in form and incredibly light in weight. We saw, too, a few cups, drinking bowls, and smoking-pipes made of red earth and black earth, and polished by hand, instead of

being glazed, which gives a much softer and smoother effect, and looks less glittering. I shall tell you about this section when we can look at it more in detail, at our leisure.

"In continuing our walk southwards from Egypt, we saw some Ottoman buildings of rare beauty. The only one that is finished is a reduced model of the Great Mosque, or Mohammedan place of worship at Broussa. The word mosque is a corruption of the Arab word *masdjed*, which means a place of prayer. Its only ornaments are a great number of lamps, and little domes supported by pillars of porphyry or purplish-red marble that takes a beautiful polish. Those little domes are sometimes called minarets from the Arab word *minareh*, which expresses a tower-like building with a dome roof.

"The mosque itself is a lofty square building with a cupola composed of lozenge-shaped tiles which are so skilfully placed, that they glide imperceptibly from the circular roof into the angular walls. There is no furniture of any kind except a carpet, on which kneel the Mussulmans or those who are 'resigned to God,' as the word implies. They always leave their shoes in the vestibule, as a mark of respect.

"Here Myra asked the meaning of the word vestibule; and our friend answered—'It comes from Vesta, the heathen goddess of fire, in whose honour the Romans of old used to burn a fire in the ante-room that preceded the other rooms in their houses.'

"The semicircular recess, opposite to the entrance of the inner square room, denotes the direction of Mecca—for toward Mecca all who pray should turn. In the model it is lined with enamelled bricks, made in Paris, from eastern patterns, and is decorated with an Arab text from the Koran, in white characters on a deep blue ground. Major Sedley thus translated it for us: 'In the name of God, the Righteous, the Compassionate: There is no help, no strength, but from God.'

"A flight of stairs leads up to a handsome pulpit, where the Koran is read to the people by an Imaum, as the reader is called. The people are summoned to prayer five times a day, by a sort of clerk, who chants from the balcony of one of the minarets; 'Prayer is better than sleep or than food; come to prayer!'

"Mosques generally have a large quadrangle attached to them, with a fountain in the middle, surrounded with small marble basins in which Mussulmans wash their hands before they pray.

"At each side of our model mosque, there is a small latticed building, to imitate the drinking fountains so common in every Turkish town. Polished metal cups, placed on a marble slab, are kept continually filled with fresh water for the use of wayfarers, by a public officer appointed to that duty.

"The other Ottoman buildings, which consist of a Kiosk or summer

country-house like those built on the shores of the Bosphorus, and a public Turkish bath, are not more than half finished.

"Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal, exhibit buildings still farther to the south ; of those, the most important are the eight houses sent by Austria.

"The out-door show of the Russians, are stables and horses, a peasant's house decorated with carved yellow deal, a dog-kennel, and dogs that are yet to come.

"The garden occupies the north-east corner of the park. It contains very large marine and freshwater aquariums, a winter garden, green-houses of different forms and sizes, periodical flower-shows, and a great many other interesting sights, but as it is not yet entirely finished, we do not intend to visit it any more for the present, having already gone there on a pouring day, and spent some hours paddling up and down the wet muddy walks, and standing in damp buildings by way of finding shelter from the rain. In the meantime, you will be glad to hear that our countrymen, Veitch and Son, gained the first prize twice for ornamental plants, and the second prize three times for seedlings fir trees, young larches, and orchideous plants in the horticultural competitions in April. In the first competition in May they gained three first prizes ; for the extraordinary beauty of a rose—*Rosea Elegans* ; for some foreign hot-house plants—more especially for primroses—from Japan ; and for a plant with curiously variegated leaves ; and also the second and third prizes for newly imported plants.

"The Salle Evangélique in the English part of the garden was opened in April, notwithstanding the untoward state of the weather. Lord Shaftesbury presided, and several English and American clergymen and French pastors attended. The object of the meeting was to consider the best way of having the Gospel preached in different languages. Guizot was there, and remarked that, 'though religious liberty was in itself an inestimable blessing, it was worth but little without religion itself.'

"As soon as the garden is really complete, the Empress has promised to open it to the public, with more or less of ceremony, and we shall wait till that event takes place before I can tell you much about what is to be seen. We have been so fortunate as to see the Emperor and Empress, together and separately, several times when they paid private visits to the Exhibition. They came in sometimes by one entrance and sometimes by another, just as simply as we do ourselves, and after a couple of hours spent in looking at some of the works exhibited, they withdrew in the same unostentatious manner. On one occasion, when we went earlier than usual, the Empress arrived at half-past ten at the entrance opposite to the Ecole Militaire. Her style of dress is generally remarkable for nothing so much as its extreme simplicity and excellent

taste. On that morning she wore a plain dark silk skirt, without any trimming, and a black cloth jacket sparingly ornamented with jet bead embroidery. She walked through the reserved garden, and afterwards went to see the diamond cutters at work, with whom she conversed for some time.

"The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh spent the second week of May in Paris, and visited the Exhibition several times.

"The building in which the crown jewels of France are to be exhibited is in the middle of the oval garden in the centre of the palace. It is made of wood-work and glass, and, when completely finished, an ingenious mechanical contrivance will be adapted to it, by means of which the whole thing can be made to sink underground for safety during the night.

"The eastern section of the park belongs, without interruption, to France. The buildings it contains are much nearer completion than some of those which we saw in the sections of other countries. There is a model of the great machine which Louis XIV. had made for raising water from the Seine at Marly and forcing it up a steep hill to Versailles, for the supply of the waterworks there, Les Grandes Eaux, as they are called. As a contrast to that, we saw the models of health-giving dwelling-houses for workmen in Paris and in Mulhouse. We happened to have heard and read a good deal about the working-men's houses at Mulhouse, their libraries, baths, drawing-schools, *kinder-gärten* or gardens for little children to work and play and be happy in, schools for pupils from twenty months to twenty years old, savings' banks, and delightful establishments without number, all of them due to the kind hearts and well-filled purses of the richest and most successful manufacturers, Dolfus, Koëchler, and others. Those unpretending buildings, therefore, interested us far more than many that are more showy.

"Near the Porte Rapp, which is the eastern entrance to the park, and has its name from the adjoining Boulevard Rapp, two equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Don Pedro I. of Brazil, stand one on each side. On the Boulevard Rapp an iron church has been opened by subscription, the ground on which it stands being lent to the English for six months for that express purpose. This pretty little church is intended for the use of the English and Americans who may visit Paris during the Exhibition. You will find a full account of it in the *Guardian*.

"Not far from the left-hand side of the grand entrance on the Quai d'Orsay, we stopped to listen to a set of chimes, *Carillons* in French, played by machinery. They are intended for the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. We then went into a handsome model of a church, very highly decorated, as you may suppose, for it is filled with specimens of ecclesiastical ornaments and vestments.

"Close by, a great lighthouse which stands on a rocky foundation in a pond of clear water, fixed our attention. It is forty-nine metres high, and the stair from bottom to top consists of two hundred and fifty steps. The light is revolving, and will be visible at the distance of fifty kilometres, or thirty miles English, out at sea. We could not help rejoicing when we were told that this lighthouse is to be placed on those dreadful Roches Douvres which form a most dangerous little group or islet between Guernsey and the small island of Bréhat, and which Victor Hugo so graphically describes in his "*Travailleurs de la Mer*." The Park will enjoy the benefit of this bright light every evening after dark. When seen near it is a perfectly white light, but from a distance it appears to be flame-coloured.

"A very much smaller lighthouse, only eight metres high, is exhibited on the bank of the Seine outside the Park. It is provided with a bell, which is to be rung as a warning of danger to vessels near the coast, when a thick fog prevents its feeble light from being discernable.

"Those visitors who remain in the Park after night-fall will see the Chinese Theatre illuminated; though I cannot venture to assert that the jugglers, clowns, and very indifferent dancers and musicians are really Chinese performers. Enterprising visitors may, perhaps, drink a cup of tea served *à la Chinoise*, which means that a pinch of tea is infused in boiling water in a porcelain cup of no great size and devoid of a handle; this is covered with a less deep cup turned upside down. To drink the infusion all that is necessary is, to place the thumb under the lower cup and the first finger on the cover, and then imbibe as much as can be imbibed without spilling. This is an experiment to be tried by those only who feel at all curious in such matters.

"There is to be one movable object in the Park, that cannot fail to attract notice—a portable Chinese kitchen made of bamboo, and so light, though very roomy, that a man can carry it with one hand while he keeps up the fire and attends to the cooking with the other.

"This kitchen is divided, so to speak, into three stories. In the lowest story the fire has the place of honour; in the story next above the wood and matches are kept; and in the top story plates and dishes are ranged in the front compartment, and meat, fish, vegetables, and spices are delicately cared for at the back.

"In China, by means of that arrangement, a workman can obtain a comfortable meal at a very moderate price without leaving his work, for at the slightest sign from him one of these ambulating restaurateurs flies to the spot.

"There is also to be a Chinese barber, who goes about with a pot of hot water on his head and his shaving apparatus slung over his shoulder, and who, no doubt, is willing to conform to the western manner of shaving.

"The Chinese are known to be the most minutely industrious people on the face of the earth. They are in the habit of constructing artificial floating gardens and islands upon which they sometimes build dwelling-houses. To do this, they begin by making very large rafts of flexible bamboo woven firmly together. Upon those rafts, which are both solid and light, they spread a layer of earth, in which they sow grass seed. Roots soon begin to strike downwards into the water, and presently tender green leaves spring up, till the floating islands assume the appearance of so many meadows cut off, as it were, from the main land. A cottage or two accompanied with shrubs, flowers, and vegetables, may now be placed in the centre, and there whole families reside in their floating home with great comfort and little or no expense.

"Some of the Mexican tribes also construct floating islands, which they call 'Chinampas,' and the town of Mexico is almost entirely supplied with vegetables and flowers cultivated in floating gardens; for, like Venice, Mexico was formerly built in the midst of swamps and water, and is now surrounded by ground that is totally unproductive.

"As those floating abodes are at the mercy of the winds and storms which are not unfrequent in China, masts, anchors, and cables, are often required as if for real ships. A few Chinese rafts will appear on the Seine at Billancourt in the course of the summer.

"The nature of some of the things exhibited may perhaps startle you, but you must remember that the object of this Universal Exhibition is not merely to gather together rare works of industry and art, but also to give to each country an opportunity of comparing its own progress and its own deficiencies with those of other countries, and thus to learn to appreciate the merits and perfections of each. Even the imperfections apparent in some of the productions exhibited will not be lost upon an honest-minded, intelligent workman, if they suggest to him some branch of knowledge in which the artificer was probably wanting, and from the more careful study of which he may know how to avoid similar mistakes himself."

(To be continued.)

THE WOMEN OF THE LATIN AND GERMANIC RACES.

BY MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA, AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN IN THE EAST," ETC., ETC.

(*Authorised Translation.*)

XI.

FRENCHWOMEN AND THE CHURCH.

The Church and the Nuns—The Convents of Lyons and Paris—The Cloistered Nuns—The Carmelites—Mount Carmel in the East and in Spain—St. Theresa and a theory of M. Deschanel—M. Maury and the Hysteric Nuns—The Carmelites in France—Madame Acarie—Bleedings and Monastic Prisons—The Ursulines—A visit to the Tomb of St. Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins—How Saints were manufactured in the Middle Ages—First interview with the Ursulines—Instruction and Education in the Convents—The Visitandines—St. François de Sales and St. Chantal—The Blessed Marie Alacoque and the Sacred Heart—Non-cloistered Nuns—The Sisters of Charity—St. Vincent de Paul and Louise de Marillac—Idealisation of the Sisters of Charity and History—The Sisters of Charity and Caroline Chisholm—The Population of France and the Convents—The Directors of the Sisters of Charity—Tendencies of the Lazarists—Adroit tactics of Jesuitism—The Sacrifices of the Sisters of Charity—Beauty, Youth, and Nobility in the Convent—Monastic courage and French bravery—Perpetuity of the spirit of the Middle Ages in the Convents—Hallucinations of the Nuns—Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich and her Historians—Progress of Superstition in the West—The Stigmatic of Dranguignan—Civil condition of French Nuns under different Governments—The Third Order with the Dominicans and the Franciscans—The Jesuit Congregations—The 8,000 French Associations—The Riches of the Monks and Nuns—Their financial position under Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III.—Influence of the Nuns in Education—Statistics of the Monastic Schools—Nuns and lay female teachers—The Church and Frenchwomen of late times—The Aristocracy—The *Bourgeoisie*—The Peasant-women—Agriculturalists under the "Great King," and since 1789—Efforts of the Church to fetter Elementary Instruction—Elementary Instruction in France—Guizot's and Falloux' Laws—The Female Teacher and the "morsel of bread"—The objections made in France to Obligatory Elementary Education.

WHILST in France civil society troubles itself very little about questions which most concern its future, the Romish Church, much less careless, labours to consolidate and extend its dominion. Its chosen instruments are the monastic orders, whose chiefs reside in Rome, where they receive their inspiration direct from the spiritual sovereign of 150,000,000 souls.

The time has gone by when the monks, humble and austere anchorites, could pretend neither to priesthood nor episcopacy. In the present day they have invaded everything, and bishops are of but small esteem in comparison with these formidable associations—whose

tendencies I have endeavoured to describe in "La Vie Monastique," and "Lettres à un Philosophe Athénien"—who dispose of immense capitals, extend their ramifications over the entire Christian universe, and secure for themselves the dominion of the earth, while they unceasingly recommend the poor in spirit to think only of the "kingdom of heaven," like those astute sportsmen who take good care to post tyros in places where the game never passes.

I have already described to you the consummate policy of the Romish Church in the organisation of convents of women. I am far from thinking, like most public writers, that this policy has lost its old craftiness. I am rather inclined to believe with Lord Macaulay, the most renowned English historian of our age, that the small amount of success obtained by the Republic and Napoleon I. in their struggles with the papacy, is to be attributed to the astuteness of the pontifical diplomacy. If you will cast a glance with me over the organisation of the convents of nuns, you will be in a position to satisfy yourself of the correctness of the assertions of the illustrious contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Latin peoples generally begin their revolutions by getting rid of their monks. The decrees of the French Constituent Assembly are justly celebrated. After the death of Ferdinand VII. constitutional Spain revolted against the convents. Portugal also closes the monasteries of monks under Donna Maria II. In Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel II. has made the monasteries pay for the victory gained at Novara by their allies, the Austrians.

But when the monks disappeared the nuns remained to prepare a more or less triumphal return for them. It is thus that in France, after 1848, we have seen the male orders indemnify themselves for the decrees issued against them by the Constituent Assembly, and maintained by Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., the devotee Charles X. (ordinances of 1828), and Louis Philippe. Now, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Marists, swarm on Gallic soil, and, "for the greater glory of God," accumulate property at such a rate that M. L. de Lavergne, an economist who is not hostile to monachism, has declared, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the property of the clergy is now as considerable as before 1789. Human credulity is still, in this year of grace, 1864, the most fruitful source of riches.

Our sex, whose capacity in the matters of finance and administration is denied by some woman-haters, has certainly the larger share in this prodigious result. To give one instance only; were you to go to Lyons you would be surprised, as I was myself, at the magnificence of the houses which the nuns possess there, at the amount of capital at their disposal, and at the sovereign influence which they exercise. An intelligent German lady, whose account M. Michelet quotes, experiences

no less amazement on seeing, for the first time, "the pious quarter of Paris which contains so many convents." Many causes contribute to turn the ardent activity of our sex towards a monastic life. Thus the orders, or congregations of women, are still more varied than the orders of monks. They are divided into cloistered and non-cloistered nuns. The Carmelites, the Ursulines, and Visitandines belong to the first category, and the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul to the second.

The Carmelites, as their name indicates, are an order which professes to have had its origin in the East. The prophet Elijah, that fierce champion of Semitic monotheism, they say built their first cells on Mount Carmel. It is easier to prove that Louis XI. found monks established there, and brought some of them to Paris. But the West is not very favourable to Oriental asceticism, and the order degenerated so fast that Theresa d'Avila and John of the Cross, two Spaniards, had much difficulty in reforming the Carmelite convents in the eighteenth century. Theresa, whom the Romish Church has canonised, has left us in her autobiography ("Discurso o Relacion de su Vida," 1562), one of the books which throw the most light on the moral condition of the nuns of the South.

Many years ago M. Emile Deschanel, an able critic, affirmed that the visions and wonders in Theresa's life could be perfectly explained by hysteria, and the violence of southern passions kept in powerful restraint. This assertion was treated as "scandalous" and "impious," as always happens whenever science explains some phenomenon which was esteemed miraculous in ages of ignorance. But since then M. Alfred Maury, one of the most eminent members of the institute, and librarian at the Tuilleries, has given M. Deschanel's hypothesis all the value of a scientific demonstration. Before writing his "*Légendes du Moyen Age*," and his book, "*La Magie et l'Astrologie*," the professor at the college of France, who is a physician, a philosopher, and an archæologist, had most profoundly studied the lives of nuns who have been canonised or regarded as "blessed." He has arrived at this conclusion, which deserves the most serious consideration of moralists and all truly Christian souls—"It is certain now, that attacks of hysteria have been mingled with the pious extasies of a number of *illuminiées*, and have often occasioned them." ("*Légendes*," 90.)

In the "*Légendes du Moyen Age*," M. Maury cites, in proof, the works of St. Theresa, the life of Marie Alacoque, the revelations of St. Bridget and St. Gertrude ("*Légendes*," 90-91), the curious correspondence of Sister Cornau, Bossuet's friend, with that oracle of the Anglican Church, etc. In "*La Magie*" he adds a great number of most important facts to those he had already enumerated. When the sensual and solitary mysticism, the sad errors whereof he has described, was not sufficient for the ardent nuns of the South, the history of

Mother Agueda gives us an idea of the extravagances to which they gave way.

Madame Acarie (the blessed Mary of the Incarnation), a woman of prodigious activity, established the Carmelites in France, and the Ursulines in Paris. But in the seventeenth century, the spirit of the age was little favourable to an order like the Carmelites, which recommended the austerities of the middle ages. The contemporaries of Gregory VII. and Innocent III. imagined that they could force persons consecrated to a religious life to the exact observance of their vows by the help of exhausting fasts, wearisome vigils, and frequent bleedings.

The "*Traité sur les Prisons Monastiques*" by the learned Benedictine Mabillon, attests that the knout and the *in pace* were—M. Michelet believes that this atrocious discipline is still in operation—the necessary adjuncts to the monachal system. But in the age of Descartes, the fallacy which deemed such means efficacious was no longer believed in. Moreover, the Carmelites never enjoyed great popularity in France. The order having been suppressed in 1790, the female section reappeared under the Restoration. But the Revolution had inflicted a terrible wound on "contemplative" life, and the Carmelites of our time ought to resign themselves to teaching. As Madame Romieu does not mention them in the chapter of her book* which she devotes to "*La Femme dans la vie Religieuse*," I conclude that Mount Carmel is far from having, in this department, the importance of the *Sacré Cœur*.

The most ancient congregation of teaching nuns is that of the Ursulines. I saw at Cologne the tomb which tradition has given to the patroness of the Ursulines. The writers of legends having taken the name Undecimilla, which was that of Ursula's only companion, (Ursula and Undecimilla, V.V.M.M.) for a numerical expression, pretend that she suffered martyrdom, with eleven thousand virgins, at the hands of the Huns, the ancestors of the Magyars. M. Maury remarks that the double meaning of a name has often given the Popes an opportunity of manufacturing saints. But Saint Undecimilla is assuredly one of the most curious examples of this monstrous trickery. Instead of acknowledging it, however, the priests persist in exhibiting the shrines containing the relics of her companions, with the tomb of the saint, and the pictures illustrating the legend, in the Ursuline Church at Cologne. In this town, more than in most others, they make a deal of money by these strange exhibitions.

When the tomb which they say contains Ursula's body was discovered in 1156, her worship became so popular that she was chosen as patroness by three learned bodies—the Sorbonne in France, the University of Vienna in Austria, and the University of Coimbra in Portugal. Protectress of so many students, in the sixteenth century she gave her

* "*La Femme au XIXe. Siècle.*"

name to the congregation founded by an Italian, Angela de Merici, a congregation which applied itself to the education of young girls. Gregory XII. ordained the Ursulines to seclusion, and to the three usual nun's vows (poverty, celibacy, and obedience), he added the vow to educate young girls gratuitously. In 1789 they had nearly three hundred convents in France.

This result was not obtained without much trouble. We must read the "*Chronique des Ursulines*," to form a conception of the repugnance which the bare idea of education, even the most commonplace, for girls, caused in the men of that age.

When Françoise de Saintonge wished to found a house of Ursulines at Dijon, her father, who was a councillor of the parliament of that town, would scarcely consent to this strange resolution. He consulted four doctors of theology, to ascertain whether the instruction of women "was not a work of the demon." ("*Chronique*"—foundation of Dijon.) But their decision, which was favourable to the Ursulines, did not calm the good souls of Burgundy, and a popular rising nearly compromised the work at its birth, so much terror was then inspired by the simplest elementary education.

My first interview with the Ursulines was before my marriage. I was visiting, with part of my family, the monuments of that curious city, founded by Queen Liboussa, that city which the Slavonians call "Prague of the golden threshold." You will see in M. A. Michelet's work, "*Histoire Secrète de l'Autriche*," how the Cæsars of Vienna exterminated the flower of the Czech nobility, and drowned this Slavonian nation in rivers of blood. After the annihilation of the schismatic sons of Huss, those worthy heirs of the religious liberties of the east, convents covered the kingdom of Podiebrad. Prague alone has seventeen, and their opulence does honour to Catholic zeal. To give one example only, the monastery of Strahow possesses a gallery of 500 pictures. The Carmelite convent rises proudly on Hradschin, that Acropolis of Prague, by the side of the famous Palace of Saint Wenceslaus, out of the windows whereof the nobles flung the imperial governors. Though not possessing the same artistic interest as the monastery of Strahow, nor occupying a position as important as the Carmelites, the Ursuline Convent interested me in a particular manner, on account of the part they take in the education of our sex.

As the Ursulines are secluded, my mother asked permission for herself and for me to visit the convent. But the Lady Superior, who hastened to the parlour, said she had seen our arrival in the papers, and that she would willingly allow my father to enter the convent. After a moment's hesitation she smilingly granted the like favour to my eldest brother, remarking that he was still young enough to obtain it. This nun informed me that she was a general's daughter, and that she had had

"troubles of the heart," without, however, explaining how far these troubles had influenced her choice of a vocation. A young nun whom I met in the convent bore on her pale and sad countenance much deeper traces of the trials of life.

I cannot exactly describe the system of education pursued by the Ursulines of Prague. Generally, the instruction given by convents varies according to the state of knowledge of each country. On questioning Germans, French, and Italians, brought up by nuns, I have become convinced that they everywhere place "education" far above instruction, and that by "education" they especially mean strict orthodoxy and wide estrangement from the ideas of the time, and from the world. Nevertheless, Madame Romieu, who does not seem hostile to nunneries, avows that they are far from exempt from the malice with which they reproach worldly people, and that "female twaddle is still more intolerable there than in the world." As to the species of concentrated passion of which the writings of celebrated nuns bear so many traces, the works of the ablest western physicians prove that human nature is to-day what it was in the time of Theresa and Marie Alacoque.

Many members of the clergy have long been struck with the bad effects caused by the manner of life practised by the Carmelites and Ursulines. At the time of the Catholic restoration we see a prelate, who was one of its principal instruments, make a timid attempt in another direction.

François de Sales, Bishop of Annecy, since canonised, detached from the world a charming widow, Madame de Sevigné's grandmother, Jeanne Frémiot, Baroness de Chantal, and with her founded the congregation of the Visitation (1618). The discipline was far from severe, and at first seclusion was not imposed; their chief duty was to visit and comfort the poor sick. But the contemplative spirit soon assumed the upper hand, and the nuns became a prey to those infirmities of which Dr. Dubois (of Amiens) is the historian. (*"Histoire philosophique de l'Hypocondrie et de l'Hystérie."*)

The disease attained its greatest height in Marie Alacoque. This girl had been ailing from her childhood. Cured of paralysis, she attributed the temporary restoration of her health to the Virgin; but after joining the congregation of the Visitandines, the deplorable state of her nervous system manifested itself in extravagances, visions, prophecies, and miracles. The Jesuits took advantage of these absurd ravings to gain popularity for the devotion to the Sacred Heart, now so universal in the West, and celebrated by one of the greatest solemnities of the Romish Church. For the rest of the life of this famous Visitandine I refer you to her official historians. Bishop Languet, a member of the French Academy, has related the miracles of Marie Alacoque, and Voltaire has secured her the immortality of ridicule.

But Voltaire is now no longer the favourite author of M. Prudhomme. It seems that Marie Alacoque, who died in 1690, has become "blessed," that she is more in fashion than ever, and that they talk of canonising her.

The eighteenth century, less simple than ours, laughed at the Visitandines and the visions of Sister Alacoque. The Order of the Visitation, after having, in 1783, undergone the courteous epigrams of Gresset, saw itself, on the stage of 1792, exposed to the pitiless sarcasm of Picard, the author of "*Les Visitandines*." This congregation, which numbered 6,000 nuns in the last century, is included by Madame Romieu amongst the secluded orders who employ themselves in education in France.

François de Sales said that he had created his congregation for widows and infirm women. Vincent de Paul, the founder of the congregation of Saint Lazare, aided by a widow, Madame Legras (Louise de Marillac), employed more energetic elements for a much more important work. He also understood much better the necessity of an organization more in accordance with the ideas of the times and the tendencies of the interests of his country. Consequently, the Sisters of Charity, sometimes called Grey Sisters, have filled the Catholic world with their renown.

In the East you have seen many of the sisterhood of Saint Vincent de Paul, and I have often met them in my travels. Whilst allowing that they possess the qualities of their race, and that they are very superior to those stupid and ignoble nuns who crawl about the cities of central and southern Italy, I still cannot admit that they are to be considered as by any means extraordinary beings.

In opposition to the Sisters of Charity, I shall begin by stating what are the most important considerations that ought to cause states to dread the idealisation of monasticism. We know what have been the consequences of the enthusiasm inspired by it in Spain, Italy, South America, etc. Whilst the richest countries rapidly decline, poor countries, unfavoured by nature, astonish the universe by their miraculous progress. England, destined to rule the waves, attained greatness amongst the rocks of Wales and Scotland; amongst the sands of Brandenburg, Prussia created the foremost power of Northern Germany. But men, in London, Edinburgh, and Berlin, did not fall into silly raptures before the wonders of the convents. Thus, whilst the Latin race, with great difficulty, occupies and cultivates the fertile soil left them by their fathers, the Anglo-Saxon race and Protestant Germany waft across the seas every year a "sacred spring-time," which bears with it to the extremities of the world, the religion, the sciences, the morals of the most enterprising and industrious peoples on the face of the globe. Thanks to those intrepid pioneers of civilisation, South

Africa, North America, Australia, New Zealand, the whole of Oceanica and Southern Asia, are covered with flourishing cities. A new universe arises out of nothing, with marvellous rapidity. The history of these worlds, which will soon take their place in politics, will glory in devotedness of a very different stamp of greatness, and above all, infinitely more useful than the devotion of the daughters of Vincent de Paul. What sister of charity could be compared to Caroline Chisholm, whose admirable history has been so well told by M. Michelet, in "*La Femme ?*" "She is," says he, "the legend of a world, and the grandeur of her history will increase from age to age."

The two last censuses taken in France (*Moniteur* of December, 1856, and *Journal des Economistes* of February, 1857), show that monachism, revived in that country, produces the same results as in Spain and Italy. Whilst the increase of population is really extraordinary in the Anglo-Saxon countries—England and the United States—the increase, for ten years, has been scarcely perceptible in a country where emigration is at the lowest ebb. The remedy is very simple. Send the lazy hordes of monks to the plough ; and restore to agriculture the armies employed in protecting the convents of Rome and Mexico.

Independently of these general considerations, when we are discussing any particular congregation we ought first to inquire by what spirit it is animated. With M. Feillet ("*Vincent de Paul et la misère au temps de la Fronde*"), I do full justice to Vincent's humanity, and I would be far from refusing the title of saint to that excellent man. But saints do not live for ever, and alas ! are succeeded by fanatics, hypocrites, or plotters. Now M. Michelet in his "*Histoire de France*" (Louis XIV.), has proved that the Lazarists are not less intolerant, nor less knavish, nor less pitiless than the Dominicans or the Jesuits. In "*Le Prêtre*" he is not more favourable to the congregation of St. Lazarus, and all his expressions merit serious consideration, especially in the East. "Jesuitism," says he, "works by the Sulpicians, who bring up the clergy ; by the Ignorantins (brethren of Christian doctrine), who bring up the people ; and by the Lazarists, *who have the direction of 6,000 sisters of charity*" (preface to the 7th edition). The sad part which these last played in the 17th century, by becoming the devoted instruments of the execrable persecutions of Louis XIV. against the Protestants, teaches us what we may expect should they and their penitents become masters in a "schismatic country." When a western people, like the Italians, claim their independence and their liberties without the authorisation of the "holy father," I need not tell you on which side are the Lazarists, the Sisters of Charity, their innumerable dependents, and their immense resources. We must not forget that the property of the Lazarists is estimated at

30,000,000 francs by the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," in an article written by one of their admirers.

All these people, you may rest satisfied, have nothing simple about them but its appearance ; they are governed by a consummate policy ; they laugh at the candour of which liberals of all shades give fresh proofs every day. When they find a place closed to their dreaded Jesuits, to their Dominicans—those heirs of the Inquisition—to their cynical Franciscans, to their opulent Lazarists, they endeavour to introduce an advanced guard with downcast and languishing eyes, pale faces, gentle voice, timid mien, capable, in a word, of tranquillising the most distrustful ; and, if once they succeed in convincing the enemy that there is nothing to fear from a pious, modest, and timorous sex, their victory is secured. In fact, power of association, unity of direction, proved discretion, unshaken constancy in their designs, immense riches, absolute submission to the plans of the Papacy—every Catholic order possesses these formidable elements of propaganda and conquest, and the apparition of the Grey Sister's cap is a symptom, not so insignificant for the thinker and the politician as for the unreflecting and credulous vulgar. These considerations explain the uneasiness lately caused in Portugal by the appearance of a colony of Sisters of Charity.

But let us pass over considerations which would need considerable development, and take up that passage of Voltaire's—so often enlarged on in prose and verse which have obtained the prize of the French Academy—"Perhaps," said the author of "Candide," in one of those moments when, like M. Cousin, he believed he ought to take off his hat to Catholicism, "there is nothing on earth grander than the sacrifice made by a delicate sex of beauty, of youth, often of high birth, to spend their lives in hospitals, solacing that mass of human wretchedness, the sight whereof is so humiliating to our pride and so revolting to our delicacy."

Such is the ideal : let us compare it with the reality.

"Humanity is not beautiful," is the saying of a well-known monk, the Dominican Lacordaire. I presume monks and nuns, as well as we, the profane, are included in this axiom. But, for the matter of that experience would soon contradict any assertion to the contrary. I never saw anything so ill-favoured or so ignoble as the monks and nuns in southern countries. I can understand how the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, in their coquettish caps with their great wings flying in the air, with their generally clean grey dress, with their manners of French civilisation, look charming by the side of these repulsive creatures. But any illusion tending to transform them into beauties cannot stand examination. Convents, generally, are not peopled by girls of an agreeable exterior. And does not M. Legouv 

say that, for some French girls, life is "a calvary"! If this be so, does a nun make a great "sacrifice" by joining the Sisters of Charity, where she is well lodged, well clothed, and well fed; and held in such consideration that the cross of honour, in France refused to the most distinguished women, has glittered more than once on the grey frock of the sisters; crowned by the Academy with its "prize for virtue," in which she is so flattered that the poets exalt her like an actual angel come down from heaven! Talk of "sacrifices!" Seek them in M. Jules Simon's fine book, "*L'Ouvrière*," in M. Michelet's "*Femme*" on whom France imposes sacrifices beyond human strength. Not, assuredly, on those opulent ladies of the Sacred Heart, nor on those happy daughters of Vincent de Paul, but on those poor mothers, whose life is but one long martyrdom; who have to contend with nakedness, cold, and hunger; and for whom philosophers, poets, academicians, and politicians have neither a good word nor even a thought.

"Des yeux des *Sœurs* on a compté les larmes;
Les yeux des peuple en ont trop pour cela."

Nevertheless, these forgotten and despised women supply France with the finest soldiers in the world, and it is with the morsel of bread snatched from their famished mouths, that they nourish and bring up the workmen and soldiers, of whom their country, ungrateful to their mothers, is so justly proud.

Voltaire could affirm of his age, that high birth often contributed to swell the ranks of the charitable sisterhoods. At an epoch when the iniquity of the French laws obliged noble girls to choose between the cloisters and the condition of "servants to their brothers," everything tends to the belief that it must have been so. The picture which M. Legouvé draws of the actual condition of the poor daughters of the aristocracy and the upper *bourgeoisie* would lead me to believe that troubles must drive not a few into the convents. But in this despair of the lacerated heart, no one with eyes in his head could see a spark of devotion to the sacred cause of humanity. It is less "humiliating" to tend the sick in an hospital, than to endure the hard trials which poverty imposes on souls naturally high-spirited, in an age which "dances before the golden calf," as M. Pierre Leroux has forcibly remarked.

You will be careful to observe that I deny none of the acts of courage attributed to the sisters. With a cowardly people—there are such, alas!—such acts would certainly be worthy of admiration. But who is not brave in France? Has not M. Victor Hugo said that in July, 1830, old men, children, and women rushed on the serried ranks of the soldiery? Is not the history of the "great nation," full of the energetic deeds of a host of heroic women, from Joan of Arc to Madame Roland? During epidemics do we ever see French doctors, "those odious materialists,"

those disciples of Cabanis and Broussais, shrink from sacrificing their health and their lives to their painful duties ! Cease then from quoting as exceptions girls whom their quality of Frenchwomen, still more than their title of nuns, obliges to prefer danger to shame. This remark applies to more than one analogous fact, and M. Clavel, the author of "L'Histoire des Religions" was correct in saying that it is absolutely impossible to give the Church credit for what is due solely to Celtic bravery and Germanic energy. Did not the Gauls say, before they were Roman Catholics, that if the sky fell they would support it on the points of their lances ? Did not the Germans, before they were baptised, cast down the Colossus of the empire in the dust ? Did not the women of Gaul and Scandinavia brave death in a hundred battles ?

The strange condition of the mind and the heart which I have stated as existing in Theresa and Marie Alacoque, is far from having disappeared from the West. Extatics, and even stigmatics, are still to be found there, as in the middle ages.

In an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which attracted much attention, and which was reproduced and enlarged in his learned and clever work on magic, M. Maury gives the most curious details on the origin of stigmatisation, so common with the *illuminées* of the West, and of which Gertrude, Ida of Louvain, Catherine of Sienna, and Osanna of Mantua, all canonised, present curious examples. Amongst the most extraordinary whom I have discovered in the West, I ought to give you some account of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, whose life was one continuous prodigy, if we are to believe her historian Brentano, a German. In visions not less astounding than the revelations of Bridget and Gertrude, she saw unfolded before her eyes scenes which they wish us to receive as a complement to the New Testament.

Sister Emmerich was an Augustine in the Convent of Agnetenberg, at Dülmen. Leopold Count Stolberg, a credulous mind, who had abjured Protestantism for purely frivolous reasons, placed Bettina's brother in connection with this celebrated visionary. Clement Brentano spent years in her company, studying her visions with truly Germanic patience. She lived in such a close and incessant contemplation of Christ's passion, that she had received the marks of the wounds caused by the Crucifixion. The stigmata re-appeared every year on the approach of holy week, when her meditations became more ardent. On her hands, her feet, and her side, the marks of the nails and the thrust of the spear were indicated by a redness which Brentano innocently deemed supernatural. Her imaginary excursions were not limited to Palestine ; she sometimes extended her journeys to the Himalayas, and the blisters on her feet—Dr. Demangeon, author of a remarkable book on the power of the imagination, mentions many similar facts—attested the fatigue which she underwent in these wanderings in dreamland. One day she

visited Marie Antoinette in her prison. Excursions to the plains of paradise or the dungeons of hell were not forbidden her. She saw Luther tearing about like one possessed, but exempt from the torture of the flames. The Austrian painter Steinle, the Murillo of the Dusseldorf school, has reproduced feature by feature the celestial landscapes seen by the nun, in the designs with which her history is illustrated.

The works of Sister Emmerich on the passion of Christ and on the life of Mary, a collection of her principal visions, have been translated into French by M. de Cazaes, son of the celebrated orator of the constituent assembly, editor of the *Correspondant*, an old representative of the people, and formerly professor in the University of Louvain in Belgium. This fact alone will give you an idea of the progress of superstition in the west. An Italian translation has also been published, and multiplied editions of these fantastical lucubrations now inundate Catholic countries, where the "Life of the Virgin" by Sister Emmerich, competes with a similar work by a visionary nun of Spain—I refer to Maria d'Agreda.

Southern France also has her stigmatic, in the neighbourhood of Dragnignan, whose life Dr. Reverdit has written for *Le Mercure Artésien*. If such things were seen in "the credulous East," what cries would not resound from the banks of the Seine to the shores of the Vistula! What would not be said if some Eastern philosopher were to write such a book as the "Mystic Christian" ("Die Christliche Mystik") of Joseph Gœrres, in which one of the oracles of Catholic Germany considers the reveries and infirmities of some wretched nuns as illustrious proof of the divinity of his Church.

It is not my intention to tell you everything about the nuns; I shall confine myself to giving you an idea of their manner of life. In France their civil condition is far from being the same as before the Revolution. Under the old system, Catholicism being the religion of the State, the Government imposed on the monks and nuns the observance of vows which were called solemn—viz., chastity, obedience, and poverty. Consequently, a nun could not leave the cloister to marry, neither had she the right of inheriting or receiving a donation. Noble families had an interest in forcibly keeping their daughters in the monasteries, where they were immured by thousands.

Such is still the case in countries where Catholicism is the religion of the State. But in France, the old monasteries were abolished by a decree of February 15, 1790. Napoleon I., fearful of clashing with the national sentiment, attempted only an incomplete restoration of monachism. By a decree of February 18, 1809, he authorised the charitable sisters to make vows for five years only, and as this decree was not revoked by the law of the Restoration (May 24, 1825), which legalised the existence of all communities of women, it is hence

concluded that no vow, after it passes a period of five years, has value in the eye of the law. It is not unusual, then, to see nuns marrying, like the authoress of "Etienne Gaulnier," Madame Josephine Amet, daughter of the Duke d'Abrantes, who had been a Sister of Charity.

As nuns retain the right of inheritance, rich families have no longer the same interest in swelling the number of "cloistered victims." The consequence is, that in France the orders now recruit themselves chiefly amongst the daughters of the people, so that when a member of a family in easy circumstances evinces a desire to enter a convent, the different congregations dispute for the possession of a "soul" who may add her fortune to the revenues of the order. To this motive M. Michelet attributes the zeal of the confessors in urging their rich penitents towards the convent.

Neither did the laws of the French Revolution recognise seclusion. Since the Concordat concluded between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII., the municipal authority, while obliging individual citizens to respect it, claims the right of entering monasteries at all hours, in order to assure itself that nothing passes there contrary to the laws which guarantee their civil liberty to the nuns. Unfortunately, the influence of the convents is so powerful that these laws are far from affording sufficient guarantees. A memoir of the advocate Tilliard (Caen, 1846) shows that even under Louis Philippe the French law too often falls powerless at that convent boundary called the "grating." The revelations contained in *L'Indépendance Belge* prove that the evil has been constantly increasing since 1849.

In the East there is no mean between monastic and secular life. The Westerns have found the means of attaching to the religious orders an infinity of individuals who do not care to immure themselves in the cloister, but who, nevertheless, are well disposed to take the monks and nuns as their guides in the most important affairs. In the middle ages the men and women who were affiliated to the Dominican and Franciscan Orders called themselves the Third Order, being governed by special rules. The Jesuits, in their turn, established congregations, the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception, who, according to M. Aubert de Vitry, employed every means to corrupt and brutalise Catholic countries by every effort calculated to ensure the triumph of a "pernicious ultramontanism over true Catholicism."

The first of these congregations was founded at Rome, in the Jesuit's College (1563). The Prætorians also formed them in their establishments, and they were seen even in girls' boarding-schools. The Revolution freed France from them for the moment, but no sooner was the Concordat of 1801 signed than the ex-Jesuit Delpuits re-established the congregations, which became very numerous. Napoleon, having quarrelled with the Pope, banished it from the soil of the empire.

reorganised under the Bourbons, it now forms "a great subterranean kingdom of 8,000 associations."

Baroness Pfeffers, in "Le Fils de Giboyer," will show you that the imitators of the middle-age Flagellants are not more scrupulous than formerly. Perhaps the talented author ought to have sought the explanation of the origin of such beings in the education given by the nuns. After having brought up the girls entrusted to them, the nuns feel the necessity of retaining part of their influence over them. By affiliating them to some association, they are quite sure that they will not lose sight of them, and that at need they can make use of them to forward their plans.

Official documents enable me to give you an exact idea of the material resources now possessed by the French convents, and of the part taken by the nuns in the education of girls. In May, 1860, Senator Dupin, Attorney-General of the Court of Cassation, in an official report, said that there existed then in France 4,932 authorised, and 2,870 unauthorised religious associations. He added that the landed property of the former was valued at 100,000,000 francs; but that it was impossible to ascertain the amount of the personal property of either. In fact, several law-suits reported in *L'Indépendance Belge* show that, without the knowledge of the State, the various congregations can increase the amount of their capital indefinitely. In the report of the labours of the Council of State, which M. Baroche addressed to the Emperor in 1862, he stated that from 1852 to 1860 the gifts made to the bishops amounted to 2,125,028 francs; that is, to a sum nearly equal to what they had received in the eight preceding years. In the same time the seminaries obtained 2,759,586 francs from the faithful; and the parishes, 18,500,000. As for the monastic congregations, they put in their coffers—from 1815 to 1830 (15 years), 17,000,000 francs; from 1830 to 1845 (15 years), 6,000,000 francs; from 1845 to 1860 (9 years), 9,000,000 francs.

We must not omit to add to the above figures the property acquired by the performance of certain services, which is often only a disguised form of donation, and which on any supposition evidences the riches acquired by known or unknown means.

Now the value of these acquisitions made from 1802 to 1814, (Napoleon I.) was only 105,400 francs.

From 1815 to 1830 (the Restoration) there is a very visible improvement, for we now find an amount of 5,500,000 francs.

From 1830 to 1845 (Louis Philippe) we find the amount still increasing; 6,000,000 francs.

Lastly, during the nine years from 1852 to 1860 (Napoleon III.) the acquisitions amount to the enormous sum of 25,000,000 francs.

So that a congregation of women, which dates no farther back than

1844, now possesses landed property to the value of 25,000,000 francs, to say nothing of personal property. Poor sisters!

The part which the nuns now take in the education of our sex, secures them, no less than their wealth, an immense influence over the destinies of France. M. Louandre affirmed, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1844 (reign of Louis Philippe), that they brought up more than six hundred thousand girls (622,000). Such figures authorised M. Michelet to say—"Our daughters are brought up by the enemies of the Revolution and the future."

According to the "Exposé de la situation de l'Empire" 1863, the number of girls' schools is 26,592, of which 13,491, a little more than half, are conducted by lay teachers, and 13,101 by nuns.

Of these 13,000 nuns, 12,335 have the "letter of obedience," only.

The case is similar as regards infant schools. There are 3,162 of these, 958 of which are conducted by lay teachers, all of whom are provided with a certificate of competency.

Thus a deputy, M. Havin, conductor of the *Siccle*, in the debate on the address of 1864, said, "13,000 lay schools count 614,000 pupils; 13,000 clerical schools 1,000,000 girls."

The law grants a truly extraordinary privilege to these congregations. An authorisation of the Superior, which is called a letter of obedience, suffices to give a nun the right of teaching, whether she be secluded, or can leave her monastery. Thus not only is a nun dispensed from undergoing the examinations at the Sorbonne, which would prove her capacity, but she has the protection of the clergy, the support of her congregation, and the good-will of retrogrades of all shades. In such an unfair situation, the poor lay teacher must either die of hunger or take the veil.

The Church does not count only on the devotion of the nuns, but she is certain of the strong sympathies of a considerable section of Frenchwomen.

When the nobility of France in the eighteenth century embraced the doctrines of the Encyclopædists, the husbands were not seen forcing their wives to remain faithful to Catholicism. But when the *bourgeoisie* had seized on affairs, it endeavoured from the very beginning of its dominion to insure the prevalence of a system which it considered more prudent. Assuming the distinction admitted by Voltaire between the *honnête homme*—the "gentleman" of the English—and the *canaille*, it pretended—whilst adopting as a rule perfect independence in religious matters—that Catholicism was good for the class destined, as they believed, to remain in a humble minority. But as the law classed women with minors, Catholicism became the faith of the peasants, the workmen, the children, and the women. Some thought that the old of both

sexes ought to be abandoned to it, out of indulgence for that age which is contemptuously called "second childhood."

When the most manly of the Germanic nations—the Scandinavians, the Anglo-Saxons, the Dutch, and the Northern Germans—abandoned the Romish Church in the sixteenth century, no one thought of putting in practice the axioms which have earned for Joseph Prudhomme such a well deserved reputation. Thus the unity of Germanic civilization was not destroyed; and the husband and wife were not obliged to range themselves under different standards. The French *bourgeoisie* thought it showed more astuteness in dividing society into two camps, as if it were possible, now, in this nineteenth century, to have an esoteric doctrine—good for the stronger sex—and an exoteric doctrine—abandoned to the weaker sex!

The French aristocracy does not now admit this dangerous combination any more than it did in the eighteenth century. When it perceived that the philosophy of the eighteenth century was as fatal to the aristocratic principle as to theocracy, it again became Catholic, and whilst the girls are brought up in the Sacred Heart or other similar establishments, the boys are confided to the Jesuits or the societies connected with them. Knowing, as we do, the high spirit of the women of the French nobility, we might suspect that they had made up their minds to the policy prevailing in the middle classes. But there it seems so natural, that if we are to believe the biographers of the chief of the positive school, which is the most advanced of the French schools, Madame Littré was faithful to all the practices of Catholicism, and Mademoiselle Littré follows the example of her mother.

Amongst French philosophers, M. Michelet, more hostile to the Romish Church than the others, has very clearly understood all the strangeness of this situation. His famous work "*Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*," is a vehement protest against the dualism accepted by the French *bourgeoisie*. But the system styled the *juste milieu*, which they had adopted, agreed so well with such arrangements that they did not trouble themselves much with the demands of the professor of the College of France. They confined themselves to replying that the time for "furious" polemics had gone by, and that "Voltairianism" was as contrary to the spirit of eclecticism as to the Jesuitism of the clergy.

Far from the Revolution of February impelling the *bourgeoisie* to decide in M. Michelet's favour, we have seen some of the members of this class following the example set by the aristocracy after the great French Revolution. With M. Maréchal in the "*Fils de Giboyer*," they believed that the nobility and the upper *bourgeoisie*, united under the standard of the Romish Church, would be in a position to resist the turbulence of the working-classes. The date of the "*Fils de Giboyer*"

proves that, under the Empire, these hopes have continued to exercise their influence on minds, though the ardours of the "religious reaction" are beginning to disgust more than one new convert, and to pave the way for defections like the final "apostacy" of M. Maréchal.

But the talented author, in painting Madame Maréchal's indignation against her husband, has shown us plainly enough that the women of the upper *bourgeoisie* are in no hurry to change their standard, and it may be added that the majority of our sex in France is of Madame Maréchal's opinion.

Doubtless, in more than one town, and even in the villages connected with Paris, the women of the *bourgeoisie* and of the peasant class are in no hurry to go to the confessional. But, in several of the departments, the women of the nobility, part of the *bourgeoisie*, the greater part of the villagers, and the female congregations, endeavour to console the Church for its desertion by educated men. We need only enter one of the temples of Catholicism to be struck with the consequences of this state of things. You would say that almost all the men had gone to the wars, so few of the male sex are to be seen round the altars. In Paris, even blouses (the workmen) are conspicuous by their absence, and it is with difficulty that, in this immense city, a few thousand private gentlemen, rich citizens, and lackeys, can be collected for those solemnities intended to impress the imagination. Notwithstanding the material resources at the disposal of the Church, resources enumerated in M. de Pressensé's curious work "*Du Catholicisme en France*," it is evident that the Gallican Church is tending to become more and more essentially feminine.

Things have not yet come to this in other Latin countries.

Generally, belief in Catholicism corresponds with the greater or less degree of ignorance in a country. Thus Italy is more devout than France; Spain more Catholic than Italy or Portugal. The Church, viewing with terror these results of knowledge, makes every effort to impede the propagation of instruction, especially elementary instruction, under the pretext that it is hurtful to "morality," that is, to her interests. In fact, if her theory were well-founded, the Neapolitan and Sicilian provinces would be the abode of all the virtues, but I have never heard even the most obstinate legitimist dare to maintain this proposition. Up to the present time the Catholic clergy have not been very unsuccessful in rendering instruction almost impossible to the mass of the people. It has been asserted that in a Prussian army of 290,000 men, you would not perhaps find six soldiers not knowing how to read and write. If an Italian army were in question, said a learned member of the Italian senate, the converse of the proposition would be nearer the truth.

Even in France ignorance predominates amongst the people. You

would not be surprised at this, had you an idea of the condition of the agricultural classes. "We see," said a writer of the *grand siècle*, "a number of wild animals, male and female, scattered over the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, glued to the soil which they dig, and on which they work with unconquerable obstinacy; they utter a sort of articulate sound, and when they stand up on their feet, they show a human countenance; and in fact they are human beings. At night they retire to their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots." Marshal Vauban, Archbishop Fénelon, the magistrate Pésant de Boisguilbert, bear evidence to the correctness of the frightful picture drawn by the author of the "Caractères." Doubtless the Revolution, so detested by those who do not know the history of the past, has transformed La Bruyère's "wild animals" into men and women; but the condition of French agricultural labourers still leaves much to be desired, as is attested by M. Bonnemère's work "L'Histoire des Paysans."

Their knowledge is still inferior to their comfort. MM. Guichard and Leneveux's books ("L'Instruction en France"), and that of Mademoiselle Daubié ("Du Progrès dans l'Enseignement Primaire," 1862) prove that France is behind Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, and even Austria. With Prussia no comparison is possible. In 1845, in an army of 122,897 Prussians, there were but two soldiers who did not know how to read and write. In France, in the year 1864, 600,000 children—these are the official figures—were destitute of any kind of instruction, and in 1,018 parishes there is not a school. The nine most enlightened departments are those bordering on Germany, the centre of reform. The Seine (Paris) is only tenth on the list.

It is needless to say that women are withdrawn from the salutary influence of instruction still more easily than men, and yet M. J. Simon has truly said, "When a boy is educated it is the man who is enlightened, when a girl it is the whole family." In 1853, one half of the women who were married in France were unable to sign their names. Now, in 1864, 19,303 parishes have neither public nor free schools for girls. This is by no means surprising; the law of 1833, excellent in other respects, in organising the elementary instruction for boys, deemed that it was not a time to trouble itself about girls.

The Falloux law, drawn up by the clerical party, took good care to display no greater zeal. Thus the "Exposé de la Situation de l'Empire," presented to the Chambers of 1862, says—"The position of the female teachers which the law of 1850 (in the interest of the nuns who are engaged in teaching) did not wish to assimilate to that of the parish male teachers, continues to claim the interest of the Government."

In 1863, the Minister of Public Instruction confesses that in this time of universal high prices the female teachers receive 400 francs a

year (sometimes 340 francs, less than a franc a day) to support, clothe themselves, etc. ; "this is," says he, "a morsel of bread." I can well believe it. And for 1865 he asks 500 francs ! "Better would it be for them to be servants !" exclaimed M. J. Simon, in the debate on the address of 1864.

Now France, who cannot give "a morsel of bread" to her female teachers, found means to pay the clergy—and in a single year—42,411,050 francs, while perquisites brought the churches in Paris the enormous sum of 5,080,000 francs, say MM. Garnier and Guillaumin, in the *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique* for 1851. It is very different in Italy and Spain.

Other arguments then must be opposed to those who demand obligatory elementary instruction for girls as well as for boys. This instruction, it is said, is contrary to liberty. "I reverence the power of parents," said M. Nogent Saint-Laurens, a conservative deputy, in the debate on the address in 1864, "when it is beneficent and genuine ; but if it allows a child to grow up lazy and ignorant it inspires me with little respect." Consequently he affirmed that obligatory instruction "did not frighten him greatly." It is a socialist measure, say others. If so, why did M. Cousin, in 1833, in his quality of reporter of a commission composed of the Dukes of Crillon and Decazes, the Marquises de Laplace and Jaucourt, the Counts de Germiny and Portalis, and Professor Villemain, energetically proclaim the necessity of obligatory instruction before the Chamber of Peers ? Why have the most eminent economists, Turgot, Adam Smith, Rossi, J. Stuart Mill, Baudrillart, etc., pronounced in its favour ? Why has it been adopted by the United States, the Helvetic Confederation (except the retrograde cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden), Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Electoral Hesse, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Bavaria, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Portugal, none of them countries much inclined to socialism. All the objections of the clerical party are but vain pretexts. Everywhere and always they fetter the liberty of parents by measures of a very different kind of socialism, and it is strange to hear people who so highly approved of the abduction of young Mortara set themselves up as champions of the right of the "father of the family."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

[As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—I venture through the medium of your pages to draw attention to a most painful subject—that of premature interment. And this I would do from no morbid taste for the horrible, but from a deep conviction of its importance. Some of your readers will remember that last spring there was a discussion in France in reference to the hasty burials in that country, in which a distinguished ecclesiastic took an earnest part, putting the finishing stroke to his comments by the statement that in his youth he had narrowly escaped the fearful doom from which he desired to save others. A few weeks back the public journals contained references to two recent instances of its actual perpetration—one in France, the other in Rome—the details of the latter case I do not care to repeat, but many may recall them without my help. To come nearer home, a correspondent of one of the papers (*Public Opinion*), pledges himself to the accuracy of an incident he mentions that took place in our own country about a year ago. A child died of scarlet fever, the mother was distressed by an idea that it was not really dead at the time of interment, and the body was disinterred. Then it was seen that the little hands, which had been crossed—it was thought for ever—on the breast, had entirely changed their position; the left hand lying by the child's side, the right being raised over its head; there was no other sign of disturbance. I could easily multiply instances, but I refrain. I think it may be said that it is proved to have occurred in many cases. Then arises the unanswered and unanswerable question, how often may it have happened without detection? One authentic instance might be supposed sufficient to ensure such precautions for the future that, under God, it should henceforth be impossible; but we have accumulated evidence. It may be that the very horror causes some persons to dismiss the idea as too terrible to be true.

Now if it be a fact that life may not be extinct, though pulsation, breath, warmth, have all ceased to be apparent; and if there is no infallible proof of death until the first signs of decomposition appear, how can we reconcile our minds to the immediate interment after cholera, mentioned with such satisfaction in newspapers last summer? Many of us are cowards in the face of epidemics, but, we will trust, not so cowardly as to secure the safety of survivors by risking the living burial of the stricken. Yet if interment takes place while the evidences of death are open to the slightest doubt, this is undeniably possible. Recent discussions in newspapers would lead to the belief that there are not a few who feel that the subject ought to receive far more serious attention than has yet been bestowed on it. In the absence of higher motive, selfishness calls for it. What man is assured that he will not be the victim of some epidemic striking terror into all around him? Or he may fall by one of those sudden attacks which in a moment end (or seem to end) this mortal life. What we greatly need is to know from some, whom professional knowledge and conscientiousness qualify for the task, how soon, and how the actual presence of death may be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt; and in violent and contagious diseases, such as cholera and infectious fever, what means, practicable and simple, can be adopted for the safety of the living while they wait for the sad proofs which, if death is real, are so sure to come. There is great ignorance in the matter, among the poor especially, and I earnestly trust that its discussion will not be dropped till the public is well-informed on these points; and provision to meet such need ought to be supplied to the poor, whose contracted dwellings can ill accommodate both the dead and living.

Yours respectfully,

T. T.

MISCELLANEA.

DRURY LANE.—There can be no greater “sign of the times” than the success of “The Great City” at Drury Lane. A piece more entirely dependant upon scenery and startling situations it has never been our fortune to witness ; there is no doubt the cab carries off the honours of the evening, and it is really distressing to see an actress come forward to acknowledge applause so evidently bestowed on the Hansom. The heroine is played by Miss Madge Robertson in a quiet ladylike manner, but the part is a strange anomaly from beginning to end. When first *Edith* is introduced to us as a totally unsophisticated innocent country girl, we are led to believe she runs great danger in being thrown on her own resources in London, but further on we find we have been cheated of our sympathy, as the young lady is exceedingly well able to take care of herself, and indeed sufficiently clever and self-possessed to detect and defeat the designs of *Jacob Blount*, and, while she profits by his assistance, to delude him into thinking she implicitly believes in his fraternal interest. *Edith* has received the education of a lady, and her instructors have been informed she is destined to inherit a large fortune, yet when the fortune comes to her, she is represented as totally unprepared to take her place in the world, and is patronised by her friends and spoken of by her servants as one quite unfit to move in a certain sphere. It is usual in plays and novels to represent all women of fashion as heartless and cold as stones, unless indeed they chance to be very wicked, and then they are painted fiery enough. The “Great City” is no exception to this rule, and judged by this standard, *Edith* ought to be considered a consummate woman of fashion, as her coldness and her selfishness are not to be surpassed ; witness the scene where her father makes himself known to, and is so coolly repulsed by his daughter, who, a short time after, to carry a warning to her parent, sets off on a midnight walk through London, wearing a white satin dress and bare-headed. In this guise she meets her lover, and from her indignation at his remarks, plainly shows she perfectly understands the conclusion he not unnaturally draws from her singular attire. Would any girl so worldly and so self-possessed have exposed herself to such imputations ? The part is an ungrateful one, and in Miss Robertson’s hands does not lose any of its unattractiveness—she seems utterly incapable of throwing any tenderness into her voice or manner ; *du reste* she is quiet, ladylike, and well-dressed, though her walk is ill-suited to the very clinging skirts she adopts. Her acting is carefully studied, and she certainly does not err through want of knowing what ought to be expressed, but she is incapable of expression ; her voice has no tender

intonations, her features no flexibility. When so much is said about natural acting on the stage, it is painful to see an actress fail through being too natural ; but this is the case with Miss Robertson ; she has no tenderness, and is quite incapable of expressing what she cannot feel. *Mogg* we thought exceedingly well played by Mr. W. M'Intyre, and were glad to hear our opinion confirmed by the hearty and genuine applause bestowed on him, especially by that part of the audience who are best qualified to judge of the correctness of the impersonation. *Jacob Blount* was a finished piece of acting ; Mr. Cowper played the part to the life. Altogether the "Great City" may cause us to pass a very pleasant evening, but it is not the style of piece one expects to enjoy at Drury Lane.

THE HAYMARKET.—"A Wild Goose" is again a piece which owes its success more to the scenic artist and the costumier than to any intrinsic merit of its own. There is not a single good part in the whole play, and as to the performance of Miss Caroline Hill and Miss Jane Burke, perhaps the less said the better. Mrs. Laws and Mrs. Chippendale are genial and natural. Mr. Buckstone is, of course, himself ; but the part is not worthy of him. Mr. Sothern gives us a true representation of a gentleman as he moves and acts *off* the stage, and this in itself is no slight treat *on* the boards. We always regret when it is necessary to give a speaking part to a young child, its exceedingly shrill voice rendering every word it utters disagreeable to listen to ; but Neena, a gipsy girl, played by Miss Sidney, was a charming performance ; every gesture was appropriate, every attitude natural ; every inflection of voice and expression of countenance true to the feeling she wished to pourtray. The part, in other hands, might have been a slight one ; but in Miss Sidney's it became *the* female character of the piece.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Here, on the contrary, the scenery, though attractive, is, as it ought to be, quite subordinate to the acting ; and, were Miss Herbert and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Messrs. Irving, Wyndham, Murray, and Stoyte to perform without the aid of any scenery at all, we could not fail to be intensely interested. Miss Herbert is so exceptionally beautiful that her splendid face and figure might indeed win her our suffrages were her acting even less true and forcible. Mrs. Frank Matthews is a first-rate actress ; she seems to be the very person she represents, and is so naturally at home in the part that it is difficult to believe the character an assumed one. The *comfortable*, self-indulgent, sociable, rather vain and selfish middle-aged Frenchwoman really exists for us while we gaze on Mrs. Frank Matthews, and the sudden change to deep pathos while describing her mission of mercy is as true to nature as it is affecting. "Idalia" is preceded by

"The Secret," and, often as we have witnessed this farce, we never thought so well of it as when performed by Mesdames Bufton and Gunniss and Messrs. Burleigh and Irving.

ERNST SCHULZ' MASKS AND FACES.—Any one wishing to see a perfectly new and original entertainment should pay a visit to the clever German, who is now exhibiting, at the Egyptian Hall, the marvels which can be wrought by arrangements of light and shadow, and a perfect mastery over certain facial lines. By mere facial action, in a black coat and white waistcoat, Herr Ernst Schulz represents twelve different temperaments. In several of the changes, there is absolutely no alteration even in the arrangement of his hair, the transformation being entirely due to the extraordinary flexibility of his countenance, which he can so thoroughly alter from one expression to another as to give it the appearance of a totally different face. The "humorous sketches of the varieties of mankind" conclude with "the man of divided feelings," one half of the face betraying all the symptoms of sorrow, while the other is radiant with joy. The second part of the entertainment consists of the exhibition of beards and moustaches by means of an optical apparatus, which casts their appearance in any shape he pleases, and vanishes again in a kind of shadowy flicker. A framework of painted cardboard, representing headdresses—such as the learned professor, the monied man, the indignant mother-in-law, the monthly nurse, and various others—is the only help Ernst Schulz calls to his aid in the third part of his entertainment; and a real headdress, such as turbans and feathers, in the latter part, in which he appears as an Arab, a Hungarian peasant, a British tar, etc. It is, however, quite impossible to give any idea of his various personifications, but we have no hesitation in assuring our readers that they will never regret making themselves personally acquainted with one of the most unique exhibitions we have ever seen.

FEMALE MISSIONARY PHYSICIANS.—The following is an extract from a lecture of Doctor David H. Nutting, on the occasion of the graduating exercises of the New England Female Medical College in Boston, March 6, in which he has been a lecturer the past term. Dr. Nutting being a medical gentleman of fine education, having had eleven years of experience and observation as a Missionary Physician of the American Board in Asiatic Turkey, and having since been an instructor in a Female Medical College, his testimony should have great weight with the promoters of foreign missions of all denominations. The same considerations apply with equal force in favour of medical missionary women in China, India, and the whole world of missionary operations :—

"For some time past my attention has been turned to the importance of educating and sending forth female medical missionaries. The more I look back upon my experience in Turkey—the more I reflect upon the customs of society, and the state of the females of that land—the more I am persuaded that in no other way can so much be done for their elevation and enlightenment, as by sending out among them well-educated, devotedly pious, female physicians.

"The reasons for this belief are briefly these—

"1st. A female missionary physician could relieve a vast amount of physical suffering and disease among the females of that land, which a male physician could not. I have said that I have probably visited more than a thousand Turkish harems. I should also say that, in the majority of cases, it has been not to prescribe for females, but males—and in these cases all the females would be carefully secluded in an apartment by themselves. Oftentimes, rather than break through the sacred barrier which surrounds the harem, females are allowed to suffer and die, unattended by a physician. Besides, when a physician is called, it is exceedingly difficult, often, to elicit sufficient information to enable him to treat the case properly. I have frequently been taken into a harem, allowed to feel the pulse of the patient, and then been hurried out with no opportunity to ask any questions. If a good physician finds it embarrassing, in this country, to obtain all needed information in regard to the state of a female patient, how much more so is it in Turkey, especially when the doctor has not entire command of the language of the people? But in case of a female physician there would be no trouble of this kind.

"2nd. A female missionary physician could give needed instruction to the midwives of that land. To three or four desperate cases only, have I been called, in this department of practice, in Turkey. But when the midwives have seen how knowledge and skill which they did not possess have availed in saving life, they have afterwards come and besought me to give them instruction. But I have felt obliged to decline complying with their request.

"3rd. A female missionary physician could do vastly more than any other, to elevate and enlighten the females of Turkey. The very fact of her possessing so much knowledge, skill, and benevolence, would alone tend greatly, not only to elevate the ideas of the people of the Orient as to the worth and importance of woman in society, but also to create in them a desire for education, and the influences of Christianity.

"Said the lamented Rev. Dr. Dwight, after more than twenty years of devoted labour as a missionary in Constantinople; 'I feel quite sure that female missionary physicians, of the right stamp, would be most important auxiliaries to the missionary work in this part of the world.'"

THE Cambridge Syndicate for conducting the local examinations report that they have reason to be well satisfied with the operation of the scheme by which these examinations were extended to girls, and recommend that it be continued according to the following regulations, which were sanctioned by the Senate :—1. That there be two examinations in every year, commencing at the same time, one for girls not more than sixteen years of age, and the other for girls not more than eighteen years of age, at the end of the year in which the examination takes place. 2. That these examinations be under the superintendence of the Syndicate constituted by grace of the Senate, February 11, 1858, for the conduct of the examinations of students who are not members of the University. 3. That the examination be held in such place as the Syndicate may approve. 4. That the examinations be held on the same days and hours and in the same papers as those of the boys. 5. That the candidates be required to pay fees at the discretion of the Syndicate. 6. That every candidate be examined in religious knowledge, unless the parents or guardians object to such examination. 7. That neither the names of the candidates nor any class list be published. 8. That the candidates who have satisfied the examiners receive certificates, and those who have passed the examination with credit certificates of honour.

THE Humane Society has given a silver medal to Miss M. A. E. Wright, for trying to save Mr. G. Aylmer, who fell through the ice at Stradsett Lake, Norfolk, on the 14th of January. She supported him for nearly half an hour, when she herself broke through the ice; and although she was subsequently dragged on shore by a rope, Mr. Aylmer was drowned.

ROYAL PRINTERS.—It is the custom in Prussia for the sons of the Royal family to be instructed in some handicraft. The present Crown Prince, and heir to the Prussian throne, selected the trade of a printer, and probably, if in some unimaginable reverse of circumstances crowns become at a discount, he could earn a fair living as a compositor. The young Prince Imperial of France is being instructed in the same trade, under the charge of an adept in the art. Whether this is a caprice of the young gentleman, or a part of the Imperial scheme of education, it is certainly a very sensible arrangement.

THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE WOMAN FRANCHISE.—Mr. Mill's motion on the 20th instant was too late for special notice in this number. We intend next month to give the entire debate and the newspaper comments upon it. Though the motion was lost we do not consider the numbers discouraging, being 7 to 196.

LITERATURE.

Short Studies on Great Subjects. By J. A. Froude, M.A., 2 vols. [Longmans.]—This is one of the most interesting works in the form of short essays we have read for some time. Those upon Homer and the Book of Job are, in our opinion, the best of this excellent series. The latter is most comprehensive and complete, and although essentially critical, never fails to mark the bearing of each passage on the highest interests of man in that wonderful poem which is “no story of a single thing which happened once, but belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it.” Mr. Froude passes rapidly over the outline of the poem, in order to show how the subject of it is the problem of all mankind, but what he principally dwells upon is the epoch which it marks in the progress of mankind, “as the first recorded struggle of a new experience with an established orthodox belief.” If such a man as Job could be made miserable, the current belief was false; here was no hard ascetic, living in haughty or cowardly isolation, but a warm figure of flesh and blood—a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom, that no room might be left for any possible Calvinistic falsehood, God Himself bears the emphatic testimony, that “there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil.” Only one charge is suggested by the accusing angel—“interested piety” in itself a rebuke to the belief which, with its “rewards and punishments,” immediately fostered selfishness. Mr. Froude considers that a studied respect is shown to orthodoxy, even while it is arraigned for judgment, and the writer is careful to say for the old theory the best which could be said, and to produce as its defenders the best and wisest men whom, in his experience, he had known to believe and defend it.

“What Job saw around him as exceptions, we see round us everywhere; ‘it was true then, it is more true now, that what is called virtue in the common sense of the word, still more that nobleness, godliness, or heroism of character in any form’ whatsoever, have nothing to do with this or that man’s prosperity, or even happiness. The thoroughly vicious man is no doubt wretched enough; but the worldly, prudent, self-restraining man, with his five senses, which he understands how to gratify with tempered indulgence, with a conscience satisfied with the hack routine of what is called respectability—such a man feels no wretchedness; no inward uneasiness disturbs him, no desires which he cannot gratify; and this, though he be the basest and most contemptible slave of his own selfishness. Providence will not interfere to punish him. Let him obey the laws under which prosperity is obtainable, and he will obtain it, let him never fear. He will obtain it, be he base or noble. Nature is indifferent; the famine and the earthquake, and the blight or the accident, will not discriminate to

strike him. He may insure himself against casualties in these days of ours, with the money, perhaps, which a better man would have given away, and he will have his reward. He need not doubt it."

"And again, it is not true, as optimists would persuade us, that such prosperity brings no real pleasure. A man with no high aspirations, who thrives, and makes money, and envelops himself in comforts, is as happy as such a nature can be. If unbroken satisfaction be the most blessed state for a man (and this certainly is the practical notion of happiness), he is the happiest of men. Nor are the idle phrases any truer, that the good man's goodness is a never-ceasing sunshine, that virtue is its own reward, etc., etc. If men truly virtuous care to be rewarded for it, then virtue is but a poor investment of their moral capital."

Job had been taught to look for God in outward judgments, and when experience showed him his mistake, he knew not where to turn; in the speeches of his friends he saw all its weakness and false conclusions. He had seen the wicked prosper, but in learning to defend his innocence he had felt that the good man's support was there, if it were anywhere; and at last, with all his heart, he was reconciled to the truth. He achieved the clearest, purest faith possible for man. His evil turned to good, and his sorrow severed for him the last links which bound him to lower things—he felt that he could do without happiness, that it was no longer essential, that he could live on, and still love God and cling to Him.

"Prosperity, enjoyment, happiness, comfort, peace, whatever be the name by which we designate that state in which life is to ourselves pleasant and delightful, as long as they are sought or prized as things essential, so far have a tendency to dis-ennoble our nature, and are a sign that we are still in servitude to selfishness. Only when they lie outside us, as ornaments merely to be worn or laid aside as God pleases—only then may such things be possessed with impunity. . . . Happiness, therefore, is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best which we know, to seek that and do that, and if by 'virtue its own reward' be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more, then it is a true and noble saying. But if virtue be valued because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, then it is not noble any more, and it is turning the truth of God into a lie. Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness it is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives, and when justice is not done according to such standard (which will not be till the day after Doomsday, and not then), self-loving men will still ask, why? and find no answer. Only to those who have the heart to say—'We can do without that, it is not what we ask or desire,' is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks it. Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, and fame turn to infamy, but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected."

At the end of Mr. Froude's second volume, we find one of the most

charming fables we ever read ; and in spite of its being a somewhat long quotation, we cannot resist a desire to gratify our juvenile readers by the reproduction of the "Cat's Pilgrimage."

"It is all very fine," said the Cat, yawning, and stretching herself against the fender, 'but it is rather a bore ; I don't see the use of it.' She raised herself, and arranging her tail into a ring, and seating herself in the middle of it, with her fore paws in a straight line from her shoulders, at right angles to the hearth-rug, she looked pensively at the fire. 'It is very odd,' she went on, 'there is my poor Tom ; he is gone. I saw him stretched out in the yard. I spoke to him, and he took no notice of me. He won't, I suppose, ever any more, for they put him under the earth. Nice fellow he was. It is wonderful how little one cares about it. So many jolly evenings we spent together ; and now I seem to get on quite as well without him. I wonder what has become of him ; and my last children, too, what has become of them ? What are we here for ? I would ask the men, only they are so conceited and stupid they can't understand what we say. I hear them droning away, teaching their little ones every day ; telling them to be good, and to do what they are bid, and all that. Nobody ever tells me to do anything ; if they do, I don't do it, and I am very good. I wonder whether I should be any better if I minded more. I'll ask the Dog.'

"Dog," said she, to a little fat spaniel coiled up on a mat like a lady's muff with a head and tail stuck on to it—"Dog, what do you make of it all ?"

"The Dog faintly opened his languid eyes, looked sleepily at the Cat for a moment, and dropped them again,

"Dog," she said, 'I want to talk to you ; don't go to sleep. Can't you answer a civil question ?'

"Don't bother me," said the Dog, 'I am tired. I stood on my hind legs ten minutes this morning before I could get my breakfast, and it hasn't agreed with me.'

"Who told you to do it ?" said the Cat.

"Why, the lady I have to take care of me," replied the Dog.

"Do you feel any better for it, Dog, after you have been standing on your legs ?" asked she.

"Haven't I told you, you stupid Cat, that it hasn't agreed with me ; let me go to sleep, and don't plague me.'

"But I mean," persisted the Cat, 'do you feel improved, as the men call it ? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Do you feel good and great ?'

"What do I know ?" said the Dog. 'I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone.'

"Do you never think, oh Dog without a soul ! Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what this world is ?"

"The Dog stretched himself, and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. 'I conceive,' he said, 'that the world is for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs ; women to take care of little dogs like me, and men for the big dogs like those in the yard—and cats,' he continued, 'are to know their place, and not to be troublesome.'

"They beat you sometimes," said the Cat. 'Why do they do that ? They never beat me.'

"If they forget their places, and beat me," snarled the Dog, 'I bite them, and they don't do it again. I should like to bite you, too, you nasty cat ; you have woke me up.'

"There may be truth in what you say," said the Cat, calmly ; 'but I think your

view is limited. If you listened like me you would hear the men say it was all made for them, and you and I were made to amuse them.'

" 'They don't dare to say so?' said the Dog.

" 'They do, indeed,' said the Cat. 'I hear many things which you lose by sleeping so much. They think I am asleep, and so they are not afraid to talk before me; but my ears are open when my eyes are shut.'

" 'You surprise me,' said the Dog. 'I never listen to them, except when I take notice of them, and then they never talk of anything except of me.'

" 'I could tell you a thing or two about yourself which you don't know,' said the Cat. 'You have never heard, I daresay, that once upon a time your fathers lived in a temple, and the people prayed to them.'

" 'Prayed! what is that?'

" 'Why, they went on their knees to you to ask you to give them good things, just as you stand on your toes to them now to ask for your breakfast. You don't know either that you have got one of those bright things we see up in the air at night called after you.'

" 'Well, it is just what I said,' answered the Dog. 'I told you it was all made for us. They never did anything of that sort for you!'

" 'Didn't they? Why, there was a whole city where the people did nothing else, and as soon as we got stiff and couldn't move about any more, instead of being put under the ground like poor Tom, we used to be stuffed full of all sorts of nice things, and kept better than we were when we were alive.'

" 'You are a very wise Cat,' answered her companion; 'but what good is it knowing all this?'

" 'Why, don't you see,' said she, 'they don't do it any more. We are going down in the world, we are, and that is why living on in this way is such an unsatisfactory sort of thing. I don't mean to complain for myself, and you needn't, Dog; we have a quiet life of it; but a quiet life is not the thing, and if there is nothing to be done except sleep and eat, and eat and sleep, why, as I said before, I don't see the use of it. There is something more in it than that; there was once, and there will be again, and I shan't be happy till I find it out. It is a shame, Dog, I say. The men have been here only a few thousand years, and we—why we have been here hundreds of thousands; if we are older, we ought to be wiser. I'll go and ask the creatures in the wood.'

" 'You'll learn more from the men,' said the Dog.

" 'They are stupid, and they don't know what I say to them; besides, they are so conceited they care for nothing except themselves. No, I shall try what I can do in the woods, I'd as soon go after poor Tom as stay living any longer like this.'

" 'And where is poor Tom?' yawned the Dog.

" 'That is just one of the things I want to know,' answered she. 'Poor Tom is lying under the yard, or the skin of him, but whether that is the whole I don't feel so sure. They didn't think so in the city I told you about. It is a beautiful day, Dog, you won't take a trot out with me?' she added, wistfully.

" 'Who—I?' said the Dog; 'not quite.'

" 'You may get so wise,' said she.

" 'Wisdom is good,' said the Dog, 'but so is the hearthrug, thank you.'

" 'But you may be free,' said she.

" 'I shall have to hunt for my own dinner,' said he.

" 'But, Dog, they may pray to you again,' said she.

" 'But I shan't have a softer mat to sleep upon, Cat, and as I am rather delicate that is a consideration.'

PART II.

"So the Dog wouldn't go, and the Cat set off by herself to learn how to be happy, and to be all that a cat could be. It was a fine sunny morning. She determined to try the meadow first, and, after an hour or two, if she had not succeeded, then to go off to the wood. A Blackbird was piping away on a thorn-bush as if his heart was running over with happiness. The Cat had breakfasted, and so was able to listen without any mixture of feeling. She didn't sneak. She walked boldly up under the bush, and the Bird, seeing she had no bad purpose, sat still and sang on.

"'Good morning, Blackbird; you seem to be enjoying yourself this fine day.'

"'Good morning, Cat.'

"'Blackbird—it is an odd question, perhaps—what ought one to do to be as happy as you?'

"'Do your duty, Cat.'

"'But what is my duty, Blackbird?'

"'Take care of your little ones, Cat.'

"'I haven't any,' said she.

"'Then sing to your mate,' said the Bird.

"'Tom is dead,' said she.

"'Poor Cat!' said the Bird; 'then sing over his grave. If your song is sad, you will find your heart grow lighter for it.'

"'Mercy!' thought the Cat. 'I would do a little singing with a living lover, but I never heard of singing for a dead one. But you see, Bird, it isn't cat's nature. When I am cross, I mew; when I am pleased, I purr; but I must be pleased first. I can't purr myself into happiness.'

"'I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my Cat. It wants warming; good-bye!'

"The Blackbird flew away. The Cat looked sadly after him.

"'He thinks I am like him; and he doesn't know that a cat is a cat,' said she. 'As it happens, now, I feel a great deal for a cat. If I hadn't got a heart I shouldn't be unhappy. I won't be angry. I'll try that great fat fellow.'

"The Ox lay placidly chewing, with content beaming out of his eyes, and playing on his mouth.

"'Ox,' she said, 'what is the way to be happy?'

"'Do your duty,' said the Ox.

"'Bother,' said the Cat, 'duty again! What is it, Ox?'

"'Get your dinner,' said the Ox.

"'But it is got for me, Ox; and I have nothing to do but to eat it.'

"'Well, eat it, then, like me.'

"'So I do; but I am not happy for all that.'

"'Then you are a very wicked, ungrateful Cat!'

"The Ox munched away. A Bee buzzed into a buttercup under the Cat's nose.

"'I beg your pardon,' said the Cat, 'it isn't curiosity—what are you doing?'

"'Doing my duty; don't stop me, Cat.'

"'But, Bee, what is your duty?'

"'Making honey,' said the Bee.

"'I wish I could make honey,' sighed the Cat.

"'Do you mean to say you can't?' said the Bee. 'How stupid you must be! What do you do, then?'

"'I do nothing, Bee. I can't get anything to do.'

"'You won't get anything to do, you mean, you lazy Cat! You are a good-for-nothing drone! Do you know what we do to our drones? We kill them; and that all they are fit for. Good-morning to you!'

“ ‘Well I am sure,’ said the Cat, ‘they are treating me civilly—I had better have stopped at home at this rate! Stroke my whiskers! heartless! wicked! good-for-nothing! stupid! and only fit to be killed! This is a pleasant beginning, anyhow. I must look for some wiser creatures than these are. What shall I do? I know—I know where I will go!’

“ ‘It was in the middle of the wood. The bush was very dark, but she found him by his wonderful eye. Presently, as she got used to the light, she distinguished a sloping roll of feathers, a rounded breast, surmounted by a round head set close to the body, without an inch of a neck intervening.

“ ‘How wise he looks!’ she said. ‘What a brain! what a forehead! His head is not long, but what an expanse—and what a depth of earnestness!’

“ ‘The Owl sloped his head a little on one side; the Cat slanted hers upon the other. The Owl set it straight again, and the Cat did the same. They stood looking in this way for some minutes; at last, in a whispering voice, the Owl said—

“ ‘What are you who presume to look into my repose? Pass on upon your way, and carry elsewhere those prying eyes!’

“ ‘Oh, wonderful Owl,’ said the Cat, ‘you are wise, and I want to be wise, and I am come to you to teach me.’

“ ‘A film floated backwards and forwards over the Owl’s eyes; it was his way of showing that he was pleased.

“ ‘I have heard in our schoolroom,’ went on the Cat, ‘that you sat on the shoulder of Pallas, and she told you all about it.’

“ ‘And what would you know, oh my daughter?’ said the Owl.

“ ‘Everything,’ said the Cat, ‘everything. First of all, how to be happy.’

“ ‘Mice content you not, my child, even as they content not me,’ said the Owl. ‘It is good.’

“ ‘Mice, indeed!’ said the Cat; ‘no. Parlour cats don’t eat mice. I have better than mice, and no trouble to get it; but I want something more.’

“ ‘The body’s meat is provided. You would now fill your soul.’

“ ‘I want to improve,’ said the Cat. ‘I want something to do. I want to find out what the creatures call my duty.’

“ ‘You would learn how to employ those happy hours of your leisure—rather how to make them happy by a worthy use. Meditate, oh Cat! meditate! meditate! meditate!’

“ ‘That is the very thing!’ said she. ‘Meditate—that is what I like above all things! Only I want to know how; I want something to meditate about. Tell me, Owl, and I will bless you every hour of the day as I sit by the parlour fire.’

“ ‘I will tell you,’ answered the Owl, ‘what I have been thinking of ever since the moon changed. You shall take it home with you and think about it, too; and the next full moon you shall come again to me; we will compare our conclusions.’

“ ‘Delightful—delightful!’ said the Cat. ‘What is it? I will try this minute!’

“ ‘From the beginning,’ replied the Owl, ‘our race have been considering which first existed, the owl or the egg. The owl comes from the egg, but, likewise, the egg from the owl.’

“ ‘Mercy!’ said the Cat.

“ ‘From sunrise to sunset I ponder on it, oh Cat! When I reflect on the beauty of the complete owl, I think that must have been the first, as the cause is greater than the effect. When I remember my own childhood, I incline the other way.’

“ ‘Well, but how are we to find out?’ said the Cat.

“ ‘Find out!’ said the Owl. ‘We can never find out.’ The beauty of the question is, that its solution is impossible. What would become of all our delightful reasonings, oh, unwise Cat! if we were so unhappy as to know?’

“ ‘But what in the world is the good of thinking about it, if you can’t, oh Owl?’

"My child, that is a foolish question. It is good, in order that the thought on these things may stimulate wonder. It is in wonder that the Owl is great."

"Then you don't know anything at all," said the Cat. "What did you sit on Pallas's shoulder for? You must have gone to sleep."

"Your tone is over flippant, Cat, for philosophy. The highest of all knowledge is to know that we know nothing."

"The Cat made two great arches with her back and her tail."

"Bless the mother that laid you!" said she. "You were dropped by mistake in a goose nest. You won't do. I don't know much, but I am not such a creature as you, anyhow. A great white thing!"

"She straightened her body, stuck her tail up on end, and marched off with much dignity. But though she respected herself rather more than before, she was not on the way to the end of her difficulties. She tried all the creatures she met without advancing a step. They had all the old story, 'Do your duty.' But each had its own, and no one could tell her what hers was. Only one point they all agreed upon, the duty of getting their dinner when they were hungry. The day wore on, and she began to think she would like hers. Her meals came so regularly at home that she scarcely knew what hunger was; but now the sensation came over her very palpably, and she experienced quite new emotions as the hares and rabbits skipped about her, or as she spied a bird on a tree. For a moment she thought she would go back and eat the Owl—he was the most useless creature she had seen; but on second thought she didn't fancy he would be nice; besides that, his claws were sharp and his beak too. Presently, however, as she sauntered down the path, she came on a little open patch of green, in the middle of which a fine fat Rabbit was sitting. There was no escape. The path ended there, and the bushes were so thick on each side that he couldn't get away except through her paws."

"Really," said the Cat, "I don't wish to be troublesome; I wouldn't do it if I could help it; but I am very hungry, I am afraid I must eat you. It is very unpleasant, I assure you, to me as well as to you."

"The poor Rabbit begged for mercy."

"Well," said she, "I think it is hard; I do really—and, if the law could be altered, I should be the first to welcome it. But what can a Cat do? You eat the grass; I eat you. But Rabbit, I wish you would do me a favour?"

"Anything to save my life," said the Rabbit.

"It is not exactly that," said the Cat; "but I haven't been used to killing my own dinner, and it is disagreeable. Couldn't you die? I shall hurt you dreadfully if I kill you."

"Oh!" said the Rabbit, "you are a kind Cat; I see it in your eyes, and your whiskers don't curl like those of the cats in the woods. I am sure you will spare me."

"But, Rabbit, it is a question of principle. I have to do my duty; and the only duty I have, as far as I can make out, is to get my dinner."

"If you kill me, Cat, to do your duty, I shan't be able to do mine."

"It was a doubtful point, and the Cat was new to casuistry. 'What is your duty?' said she."

"I have seven little ones at home—seven little ones, and they will all die without me. Pray let me go."

"What! do you take care of your children?" said the Cat. "How interesting! I should like to see that; take me."

"Oh! you would eat them, you would," said the Rabbit. "No, better eat me than them. No, no!"

"Well, well," said the Cat, "I don't know; I suppose I couldn't answer for myself. I don't think I am right, for duty is pleasant, and it is very unpleasant to be

so hungry ; but I suppose you must go. You seem a good Rabbit. Are you happy, Rabbit ?

“ ‘Happy ! oh, dear beautiful Cat ! if you spare me to my poor babies.’ ”

“ ‘Pooh, pooh !’ said the Cat, peevishly ; ‘I don’t want fine speeches ; I meant whether you thought it worth while to be alive. Of course you do ; for if I don’t get my dinner, you may not get off another time. Get along, Rabbit.’ ”

PART III.

“It was a great day in the Fox’s cave. The eldest cub had the night before brought home his first goose, and they were just sitting down to it as the Cat came by.

“ ‘Ah, my young lady ! what, you in the woods—bad feeding at home, eh ? Come out to hunt for yourself ?’ ”

“The goose smelt excellent ; the Cat couldn’t help a wistful look. She was only come, she said, to pay her respects to her wild friends.

“ ‘Just in time,’ said the Fox. ‘Sit down and take a bit of dinner ; I see you want it. Make room, you cubs, place a seat for the lady.’ ”

“ ‘Why, thank you,’ said the Cat, ‘yes ; I acknowledge it is not unwelcome. Pray don’t disturb yourselves, young Foxes. I am hungry, I met a Rabbit on my way here, I was going to eat him, but he talked so prettily I let him go.’ ”

“The cubs looked up from their plates, and burst out laughing.

“ ‘For shame, young rascals,’ said their father. ‘Where are your manners ? Mind your dinner, and don’t be rude.’ ”

“ ‘Fox,’ she said, ‘when it was over, and the cubs were gone to play, ‘you are very clever. The other creatures are all stupid.’ ”

“The Fox bowed.

“ ‘Your family were always clever,’ she continued. ‘I have heard about them in the books they use in our schoolroom. It is many years since your ancestor stole the Crow’s dinner.’ ”

“ ‘Don’t say stole, Cat ; it is not pretty—obtained by superior ability.’ ”

“ ‘I beg your pardon,’ said the Cat ; ‘it is all living with those men. That is not the point. Well, but I want to know whether you are any wiser or any better than foxes were then ?’ ”

“ ‘Really,’ said the Fox, ‘I am what nature made me. I don’t know. I am proud of my ancestors, and do my best to keep up the credit of the family.’ ”

“ ‘Well, but Fox, I mean do you improve ? do I ? do any of you ? The men are always talking about doing their duty ; and that, they say, is the way to improve, and to be happy. And, as I was not happy, I thought that had, perhaps, something to do with it, so I came out to talk to the creatures. They also had the old chant—duty, duty, duty ; but none of them could tell me what mine was, or whether I had any.’ ”

“The Fox smiled—

“ ‘Another leaf out of your schoolroom,’ said he ; ‘can’t they tell you there ?’ ”

“ ‘Indeed,’ she said, ‘they are very absurd. They say a great deal about themselves, but they only speak disrespectfully of us. If such creatures as they can do their duty, and improve and be happy, why can’t we ?’ ”

“ ‘They say they do, do they ?’ said the Fox. ‘What do they say of me ?’ ”

“The Cat hesitated.

“ ‘Don’t be afraid of hurting my feelings, Cat ; out with it !’ ”

“ ‘They do all justice to your abilities, Fox,’ said she ; ‘but your morality, they say, is not high. They say you are a rogue !’ ”

“ ‘Morality !’ said the Fox. ‘Very moral and good they are. And you really believe all that ? What do they mean by calling me a rogue ?’ ”

" 'They mean you take whatever you can get, without caring whether it is just or not.'

" 'My dear Cat, it is very well for a man, if he can't bear his own face, to paint a pretty one on a panel, and call it a looking-glass; but you don't mean that it takes you in?'

" 'Teach me,' said the Cat; 'I fear I am weak.'

" 'Who get justice from the men unless they can force it? Ask the sheep that are cut into mutton. Ask the horses that draw their ploughs. I don't mean it is wrong of the men to do as they do; but they needn't lie about it.'

" 'My good Cat, there is but one law in the world. The weakest goes to the wall. The men are sharper-witted than the creatures; and so they get the better of them, and use them. They may call it just if they like; but when a tiger eats a man I guess he has just as much justice on his side as the man when he eats a sheep.'

" 'And that is the whole of it,' said the Cat. 'Well, it is very sad. What do you do with yourself?'

" 'My duty, to be sure,' said the Fox; 'use my wits, and enjoy myself. My dear friend, you and I are on the lucky side. We eat and are not eaten.'

" 'Except by the hounds now and then,' said the Cat.

" 'Yes; by brutes that forget their nature, and sell their freedom to the men,' said the Fox, bitterly. 'In the meantime my wits have kept my skin whole hitherto, and I bless nature for making me a fox and not a goose.'

" 'And are you happy, Fox?'

" 'Happy! yes, of course. So would you be if you would do like me, and use your wits. My good Cat, I should be as miserable as you if I found my geese every day at the cave's mouth. I have to hunt for them, lie for them, sneak for them, fight for them; cheat those old fat farmers, and bring out what there is inside of me; and then I am happy—of course I am. And then, Cat, think of my feelings as a father last night, when my dear boy came home with the very young gosling which was marked for the Michaelmas dinner! Old Reineke himself wasn't more than a match for that young fox at his years. You know our epic?'

" 'A little of it, Fox. They don't read it in our school-room. They say it is not moral; but I have heard pieces of it. I hope it is not all quite true.'

" 'Pack of stuff! It is the only true book that ever was written. If it is not, it ought to be. Why, that book is the law of the world—*La carrièr aux Talents*—and writing it was the honestest thing ever done by a man. That fellow knew a thing or two, and wasn't ashamed of himself when he did know. They are all like him, too, if they would only say so. There never was one of them yet who wasn't more ashamed of being called ugly than of being called a rogue, and of being called stupid than of being called naughty.'

" 'It has a roughish end, this life of yours, if you keep clear of the hounds, Fox,' said the Cat.

" 'What—a rope in the yard? Well, it must end some day; and when the farmer catches me I shall be getting old, and my brains will be taking leave of me; so the sooner I go the better, that I may disgrace myself the less. Better be jolly while it lasts, than sit mewing out your life and grumbling at it as a bore.'

" 'Well,' said the Cat, 'I am much obliged to you. I suppose I may even get home again. I shall not find a wiser friend than you, and perhaps I shall not find another good-natured enough to give me so good a dinner. But it is very sad.'

" 'Think of what I have said,' answered the Fox. 'I'll call at your house some night; you will take me a walk round the yard, and then I'll show you.'

" 'Not quite,' thought the Cat, as she trotted off. 'One good turn deserves another, that is true; and you have given me a dinner. But they have given me many at

home, and I mean to have a few more of them ; so I think you mustn't go round our yard.'

PART IV.

"The next morning, when the Dog came down to breakfast, he found his old friend sitting in her usual place on the hearthrug.

"'Oh ! so you have come back,' said he. 'How d'ye do ? You don't look as if you had had a very pleasant journey.'

"'I have learnt something ;' said the Cat. 'Knowledge is never pleasant.'

"'Then it is better to be without it,' said the Dog.

"'Especially better to be without knowing how to stand on one's hind legs, Dog,' said the Cat ; 'still, you see, you are proud of it ; but I have learnt a great deal, Dog. They won't worship you any more, and it is better for you ; you wouldn't be any happier. What did you do yesterday ?'

"'Indeed,' said the Dog, 'I hardly remember. I slept after you went away. In the afternoon I took a drive in the carriage. Then I had my dinner. My maid washed me and put me to bed. There is the difference between you and me ; you have to wash yourself and put yourself to bed.'

"'And you really don't find it a bore, living like this ? Wouldn't you like something to do ? Wouldn't you like some children to play with ? The Fox seemed to find it very pleasant.'

"'Children, indeed' said the Dog, 'when I have got men and women ! Children are well enough for foxes and wild creatures ; refined dogs know better ; and, for doing—can't I stand on my toes, can't I dance ? at least, couldn't I before I was so fat ?'

"'Ah ! I see everybody likes what he was bred to,' sighed the Cat. 'I was bred to do nothing, and I must like that ; train the cat as the cat should go, and the cat will be happy and ask no questions. Never seek for impossibilities, Dog. That is the secret.'

"'And you have spent a day in the woods to learn that !' said he. 'I could have taught you that. Why, Cat, one day when you were sitting scratching your nose before the fire, I thought you looked so pretty that I should have liked to marry you ; but I knew I couldn't, so I didn't make myself miserable.'

"The Cat looked at him with her odd green eyes. 'I never wished to marry you, Dog ; I shouldn't have presumed. But it was wise of you not to fret about it. But listen to me, Dog—listen. I met many creatures in the wood, all sorts of creatures, beasts and birds. They were all happy, they didn't find it a bore ; they went about their work, and did it, and enjoyed it, and yet none of them had the same story to tell. Some did one thing, some another ; and, except the Fox, each had got a sort of notion of doing its duty. The Fox was a rogue ; he said he was ; but yet he was not unhappy. His conscience never troubled him. Your work is standing on your toes, and you are happy. I have none, and that is why I am unhappy. When I came to think about it, I found every creature out in the wood had to get its own living. I tried to get mine, but I didn't like it because I wasn't used to it ; and as for knowing, the Fox, who didn't care to know anything except how to cheat greater fools than himself, was the cleverest fellow I came across. Oh ! the Owl, Dog—you should have heard the Owl ! But I came to this, that it was no use trying to know and the only way to be jolly was to go about one's own business like a decent Cat. Cats' business seems to be killing rabbits and such like ; and it is not the pleasantest possible ; so the sooner one is bred to it the better. As for me, that have been bred to do nothing, why, as I said before, I must try to like that ; but I consider myself an unfortunate Cat.'

“ ‘So don't I consider myself an unfortunate Dog,’ said her companion.

“ ‘Very likely you do not,’ said the Cat.

“ ‘By this time their breakfast had come in. The Cat ate hers, the Dog did penance for his ; and if one might judge by the purring on the hearthrug, the Cat, if not the happiest of the two, at least was not exceedingly miserable.’ ”

The Sea-Gull (La Gaviota). From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. By the Hon. Augusta Bethell. 2 vols. [Bentley.]—Miss Bethell has translated with great skill and spirit a novel so fresh and so full of special character of its own that the reading public will not only appreciate the present translation, but will doubtless eagerly look for another from the same source. Dona Cecilia Faber, who writes under the well-known name of Fernan Caballero, is already very popular in her own country, and her graphic descriptions of Spanish life and manners cannot fail to interest her English readers, for she knows well how to bring out in strongest relief the prejudices and passions of the national character, the effects of the ingrained superstitions and the local and provincial customs. *La Gaviota*, the heroine of the tale, is a fisherman's daughter, and the author displays great talent for observation and considerable imaginative power in her portraiture of this extraordinary character throughout the changes of *La Gaviota's* life—from the time of her leaping, with naked feet, over the rocks of the sea-shore to her appearance as the celebrated singer Maria Santalo. Nor is she less successful in her pictures of Brother Gabriel, waiting for the restoration of the monastery ; Don Modesto, the Senor Commandant, whose whole heart is fixed on the repair of the walls of the fort of St. Cristobal ; Tia Maria, the good old grandmother and ministering spirit of the village ; and the dreamy, delicate minded Stein, who is infatuated by the coarse, heartless heroine by the means of her beautiful voice and his own simple faith in her as a “true child of nature.” The descriptions of village life have the most power and finish, and the different effects of the news of Stein's approaching marriage with the “*Sea-Gull*” on the different characters of the tale are ably rendered, and well summed up by the observation of Manuel, the village cynic, who wonders if Stein will obtain the cake reserved in heaven for those husbands who never repented of matrimony, and which, up to the present time, nobody has ever tasted—because, his wife retorted, husbands never went to heaven.

It has been suggested, and with some justice, that the drawing-room scenes are inferior to the broad graphic pictures of village life, but the dialogues are by no means without spirit and interest ; we will give, as an example, the following between Rita, the niece of the Marchioness of Guadalcanal, and Rafael Arias :—

“ ‘Rita was the only woman that Rafael Arias had ever loved, not with a lachrymose romantic passion, which was not in his nature (than which) one more unsentimental

could scarcely have been found), but with a strong, sincere, and constant affection. Rafael, who was an excellent fellow, noble in mind, as well as in birth, and owner of a large estate, was the very husband of all others that her friends desired for her. But she, notwithstanding her brother's vigilance, had given her heart to a young man of good family and handsome appearance, but a gambler, on which account her brother opposed the match, and strictly forbade her seeing or speaking to him. Rita, with a firmness of character and Spanish perseverance worthy of a better cause, waited patiently, without complaints, sighs, or tears, till her twenty-first birthday should arrive, when she could marry as she pleased, in spite of her brother's opposition. Meanwhile, her lover rode up and down the street, splendidly mounted, and dressed *a lo majo*, and they corresponded daily. That evening Rita had entered, as usual, in perfect silence, and had seated herself in her accustomed place by her aunt, that she might see her play. The marchioness did not know her niece had come in until she heard the duke ask her whether she had really refused Sir John Burnwood's offer. Then she exclaimed—

“‘Why, Rita, what a fright you have given me! How did you get here without any one knowing it?’”

“‘Would you wish me to march in with drums and trumpets, like a regiment?’”

“‘At least,’ said the marchioness, ‘you might have saluted the company.’”

“‘The card-players would have been disturbed,’ said Rita. ‘Look at your cards—you will see I am right. Diamonds are played, and you’re going to revoke through scolding me.’”

“‘During this dialogue Rafael seated himself behind his cousin, and whispered in her ear, ‘Rita, when am I to ask for the dispensation?’”

“‘When I tell you,’ she replied, without turning her head.

“‘And what can I do to merit the arrival of that happy moment?’”

“‘Pray to my saint, who is the patroness of all impossibilities.’”

“‘Cruel one! Some day you’ll repent having refused my hand. You will lose the best and most grateful of husbands.’”

“‘And you the worst and most ungrateful of wives.’”

“‘I say, Rita! has our uncle opposite any attraction in his head that prevents your turning your face to the person you are talking to?’”

“‘I have a stiff neck.’”

“‘Which stiff neck is called Luis de Haro. Are you still infatuated with that consumer of cards?’”

“‘More than ever.’”

“‘And what does your brother say?’”

“‘If you wish to know, ask him.’”

“‘And you will let me die?’”

“‘Without moving an eyelash.’”

“‘I’ve made a vow to the devil at the feet of St. Michael, to gild his horn, if some day he will carry off Luis de Haro.’”

“‘Pray wish him ill! The ill-will of the envious fattens.’”

“‘It seems that I bore you,’ said Rafael, after some moments of silence, on seeing his cousin yawn.

“‘Have you only just discovered that?’” replied Rita.

“‘That means, you wish me away. Well, I’ll go, then, as Luis Pack-o’-cards is so jealous.’”

“‘Jealous of you!’” replied his cousin, with one of her sudden laughs, ‘he’s about as jealous of you as he is of the fat Englishman!’”

“‘Thank you for the comparison, amiable cousin, and farewell for ever.’”

“‘As you please,’ replied Rita, without turning her head.

“‘Rafael got up in a rage.’”

Sermons on Sin: Lent Lectures at S. Alban the Martyr, Holborn. By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. [Rivingtons.]—Lent Sermons have become annual contributions to literature, and are generally of considerable value, inasmuch as they usually deal with the highest subjects of human thought. In the volume before us, Mr. Shipley (one of the chief ornaments of the Ritualistic school), discourses upon the nature, the effect, and the remedy of sin. His teaching is, of course, decidedly Anglican and ecclesiastical in feeling, and it is undoubtedly earnest and devout. The removal of sin by sacramental confession is, as might be expected, one of Mr. Shipley's strong points. He speaks of habitual acts of confession as in accordance with the intention of the Church, and believes that, as we increase in sanctity, our confessions will increase; and that whilst the soul will at first feel the need of but seldom unburdening herself in the tribunal of penance, eventually she will seek the higher and deeper consolations of confession, at once with more anxiety, with greater benefit, and not less often.

"Some years ago, when the subject of confession was less widely, but perhaps more bitterly agitated than now—when persons spoke more harshly against its use because they knew less of its blessings; one who was then, and still is, a master in our spiritual Israel, was asked his advice on the subject of preaching confession. 'Preach repentance to your people,' I have been told was the substance of the doctor's reply, 'speak unto them of penitence, and they will come to confession of themselves.' Advice, if I may say so—and you, my brethren, will give your assent to the opinion—advice most judicious, based upon a knowledge of the human heart most profound. All the preaching in the world will bring no penitent, for any useful purpose, upon his knees in the confessional, unless he feel, intensely feel the need of the atoning blood of Jesus—unless he repent him truly, deeply, heartily, of his sins past."

We shall leave those of our readers who wish to pursue this subject to ascertain for themselves the two kinds of minds and two sorts of persons to whom Mr. Shipley considers habitual confession to be most useful; after remarking that everyone must be placed in one of the two divisions, as they are somewhat comprehensive, being described as "those who have led sinful lives, and those who have not."

We cannot help regretting to find a doctrine advocated which we believe to be opposed to the whole teaching of the Church of England, and which throws discredit on the first and noblest distinction of her prayers, which assume from beginning to end that God is a Father, and that we may all approach Him with clean hearts as His adopted children. We can quite understand how the sense of sin drives men to the confessional, for sin-sick consciences meet the priest halfway, and crave for mortifications and special personal dealings; but the confessional will never teach that the conscience itself can be set free, that the favour of God is given, not purchased, and that He has Himself broken

the chains which bound men, and commanded them to come boldly into His presence through the one Mediator. It will always be an allure-ment until people learn the real meaning and mystery of confession ; and they will never cease from men whose breath is in their nostrils until they have been persuaded to go up to the mountain of the Lord, that He may teach them of His ways, and that they may walk in His paths. It is useless to bid them cast the idols which they have each made for themselves to the moles and to the bats, until we have shown them what deliverance has been proclaimed by the Gospel of Christ's reconciliation, when the covenant "I will be to them a Father, and they shall be to me sons and daughters, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," was actually established.

The Church and the People: An Address to Members of the Church of England upon the Pew System and the Weekly Offertory. [Published by the London Free and Open Church Association, 25 Norfolk Street, Strand.]—This pamphlet affords a very clear and full account of two of the principal objects of the Society by which it is issued—the substitution of free and unappropriated seats for pews, and the revival of the weekly offertory. Judging from the list of Vice-Presidents and Council at the end of the pamphlet, the Association is supported by members of very varied opinions—"your ritualist, your evangelical churchman, and your steady-going old-fashioned Anglican," as the Earl of Shrewsbury said at its recent anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall—and no sincere adherent of our National Church can fail to sympathise with the great end the Society has in view—the extension of religious influences amongst the poor—though all may not quite agree as to the best means of attaining it. After stating that "the Church of England at the present day is not practically the church of the people," and that the reason is to be found in the prevalence of the pew system, under which the accommodation for the working-classes in our churches is insufficient in extent and of a nature rather to deter than encourage their attendance, and citing some very strong testimony in support of these opinions from the Dean of Ely, Dr. Close, the Archdeacon of Coventry, Lord Shaftesbury, and others, the pamphlet proceeds—

"It is well that churchmen should seriously reflect on the tendency of things, politically, to place more power in the hands of the masses of the nation than they have hitherto enjoyed. The spread of education is, of itself, conducive to that end. Let not the masses of the nation, trained in childhood to religious observances, be able any longer to say that the nationally Established Church has, in their manhood, slighted their claims to her ministrations, on account of the poverty and humble station in which God has seen fit to place them. It is not too much to say that the security for the maintenance of the Church of England as the Established Church depends materially upon her hold on the affections of the people ; that is, of the whole people without respect of persons ; and not, as the advocates for the pew

system would appear to assume, upon the support of the upper classes only. True to her high and holy mission, the Church of England, as the church of the people, can have nothing to fear from without. She will have the foremost place in the affections of a loyal and intelligent nation. Above all, she will be following the example of her glorious Head, and fulfilling His will, whose Gospel is to be preached to every creature."

On the second point treated of, the substitution of the weekly offertory for pew-rents, we are told that besides being a strictly Scriptural system, and in accordance with the law of the Church as expressed in the Rubric—

"It is—and God has blessed it to that end—a far more productive source of obtaining money for the support of the Church than the pew-rent system, which rejects the contributions of the large majority of the people whose weekly earnings would afford an ample and convenient source for weekly contributions, and which encourages the rich to say that, when they have paid their pew-rent—which they naturally look upon as a tax—they have done all that ought to be expected of them for the support of the Church. The Dean of Manchester, in an address delivered on January 28, 1864, urged the use of the Weekly Offertory on the highest ground of Christian principle: and also spoke thus regarding it—'Every one feels himself involved in the Church's work; and instead of depending, as has all along been the custom in pew-rented churches, upon the givings of the rich upon occasions of public appeals for charity, it is found that even the poorest contribute something; and through the small givings of the many, the amounts received have been larger than have been obtained from the greater givings of the few. The principle is a sound one, as experience in secular things testifies.'"

We understand that the Society includes some lady members and associates, whose number will probably increase, as their sex takes a strong and general interest in Church work; and all who engage in Sunday School teaching must regret to find how small a proportion of their young pupils continue regular attendants at divine service as they grow up.

The Secretary of the Society—Mr. S. R. T. Mayer—will gladly supply our readers with copies of this pamphlet for distribution if application be made to him.

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench. Edited by R. H. Mair. Illustrated with 900 Armorial Bearings. [Dean & Son.]—This is a very comprehensive and, on the whole, a very correct volume. It not only contains the biographies of the Members of Parliament and judges, but their political opinions, heraldic emblazons, and descriptions of armorial bearings. We would call Mr. Mair's attention to the strange error which has crept into page 93—an error so apparent that it almost corrects itself. It is, however, scarcely possible to avoid some mistakes in a work of this nature, and we think that the editor deserves great credit for the general accurac

completeness of the book, which is a valuable companion volume to "Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage."

WE have also received "Volunteer Hospital Nursing," by Elizabeth Garrett, L.S.A., read at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Manchester, 1866, and afterwards published in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Miss Garrett informs us that the main point at issue between those who discuss the question of hospital reform, is whether it shall be continued, or whether it shall give place to the religious or volunteer method. She then proceeds to state the distinctive features of the present system and its rival. In the majority of English civil hospitals the nursing department is under the control of the matron. Choosing the nurses, and overlooking them, form two of her most important duties.

"The nursing staff consists of two classes: the head nurses and the under nurses. The former are in some hospitals called sisters, to distinguish them from the under nurses. These are again divided into night and day nurses. The head nurses are responsible for from thirty to fifty patients; they give medicines, attend to the surgical dressings, receive the medical directions for each patient, keep order in the wards, serve out the dinners, and see that the actual attendance upon the patients is given by the under nurses. As a rule they are skilful, experienced, kindly people, very well suited to their work. They usually belong to the lower section of the middle class, are the widows of small tradesmen or clerks, or less frequently they have been confidential domestic servants. Their salary varies from £20 to £50 a year, with board and residence.

"The under nurses wait upon the patients, assist the sister in her duties, and in many cases clean the wards. One nurse is found to be enough for fourteen or fifteen patients, so that every head nurse has two or three under nurses beneath her. The latter are, as a rule, vastly inferior to the head nurses both in intelligence and character. They are commonly below the class of second or even third rate domestic servants; if they were not nurses, one would expect them to be maids-of-all-work, scrubs, or charwomen. They receive about £10 or £12 a year, with partial board, or board wages. From them again there is an apparent descent to the night nurses. I believe it is apparent only, and that actually they are much on a level, the night nurses seeming worse only because more is required of them, and because they are left for several hours entirely without supervision. When they do not live in the hospital, they eke out their scanty incomes by working the greater part of the day, and consequently they come to the hospital hoping to be able to sleep the greater part of the night. On the whole, ordinary hospital nursing may be described as a mixture of good, indifferent, and bad—the head nurses being very often good, the under nurses fairly good when under supervision, and bad when left without it.

"In contrast to this, the volunteer method puts the nursing department into the hands of ladies who, having elected to do the work, are interested in doing it well. The main difference is, that the control no longer rests with the matron, and that at least the higher part of the nursing is done gratuitously. The head nurses are replaced by ladies to whom the under nurses are directly responsible. At King's College and University College Hospitals in London, where this method has been introduced, there is but one opinion as to the immense improvement in the nursing

since the change was effected. The *Lancet* has recently given emphatic testimony on the same point. Referring to the volunteer help given during the cholera epidemic, it says—'The nursing by ladies is the very best nursing that England has yet seen ;' and it prophesies that we cannot long refuse to adopt a system 'which embodies intelligence, the keenest sympathy, refinement,' and, it might have added, 'economy.' In fact, the advantages to the patients and to the hospitals are so great and so obvious, that it is astonishing to find anyone blind to them. It is all gain to them to get, in the place of paid servants, ladies who are willing to do the work for nothing in a peculiarly admirable manner. But, admitting the superiority of ladies as nurses, it is still possible to question the wisdom of asking them to take up nursing as a profession. No amount of medical testimony in favour of their fitness for the work is of much avail when we are asking—'Is the work fit for them ?' The *Lancet* says it is, apparently on the ground that the volunteer cholera nurses, in spite of very hard work, continued in excellent health. And in truth the 'health and strength' argument, as it may be called, is entirely with those who advocate nursing by volunteers. There is very little room for doubt that most ladies would find the work of hospital nursing positively invigorating. Constant exercise in large and airy wards, employment of the kind which prevents morbid introspection or continuous mental exertion, absence of anxiety, regular and early hours, simple diet, and a life at least much less dull than that of most single women, combine to form a sum of conditions under which the health of most ladies would rapidly improve. The volunteer nurses in the cholera hospitals were by no means above the average standard of health, and among them there was but one opinion as to the hygienic effect of the work. One lady who had suffered daily from neuralgia for seven years, lost it entirely from the day she came to the hospital ; several agreed in saying they took more food in a day than they had before taken in a week, and in all there was the unmistakable look of healthy vigour. But the argument drawn from these facts has less weight when we reflect upon the beneficial influence of any regular work done with spirit and interest. It tells strongly in favour of doing something, but it does not decide what it is best to do. The question remains—'Is it for the advantage of the whole community that hospital nursing should be accepted as an unpaid profession by women of the educated classes ?' To answer this, it is necessary to consider the subject of unpaid *versus* paid labour somewhat broadly, not merely with reference to the special point at issue.

"It will probably be conceded that wherever the circumstances of society and of the individual permit a choice of work, there are two points to be considered ; namely, the appropriateness of the individual for any special work, and of that particular work for him. A small amount of thought shows us that these two points require consideration in a kind of inverse proportion. The quality which our American friends have named 'faculty' fits its possessor to acquire skill in doing almost anything he attempts to do, but the power of doing small things well ought not to be used as a fetter to bind him perpetually to the doing of them. The same is true of women. A lady who, with very little training, does hospital nursing in a first-rate way, is, *a priori*, likely to be able to do much more difficult things ; and the question is whether it is desirable, for the sake of saving money to the hospital, to limit her permanently to work of so subordinate a character ? What we want to know is, if hospital nursing can only be done well by gentlewomen—if the qualities which fit them for many employments pledge them, as it were, to this ? For it must be remembered that, in virtue of their position and their advantages, cultivated women are bound to discriminate in the choice of work. As education multiplies power, the moral obligation of making a choice is also increased. If the highest work is to be done at all, those capable of doing it must be content to leave the easier work to others, to recognise that they are bound not to do it, but to leave it undone for the sake of those to whom

it is the highest possible. True social economy demands not only that everyone should do something, but that everyone should do his best. The advantage of getting moderately easy work exceptionally well done for nothing is apparent only if those who do it are prevented from doing other equally useful work for which those whom they displace are entirely unfit. It is generally admitted now, that in a well-ordered household the mistress ought not to do the domestic work herself, if she can afford to keep servants; although in virtue of her superior refinement she is peculiarly capable of doing it well. For experience has shown that when she gives up her time to petty domestic businesses the higher duties of her position get neglected; so that as there are appropriate people glad to do her cooking and dusting as a means of getting their living, her duty is to see that they do them, and to reserve herself for work which they cannot do. I would suggest that what is true of domestic management is true also of hospital nursing. Admirably as ladies can nurse, the actual work of nursing is not much more appropriate to them than that of cooking or dusting in their own homes. It is not true that hospital nursing cannot be well done by women of inferior rank and culture, and therefore it cannot be entirely desirable that those of a higher class should spend their time in doing it.

"The difficulties in the way of good hospital nursing would, I believe, be completely removed, by the introduction of two reforms into the old commercial system. In the first place the scale of wages should be uniformly raised to the present maximum rate. In the official report on hospitals made to the Privy Council in 1863 by Dr. Bristowe and Mr Holmes, much of the improvement observed in the nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital is attributed to the higher salaries given to the nurses since the Nightingale training institution was associated with the hospital. The reporters state that while the old rate of wages was, for the head nurses £40 to £50 a year without board, and for the under nurses 10s. to 13s. per week, without board, the present rate is £50 and £21 respectively, with board, and that this higher scale has been sufficient to gain for the hospital the services of a very superior class of women. Respectably clever women will not take the post of under nurse at the present minimum rate of hospital pay, and of course where the salaries are so low that none but intemperate charwomen will think of taking them, the nursing is as bad as intemperate charwomen can make it. The wages should be sufficient to attract respectable women of the rank of good domestic servants, that is, they should be somewhat above that which the people who are wanted could get in service, as an under nurse's life is necessarily less comfortable than that of most domestic servants.

"In the second place I would suggest that the supervision, now confined to the day, should be extended to the night. Nursing requires more thought and attention than the routine work of domestic servants; and, therefore, even fairly good under nurses should have over them one who would give them even more than the supervision which a careful mistress gives to her servants.

"It is not easy to see why the superior work of supervision should be done by unpaid labourers. It is the kind of work which many women, who have to support themselves, could do exceedingly well; and the keen demand for remunerated work, among women of the educated class, makes it desirable to open as many such situations as possible.

"The amount of employment thus opened would not be great, as probably not more than two hundred such situations could be offered to women if all the hospitals in the United Kingdom agreed to use the services of paid lady superintendents. Excluding workhouse infirmaries, there are only about a hundred hospitals (having more than fifty beds) in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Two or three of these in the rural districts are too small to require more supervision than the matron ought to be able to give, and this is the case also with a few of the special hospitals in London. On the other hand, several of the large metropolitan hospitals could perhaps employ

three ladies, so that the rough calculation of two for each hospital containing more than fifty beds, will not be far from accurate.

"It may be said that the objections here expressed to ladies doing the work of the head nurses does not apply to those who, though very much in need of employment, are not likely to do anything higher than nursing. It sounds very plausible to say, 'Here are a number of unemployed women, pining for work, not in need of payment, glad indeed to do the work of a head nurse for nothing, and not at all likely to enter into any more difficult work. Surely they may offer to give their time to the service of the sick poor?'

"I admit that to say No, sounds somewhat hard, but the hardship is removed by the simple expedient of their taking the salary which should rightly go with the work. It is not fair to the women to whom work is bread, for those to whom it is luxury to come into the market and cheapen its price by giving what the others have to sell. The notion that there are crowds of women eager to do hard work for nothing, very much increases the difficulties of those who have to live by their work. It would be far better that it should be accepted as a point of honour among women, as it is among professional men, to take without question the salary or fee which belongs to any post or work even when the recipient is not without some private income. The difficulty of spending the extra money need never be great or permanent, or the salary could be returned indirectly to the hospital.

"But it may further be asked, 'Why have not ladies the right to give their services when the hospital physicians and surgeons give theirs?'

"The answer to this is, that the cases are in no degree parallel. True, the medical staff usually receive no payment for their services, and even where a medical school is connected with the hospital, the fees received by its teachers are too small to be of any moment. But, on the other hand, the immense advantage of hospital practice far more than repays any one enjoying it, for the time and labour it costs; the amount expended being indeed very much less than it would be in the case of a lady who made the wards her home.

"Perhaps the only class of volunteer nurses to whom the objections now raised do not apply, are those to whose exertions we owe the recent renewal of the discussion; those, namely, who come forward to give extra help in times of emergency. But there is no reason, because the ordinary staff of nurses are paid, why in times of sudden and unusual difficulty extra volunteer help should not be both offered and accepted. To help heartily for a month or two is very different from taking the routine work as an unpaid profession. In fact, it may fairly be doubted if the whole benefit of the help in the cholera wards would have remained, had volunteer nurses been quite *en règle* in the hospitals. Their presence was then all the more valuable because no one could take it quite as a matter of course; half the good they did (and it would be difficult to say how much this was) in cheering and encouraging every one, was due to the fact that neither the patients, the medical officers, nor the regular nurses were accustomed to their presence; the stimulus was felt the more from its being a novelty.

"Briefly recapitulating, in conclusion, the opinions now expressed, it is contended:—

"1. That hospital nursing can be very well done by women of the lower middle class.

"2. That the payment necessary to secure the services of appropriate people need not exceed £50 a year for the head nurses, £21 a year for the under nurses, with board and residence.

"3. That each head nurse thus paid could, if the size and arrangement of the wards permitted it, attend to not less than fifty patients, and every under nurse, in ordinary circumstances, to fourteen or fifteen.

"4. That the influence of a lady superintendent over the nurses would be exceedingly good, as combining the principal advantage of the volunteer method with the advantages of the present system.

"5. That the office of lady superintendent is one which should be held by a trained and qualified person, and that a salary should be given which a lady of the educated class would be glad to take; for instance, not less than £150 with board and rooms.

"6. That the employment which a general adoption of this plan would open to educated women is too limited to justify its advocates in thinking of nursing as a profession for ladies, in the sense in which the word profession is commonly used. Two hundred such situations represent the maximum number ever likely to be offered, and the probable number would be very much below this."

A Treatise on Punctuation, and on other matters relating to correct Writing and Printing. By an Old Printer. [Pitman.]—We recommend this book to the attention of young writers, who, for the most part, appear to regard punctuation as a mere matter of taste and individual judgment.

The Choral Cyclopædia; being a comprehensive collection of Hymns and Moral Songs, with Music adapted to the whole of them, arranged in vocal score, for four voices. By Charles Brabham. [Pitman.]

Watts's Psalms and Hymns, abridged for vocal use, and adapted to Music. [Pitman.]—These collections, which are published fortnightly in penny numbers, appear to us likely to be very popular. Much taste and discrimination have been shown in the two parts before us; great care has been taken to bring the words and music in juxtaposition. The musical accompaniments are selected from composers of all nations, and the paper and print are excellent.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1867.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

ALTHOUGH first impressions are said to be the most lasting, we are continually finding out how much some people improve upon further acquaintance, and, on the other hand, how entirely erroneous was the favourable impression we had formed of others. Nevertheless, we always fancy that we have good grounds for holding our present opinions, and are ever ready to join issue with those who venture to question their correctness. Now it is not strange that we should contend for our opinions generally, for, believing ourselves in the right, we naturally conclude that those who differ from us are in the wrong ; but it is strange that we should cling to them so tenaciously in matters where experience proves they are so completely fallible. We ought to remember that it is impossible for any one of us to occupy exactly another's standing point, and that each, from his own ground of vantage or disadvantage, can see something more, or something more distinctly, than his neighbour ; and as such is the case, there can be no cause for surprise that our conclusions should differ with our opportunities for forming them. But we are, most of us, much too hasty in coming to conclusions ; indeed, we are continually acting as though a single circumstance gave us the same clue to a man's mental and moral anatomy, as a single bone gives Professor Owen to the entire structure of one of the extinct animals. The fact is, we imbibe prejudices and flatter ourselves with the notion that we have formed opinions ; for on first becoming acquainted with a man we are almost sure to be prejudiced in his favour, if he coincides in our views, or if there appears to be any probability of our getting anything out of him ; for we are always pleased with the good sense of those whose ideas are similar to ours, and are ever willing to believe in the kindness of disposition of those who seem disposed to be of service to us. But if, on the other hand, the man chooses to see with his own eyes instead of ours, or if the plans he has formed for the advancement of his welfare run counter to those we have formed for the gratification

of our vanity, we most likely condemn him on suspicion of his being one of the wrong sort of men, without troubling ourselves as to whether our suspicion is correct or not. Thus we are apt to see in others, not the men and women they really are, but only the reflections of our own imagination, the impersonations of our own prejudice. Granted that the face is to some extent an index to character, such an index is almost always more or less deceptive—sometimes intentionally so—and physiognomy is a language so full of idiom and apparent contradiction, that few indeed are they who in all instances can translate it aright.

And especially is it difficult to understand in these days, when one of the arts held in the highest estimation is the art of appearing to regard everything which is calculated to affect the passions or emotions with an air of stoical indifference ; when to betray one's friend is a lesser social offence than to betray one's feelings ; and when, rather than be scoffed at for wearing one's heart on one's sleeve, it is considered better to adopt the fashion of the scoffers, and not wear it at all. Those people are generally most praised and abused who are least understood, and those who thus praise and abuse them are commonly those who possess the least understanding, for a sensible man knows that the strongest considerations which can be brought to bear upon any case, bear only upon one side of it, and that a greater number of considerations, almost as strong, sometimes bear upon the other side. Experience has taught him that people are not generally nearly so bad as they sometimes appear, nor nearly so good as they appear at other times, and he feels that to decide entirely for or against a man from a single circumstance, is as foolish as to determine upon the size of a tree from the inspection of a single leaf. It would be well if we were always in the habit of seeing the matter in this light. But, unfortunately, most of us appear to be labouring under the delusion that the world is a sort of jury box, and that it behoves us to come to a direct verdict upon every case which we see fit to consider. This idea would be less objectionable, if the cases were gone into thoroughly ; if only the evidence of credible witnesses was received ; and if a fair hearing was accorded to all parties. But the actual state of things is the reverse of this ; we bring in our verdicts upon the most superficial evidence, we receive the testimony of the most unreliable witnesses, and we will hear no single word in favour of the view to which we are opposed. And when afterwards fresh evidence is forced upon us, which entirely rebuts that upon which our decisions are based, the probability is, that the guilty person whom we have acquitted is beyond the reach of justice ; or that it is no longer possible to make full restitution to the innocent person whom we have condemned. Such results are brought about, not so much from our want of capacity for forming fair judgments, as from our disinclina-

tion to exercise our capacity ; for, at the outset, we almost always unconsciously regard everybody from the standing-point of our own interest, and adopt that view concerning him which we think likely to prove most conducive to our own advantage. And if our first impression is unfavourable, he must abide by it ; we would rather not hear anything which shall have a tendency to alter it ; it would not have been unfavourable, but that we fancied he stood, or was likely to stand, in our way ; and the less we know to his credit, the less compunction shall we feel as to the means we adopt for getting him out of our way. But though this may be a very convenient system for us, it is assuredly a very unjust one towards others ; and we ourselves complain bitterly of its injustice, when, through their application of it, we feel ourselves to be its victims. It is said that certain dishonest tradesmen are in the habit of buying their goods by one set of weights and measures and selling them by another set ; and the probability is, that if we were in the habit of judging our fellow-men by the tests we apply to ourselves, the conclusions we arrive at would be very different from what they are ; for when others are weighed in our balance and found wanting, it is well nigh as often the fault of the balance as their fault. Indeed, if the truth is told, they are likely to be condemned even more on account of their estimable qualities than on account of those which cannot command esteem, for those which command no esteem provoke no jealousy, and jealousy lies at the root of our dislike far more frequently than we are apt to imagine. And yet, under such circumstances, we seldom or never think that we are acting unfairly, or fancy the conclusions we form are to be easily upset.

Ignoring the fact that no man can see beyond his own horizon (and heaven knows that of some men is limited enough !), we arrive at our decisions on the assumption that nothing is, which is not apparent to us. But, as the centre of the circle of which our horizon is the circumference is continually changing, our views must necessarily to some extent change with it ; it is, therefore, manifestly foolish to arrive at definite decisions on insufficient data. Not that we are so absurd as to set up for ourselves any claim to infallibility. We only go to the extent of feeling disgusted with those who show that the opinions to which we stand committed are fallible. We imagine things ourselves, and then fancy we have a just cause of complaint against them for having led us to suppose that such and such was the case. Thus, if a man whom we have condemned turns out worse than we expected, there is very often at the bottom of our regret that it should be so—though we do not acknowledge it even to ourselves—a certain sense of satisfaction ; for such a fact appears to speak for our moderation, and moderation is a quality upon the possession of which most of us—especially those of us who are in the habit of going to extremes—greatly

pride ourselves. But if, on the other hand, he turns out better than we expected, though we profess to be—and very possibly are—greatly rejoiced thereat, there is, not unfrequently, in our minds at the same time a certain vague impression that we have not been fairly treated ; for we cannot help feeling that nobody has any right to be any better than—in order to square with our preconceived notions of him—he ought to be. But how hard it is at first for us to believe that he is any better, and how easy to accuse him of being a hypocrite and of sailing under false colours, when he at length appears, not what we fancied him, but what in his heart he is earnestly striving to be !

There may be, and there generally is, some reasonable excuse for the impressions we form ; but there is no excuse for our acting upon mere impressions as though they were matured convictions in cases that may seriously affect the welfare of others. It is true, the most trivial circumstance will afford a fair indication of which way the wind is blowing, but it will only indicate which way it is blowing at a particular time, and gives not the faintest clue as to the quarter from which it blows generally.

But if a *prima facie* view produces the impression which serves our purpose, we take care not to look any further lest a fuller investigation should destroy it. And as it is generally conceded that everybody has a right to his own opinions, we jump to the conclusion that he has a right to his own fancies and prejudices also, and imagine that as everything is right which we think right, therefore nothing is wrong which we choose to accept without thought. But in speaking of everybody in such a case we apply the term strictly to ourselves ; for though everybody else has a theoretical right to his own opinions, we feel that he has only a practical right to them so far as they coincide with ours. But while we make these nice distinctions it is as well perhaps not to dwell on them too much, it is as well to humour society by subscribing to all its little harmless rules and formularies, for such a course makes society think well of us, and does not impede our action in the least ; for when we agree that everybody has a right to his own opinion, it logically follows that we have a right to our own opinion that such a notion is entirely a mistake ; and when we acknowledge that “fair play is a jewel,” we remember that jewels are not to be displayed upon all occasions. Besides, though such rules are laid down for our general guidance, we are not of necessity bound by them always ; and as there is no rule without exceptions, it is very easy to persuade ourselves that all our cases are exceptions to every rule by which we do not choose to feel bound, and that all our neighbours' cases are typical of those rules which are likely to prove most damaging to them.

But after all, we should remember that we are only ourselves to ourselves, that we are quite different persons to other people ; and they

are far more likely to be influenced by what we do, than by what we tell them they ought to do, for they do not seem to understand that what in us is laudable ambition, is, in them, ridiculous presumption ; that what in our case is courage and perseverance, is, in theirs, self-conceit and fool-hardiness ; that what under certain circumstances is right and proper for us, is, under all circumstances, wrong and improper for them ; but, on the contrary, they appear to entertain diametrically opposite opinions. And possibly there is as much to be said in favour of their views as ours ; for we often endeavour to pacify our consciences by condemning in them those faults which we are most prone to ourselves, and are nearly always ready to pay any price—in their money—for our own advantage.

The truth is, we are most of us giants in our own eyes, and the smaller we are the bigger we think ourselves ; and the bigger we think ourselves, as a natural consequence, the smaller we think others. But while it would be well for us to see ourselves as others see us, it would be equally well if we were enabled to see them as they really are, for there are numbers of us who entertain ill feelings towards each other, simply because we know nothing of each other ; and it is exceedingly hard to make us understand how little we know of those of whom we know nothing ; and as those people nearly always look with unfavourable eyes upon those who look unfavourably upon them, it is most unlikely that our mutual mistakes should be easily rectified. Nevertheless, in the course of time we often discover that they are mistakes ; and though, alas ! as we before observed, in the majority of cases our discoveries are made when they are too late to be of any practical avail, it is curious to think how friendly we sometimes become with those whom we once avoided as we would avoid the pestilence, and how utterly incomprehensible it appears to us that it should ever have been otherwise. And yet the cause is not far to seek ; for the same reason which induces us to form our opinions, also induces us to alter them ; it is, that through the course of events and the dispersion of our illusions, our interests, which once appeared conflicting, are proved to be identical.

And if we could get rid of our illusions altogether, we should discover that our interests and those of our fellow men are far less conflicting than we usually suppose. But instead of looking below the surface for essential points of resemblance, we seize upon superficial differences, and so magnify them as to persuade ourselves that we have sufficient ground upon which to base our decisions without going any farther.

Such being the case, it is scarcely strange that people should be dissatisfied with our judgments, and do all in their power to set them aside. And surely we have no right to blame them, since under the

like circumstances we act in a similar way. When *paterfamilias*, for instance, objects to our paying our addresses to his daughter, unless we persevere in spite of him how on earth is he to find out what first-rate fellows we really are? Of course, we may suppose that our case is not an ordinary one, but very likely that is just what they think about theirs. And though, as far as we can see, the probabilities are against them, yet probabilities are not certainties; and though our judgments may be fair, if we have only regard to the average of what appear similar cases, we should remember that the doctrine of averages is one of wide application, and that other people, as well as *paterfamilias*, may be wrong in trusting to it implicitly. Very often we behave unfairly towards folks, and when they afterwards go astray we fancy our behaviour is quite justified, and plume ourselves on our sharp-sightedness. Whereas in some cases it is more than probable that, but for our behaviour, they never would go astray. In short, we may help the devil to dig the pits into which they fall.

There can be no doubt that other men are to a very great extent what we make them, and that they would be otherwise if they were otherwise treated; just as the same hill-side which is bleak and desolate in winter, will blossom with a thousand flowers in spring; and the same dreary woodlands, through which the wild wind howls all the dull November days, will break into beauty and echo with joyful music, when the blue skies of May bend lovingly over them.

But we are growing sentimental, and ere we become more so let us hasten to conclude this subject by saying that a great deal might be urged in favour of the more general use of honey, but that the vinegar and gall interest is so strong that people are afraid to publish their experience.

W. H. H.

FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE third annual general meeting of the Female Medical Society, was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on May 27, under the Presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. The room was densely crowded in every part, and soon after the commencement of the meeting there was no standing room left, and hundreds of persons went away unable to gain admission. The audience was a highly respectable and intelligent one, but nineteen out of twenty were ladies, a most remarkable fact, and one which quite confutes the notion that ladies themselves take but little interest in the objects of this Society. The proceedings were cordial and unanimous throughout. In consequence of the great importance which this Society's operations are acquiring, we present our readers with a full and exclusive report.

The Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P. ; The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P. ; Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P. ; Sir John Bowring ; Mr. Ewart, M.P. ; Mr. Whitworth, M.P. ; The Rev. Dr. Burns ; The Rev. W. G. Cowie, Rector of Stafford, and one of the trustees for the Female Medical Mission ; The Rev. James Moorhouse, M.A., of St. John's Fitzroy Square ; The Honourable General Neal Dow, from America ; Dr. C. J. B. Aldis, F.R.C.P. ; Dr. C. R. Drysdale, Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital ; Dr. Edmunds, the Honorary Secretary ; Dr. Farr, F.R.S., of Somerset House ; Professor Murphy, M.A., M.D. ; Professor F. W. Newman ; Samuel Bowley, Esq., the well-known member of the Society of Friends ; Blanchard Jerrold, Esq. ; William Saunders, Esq., and others, had promised to take part in the meeting. Unfortunately, an important meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at the same hour, and the pressure of parliamentary business, kept several of these gentlemen from being present, and one or two who arrived late were unable to get in, owing to the densely crowded state of the room. But the omissions were more than atoned for by other gentlemen on the platform, as nearly the whole of the committee were present, including Mr. George Wilson, the Treasurer ; Mr. George Burney ; Mr. H. C. Stephens ; Colonel Clinton ; Henry Carre Tucker, Esq., C.B. ; Mr. W. Barrett ; The Rev. W. D. Corken, of Bermondsey ; The Rev. G. R. Robinson, B.A., of Gravesend ; Dr. Adam Oure, from Norway ; The Rev. Dawson Burns ; The Rev. L. Tuttiett, of Birmingham ; Dr. Evans ; John Hughes, Esq. ; The Rev. Dr. Gale, Rector of Treborough ; Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds ; T. H. Barker, Esq., of Manchester, and others.

Letters of approval, regrets of absence, etc., had been received by the Honorary Secretary, from His Grace the Duke of Argyle, who wrote—

"I have no doubt whatever of the excellence of the objects the Society has in view."

From H. W. Rumsey, Esq., F.R.C.S., of Cheltenham (Crown Member of the General Medical Council, and author of the well-known work on "State Medicine") who wrote—

"The questions involved in your undertaking are of great and growing importance; you have done much to place 'The Female Medical Society' on a practical basis, and to remove it from the limbo of vain speculations, and if I see my way clear, I will endeavour to forward your objects so far as educating, qualifying, and licensing females for midwifery practice are concerned. But though I approve generally the objects of this Society, I am not disposed at present to join it, as I fear you are hardly ready to place what I should consider to be necessary limitations on the medical education, 'qualification,' and licence of women, though I admit the great importance of preparing them and publicly licensing them for the practice of midwifery and for the elementary or ordinary treatment of the diseases of women and children."

From the Hon. A. Kinnaird, who requested that Lord Shaftesbury would "express his regret at not being present; and strong sympathy with the objects of the association." From the City Chamberlain; from F. A. New, Esq.; from Lord Caernarvon; from Lord Granville; from Sir John Bowring, who wrote:—

"I think the objects of your Society most excellent, praiseworthy and practical, not only on the general grounds that the aptitudes of women are not turned to the best account in our existing social system, but that you direct attention to a special and peculiar field of usefulness for womanly characteristics. Among the most marked and most encouraging evidences of social reform and progress is the wiser and higher appreciation of the aptitudes of woman, and the desire and determination to give to those aptitudes a wider field of usefulness and of action—and your Society has the recommendation of directing public attention to a department of usefulness where the special and distinguishing features of the female portion of our race may be extensively developed and successfully applied. Apart from all questions of medical science and medical skill, we ought not to disregard considerations of delicacy and susceptibilities which may at times be unreasonable and exaggerated, but which pervade a large portion of the civilised world. It is a matter of notoriety, that unwillingness to consult male practitioners has often allowed perilous diseases to take their course unopposed, and has prevented those appliances whose early employment might have alleviated suffering, and even prevented death.

"In the Oriental World I might mention multitudinous cases where the utter impossibility of obtaining entrance for any professional *man* would open the door to the introduction of female practitioners, bringing with them benefits and blessings beyond the powers of calculation. Both at home and abroad a Society like yours should find a vast amount of encouragement, as it has so wide an area for its exertions and may anticipate an infinite reward in its success."

From Peter A. Taylor, Esq., M.P., who, "without at all doubting that the Female Medical Society was doing a good work," declined the invitation, "because the Society limited the range of female medical study and practice."*

* Mr. Taylor has probably had the Female Medical Society misrepresented to

From the Earl of Harrowby ; the Right Hon. Mr. Goschen, M.P. ; A. Herbert Safford, Esq. ; the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P. ; John Bright, Esq., M.P., who wrote :—

“ I entirely approve of the objects of your Society, and wish you all the success you can desire.”

From Mr. Whitworth, M.P., who—

“ Regretted very much that indisposition prevented his returning to town in time for the meeting, as he had been very anxious to encourage by his presence this noble effort to establish a Ladies' Medical College.”

From G. W. Hastings, Esq. ; Hain Friswell, Esq. ; Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., and others.

The following report was read by Dr. Edmunds, the Honorary Secretary :—

Your committee have met with abundant encouragement during the past year. A strong current of enlightened public opinion has of late been rapidly developing itself in favour of instructing ladies in those branches of medical science which refer to practice among women and children. The great organs of the press have not only given increased consideration to the Society's operations, but, with one or two exceptions, have each devoted one or more leading articles in unmitigated commendation of the Society and its objects. Much of the hostility and misrepresentation with which the Society had at first to contend has subsided, while a considerable and increasing number of eminent members of the medical profession are now prepared to co-operate with those who from the first have been in its favour.

The supplementary report of the Society's auxiliary college shows that—

“ The third annual session of the Society's teaching operations has closed with

him. The Society has not in any way attempted to limit the range of female medical study or practice ; it has simply directed its own efforts to that branch of female medical study and practice which women are the most fit for, in which the public at large are greatly concerned, and which will at once prove a practical and accessible boon to several grades of our unemployed women. But the Society is in no way antagonistic to other objects with which it is not concerned ; as was strikingly shown at this very meeting by the fact that Dr. Mary E. Walker was present among the audience, and, towards the end of the meeting, a movement taking place, she was seen by the Honorary Secretary and invited to speak. At a moment's notice she came forward on to the platform, and, in a very graceful, lady-like, and effective speech, most cordially advocated the objects of the Society. This circumstance, as we think, did credit to the liberality of both the Female Medical Society and Dr. Mary Walker, as, while they were both agreed in the objects for which the meeting was assembled, it is known to all the world that most of the friends of the Female Medical Society differ most widely from Dr. Mary Walker on other matters ; and we trust this little incident will help to redeem English manners from the slur cast on them by the reception that lady has met with on other occasions.

results that are both satisfactory and promising. Fifty ladies have entered as students, of whom twelve entered during the first session, nine during the second, and twenty-nine during the third. Of these ladies, ten were widowed, fifteen married, and twenty-five single. Some were amateur students who attended the lectures merely as a means of personal education, nine were midwives previously in practice, one the matron of a maternity hospital, ten were sisters, daughters, or wives of medical men, one was prepared, as medical missionary, to act in connection with the Delhi Mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a considerable number were or would have been governesses, and some were of no occupation.

"Many other gentlewomen would gladly have availed themselves of the college, but were prevented by want of pecuniary means. It is hoped that the foundation of scholarships will shortly extend the advantages of the college as an honorarium to gentlewomen of limited means, who, being of suitable personal character, pass a satisfactory preliminary examination. Probably there is no object upon which benevolent and discriminating persons could more judiciously bestow a few hundred pounds than by giving their name to a permanent scholarship in connection with the infancy of this important public institution.

"The advantages which this college will provide are now becoming so generally appreciated, that the number of students will no doubt steadily increase every session, and the prediction that the college would eventually prove self-supporting will soon be verified. But the organisation of the college is still very incomplete. In order that ladies may be enabled fairly to compete with gentlemen in this section of medical practice, a Museum of Illustration and Library of Reference must be provided, while a Charter of Incorporation has now become indispensable, in order to give character and proper public recognition to the examinations which henceforth will distinguish properly trained ladies from the incompetent and unworthy persons who now often call themselves midwives. It is obvious that funds for these objects could not be obtained by imposing disproportionate fees upon the students, while such an attempt would only be an obstacle to gentlewomen, whose entrance to this field of usefulness should be facilitated. The present scale of fees is adjusted so as to make the college self-supporting when put into full working order. Not only has the sum of £452 14s. in fees been cheerfully paid, but it is a fact of much significance, that a further sum of £82 9s. has been voluntarily subscribed to the Society's funds from among the students; and there is no doubt that as these ladies succeed in practice, they will prove substantial co-operators in forwarding the general objects of the Society."

The supplementary report of the college has been prepared in order to present the examination papers and other details which do not require general publicity. It may, however, be stated here that the reports of the lecturers and the lady-secretary show that the students have, by their regular attendance, propriety of demeanour, and general intelligence, given a satisfactory earnest of future public usefulness and professional success.

At the voluntary examinations with which the last session closed, no less than twenty-three essays were sent in from the obstetric class, and Professor Murphy states that in all his experience in the same chair at University College, he never received so large a number of essays from any class of gentlemen, and that many of the papers from these ladies were marked by distinguished ability.

For the Obstetric Class Professor Murphy reports:—

1st. That the essayists of *substantial merit* came in the following order:—1st, Elizabeth Atkin, Forest Hill, S.E.; 2nd, Laura Miles, Lower Sydenham; 3rd, Frances Appleton, Clifton Gardens, W.

2nd. That the papers of the undermentioned ladies were worthy of *honourable mention* in the following order:—

Marian Humfrey, Alice Hodges, A. L. J. Travers, and Matilda Stone.

3rd. That the best essay was written by Isabel Thorne, of 18, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square. Mrs. Thorne, however, having taken double first honours for the preceding session, and being established in practice, was not counted in displacement of other students.

In the class on General Outlines of Medical Science, including a separate section on Hygiene and Preventive Medicine, the latter under the direction of Dr. Aldis, and the former under the direction of Dr. Edmunds, seventeen papers were written upon the subjects set for the examinations. Many of those papers were considered by the lecturers to possess marked ability. They were reported upon as follows:—

1st. That the papers of the undermentioned ladies were of *substantial* and nearly equal *merit*:—1st, Marian Humfrey, Camberwell; 2nd, Frances Appleton, Clifton Gardens, W.; 3rd, A. L. J. Travers, Youghal, Cork.

2nd. That the papers of the undermentioned ladies were worthy of *honourable mention*, and, being equal in merit, their names are enumerated alphabetically—Rachel Ash, Elizabeth Atkin, Elizabeth Millar, and Mary Wardle.

3rd. That the best essay in this class also was written by Mrs. Thorne.

The first fruits of the college are now before the world. Many of the students are actually settled in practice, and succeeding admirably. Out of a very large number of cases which they have attended no sort of casualty or misfortune has arisen; and although, of course, it cannot be expected that lady practitioners will be entirely free from those misfortunes which now so frequently occur at the time of child-birth, yet the actual fact is one for thankful acknowledgment. The numerous letters of grateful recognition which the Committee have received from the patients who have been attended by these ladies are indeed most encouraging, while in no case has a single complaint of inefficiency or inattention been heard of. *

* Since this report was written a gross slander has been propagated about a well-qualified lady who was one of the most earnest students of the college, and has since been highly successful in her practice. We regret to say that the slander seems to have originated with an obstetric physician, and, as the circumstances have excited considerable interest, we place before our readers the following statement; but as the matter will not now come before a jury we omit the names of the parties.

It was stated by this gentleman that he had been sent for in a great hurry by the lady to a patient upon whom she had been some time in attendance. That the lady

The Society's indebtedness to the Treasurer is less than at the last Annual Meeting, and the scope and efficiency of the Society's operations have been greatly increased, yet the existence of a balance on the wrong side of the account seriously hampers and discourages your committee, and it throws upon the Honorary Officers of the Society a burdensome amount of personal effort and anxiety.

The committee have particularly to thank the gentlemen of the press for the unanimous encouragement which has been bestowed on their efforts. They are, however, obliged to ask the benevolent public to consider the many-sided good which this Society is accomplishing and trust to receive that additional support which is now urgently required to extend and consolidate its work.

had applied instruments, and could neither conclude the delivery nor remove the instruments, and was running about the house wringing her hands, and praying to God to save the patient. That when he arrived he found it a very simple case, and at once completed the delivery. Above all things, this statement was made by the obstetric physician to a young lady about to be confined herself, and "as a warning never to trust herself in the hands of a lady."

Of course, such a grave charge soon came to the knowledge of the authorities at the college, and the lady was called upon to clear it up, or it was intimated that she would lose the support of the college in her practice. The doctor, being called upon for an explanation, said he had just found out that it was all an unfortunate mistake in the identity of the lady, and that while the facts were correct, they related to an old midwife whose name was very similar to that of the lady whom he had brought into question, and for whom he had mistaken her. An apology was demanded, but the gentleman wriggled, and offered to "clear up the matter to anyone who came to him," but "objected to write anything." Mr. Bowen May, the well-known solicitor of Russell Square, and an old subscriber to the Society, then commenced an action at law, and in the end, just as the case was coming on for trial, a suitable apology was signed, and the lady was set right.

We are informed that it was entirely due to the conciliatory exertions of Mr. Bowen May that this fortunate end was arrived at, and a gross scandal to the medical profession prevented. Medical men will, we believe, be the first to denounce any one of their number who may be guilty of slandering or unfairly treating this new order of lady-practitioners, but the circumstances of this case are such as to be peculiarly gross. The "old midwife of a similar name," cannot be discovered anywhere, although people are curious to see the person whom this gentleman could have so innocently mistaken for the lady to whose name the slander was attached. But if all "the facts" are true, it was not the thing for an "obstetric physician" to go about and spread this report to the injury of a person who had herself appealed to him for help, and had refrained from risking any of those violent measures which ignorant practitioners are often tempted to try before sending for assistance. In any case there was no excuse for the doctor. But the law costs and the apology will, we trust, be a lesson to such folks, and for this occasion we forbear to publish the name of the offender, as we believe he now sees the matter in a duly serious light. The ladies generally will be indebted to Mr. Bowen May for his skill and success in a case which was really one of considerable importance to them all. It is everybody's interest that these new practitioners have fair play, and while each one must practice under a full sense of individual responsibility, trades-union slandering will simply rouse the sympathies of the public and the support of the general press.

The accounts * of the Society and auxiliary college for three years, to April 30, 1867, show :—

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
By Donations		343	4	6
„ Subscriptions		463	1	6
„ Students' Fees		452	14	0
		<u>£1,259 0 0</u>		

	DISBURSEMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Rent		172	9	8
Office Furniture and Incidentals		117	3	2
Pay to Lady Secretary		176	19	4
Printing		187	7	6
Postage		134	19	6
Advertisements		216	6	9
Interest on Loan from Treasurer		25	16	0
Lecturers' Fees		319	2	0
Depreciation of Furniture		2	15	0
		<u>£1,352 18 11</u>		

	LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
To Rent		25	0	0
„ Printing		5	5	0
„ Interest		10	16	0
„ Office		5	0	0
„ Treasurer's advance		216	4	5
		<u>£262 5 5</u>		

	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
By Furniture		52	9	3
„ Student's Fees unpaid		61	13	9
„ Petty Cash			2	11
„ Balance at Bank		54	0	7
„ Deficiency		93	18	11
		<u>£262 5 5</u>		

* A detailed statement of all accounts has been prepared by an accountant, Mr. E. J. Drury, and the books are open to the inspection of the subscribers at the Society's office.

In moving the adoption of the report—

Professor F. W. Newman said :—My Lord : I was not aware that I should be called on to speak ; but I have pleasure in proposing this first resolution. The report is so satisfactory and gratifying, that it is indeed little but matter of routine to move its adoption, and very few words are needed from me. Nevertheless, as I have thus come forward unexpectedly, I desire to use the opportunity of expressing what I strongly feel, and, I hope, will not be an improper digression. The state of things announced by the report shows me that the Society has attained a point at which it has a right to expect from the public an earnest attempt to put it on a permanent footing. The Society ought not to be in debt to the Treasurer ; the officers ought not to be anxious as to the possibility of continuing their services ; the Hon. Secretary ought not to be harassed by a fear that his labours will have no final utility. I deliberately think that we ought to have a great public subscription to raise a fund adequate to the real wants of the Institution. I believe the time is come for it, and we shall not ask in vain. Of course I could not thus speak, if I were not willing to make my own contribution to so good a cause as large as my means and the inevitable claims of other objects at all permit ; but I trust that others will think with me, that an effort to raise a large sum ought no longer to be delayed. It is a striking and interesting fact, my lord, to learn that our lady pupils not only paid their fees, but subscribed besides £82 to the funds of the Society this year. After these brief remarks, I beg to move the adoption of the report.

Professor Murphy said :—My Lord, in seconding the adoption of the report, I have much pleasure in stating that this, the third session of the Female Medical College, has been more prosperous than any of its predecessors. The number of pupils has greatly increased, and many of those who formerly were pupils are now actually in successful practice. At the end of the second session I had to report that I never found pupils more attentive, and in the examination held at the conclusion of the third session, now just past, I had twenty-three competitors—a larger number than ever I had before in all my experience at University College in the same chair, and some of the papers were such as I have seldom seen surpassed. So far, therefore, the teaching operations of the Society have been extremely successful, and ladies have been furnished with a means of instruction in midwifery and its correlative subjects of which they have gladly availed themselves. But the Society has scarcely received from the public that support to which it has already fully shown its title by that best of all tests—practical utility. The Society began under difficulties which seemed insurmountable. There was a natural prejudice against making what are called “lady doctors.” The Female Medical Society was, on the

one hand, represented as established for the purpose of tempting ladies to undertake an indiscriminate competition with men in general medical practice; and on the other, for the purpose of resuscitating ignorant midwives. To rectify misrepresentations, to explain away objections which were not all disingenuous, proved a great difficulty; only I am happy to say that a great many of them have already been successfully removed. The object of this Society has not been to make "lady doctors" who will undertake the diseases of men as well as of women. Without setting up any sort of discouragement to those who wish to go further, this Society has confined itself to giving instruction in midwifery and the diseases of women and children, together with such a general knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and medicine as makes a sound and complete course of scientific instruction in this branch of medical practice; so that the midwife who, in England, has never yet received any education for the fulfilment of duties which formerly were entirely committed to her charge, and who through ignorance has been gradually displaced by the accoucheur, may be reinstated in her natural position. It is well known that women are anxiously seeking for employment in many branches never before thought of. They attempt to become photographers, railway clerks, law clerks, etc., and therefore it is natural that they should be instructed in that branch of the medical profession for which they are peculiarly fitted, which had been their occupation from the earliest dates of history, and the practice of which, in England, they have lost solely through want of educational facilities. The Female Medical Society has every prospect of success, so far as the ladies themselves are concerned. The pupils of the college have increased steadily every year, and the anticipations for next year are most favourable; but the Society has not yet received adequate pecuniary support from the public. Its hands are, as it were, tied; it has not the power to do what it would in the way of completing the organisation of this college, and consequently the objects of the Society are very much retarded. One very important object is the obtaining of a Royal Charter to establish a Female College of Midwifery. Now a charter cannot be obtained without money, and the Society may fail in accomplishing this most desirable object, not from any successful opposition to the principle, but solely from want of funds. Another object necessary to any place of medical education is a museum to illustrate the lectures and a library of reference for the students. To found the one and to form the other also requires money. The Society have not yet sufficient for these purposes, and consequently their progress is retarded by causes, which, when fairly presented to the English public, will be at once removed. Trusting and believing that the public will come forward and aid the Society, whose exertions have been so far entirely successful, and

enable it to establish a Female College of Midwifery on a permanent foundation, and thus give to many ladies a means of obtaining an honourable livelihood, who at present can find no channel by which they can support themselves respectably, I have great satisfaction in seconding the adoption of so favourable and promising a report.

General the Hon. Neal Dow, from Maine, U.S., proposed the second resolution :—

“That the present dearth of higher occupations for women renders it necessary to introduce them to new fields of usefulness, and that some of the duties now monopolised by medical gentlemen would form a most eligible and suitable occupation for ladies if facilities were organised for properly teaching them the necessary branches of medical science.”

We much regret that, owing to an accident in the reporting arrangements, General Neal Dow's most interesting speech was lost, and, as the General left London the next day, for Ireland, and has been much occupied he has been unable to favour us with any statement in its place ; but we shall probably be favoured with a letter from the General for our next issue.

The Rev. Dr. Burns seconded the resolution, and said that whether they looked at the great mass of women in India, wherever Mahometanism prevails, in Turkey, or anywhere else, it would be seen that where Christianity prevailed woman was elevated and made a blessing. He believed that the enfranchisement of women from the trammels in which they had hitherto been fettered was in perfect harmony with the great designs of that Christianity which knows neither male nor female, bond nor free, rich nor poor. He considered the Society to be worthy of the most hearty patronage and help. He was delighted to see the improved character of that annual meeting, and to observe the unanimous feeling which prevailed. He held it to be a very pleasant and interesting feature of their cause that his lordship was sitting there, not afraid to give the weight of his personal influence, the prestige of his name, known far and wide in works of social benevolence, to a great work like that. It was quite clear that with any reasonable exertion during the next year that room would not be large enough for the next annual meeting. They would have to go up-stairs to the large hall. He sincerely trusted that they would progress, and that their funds would increase, for he was sure that there were thousands of persons in London who, if they were but made acquainted with the nature of the Institution, would be willing to give their subscriptions and to render their support. It was one very important feature of that Institution, that the more it was known the more thoroughly it was appreciated. He should have thought that ordinary gallantry would have prevented any Englishmen from being jealous of the success of any young ladies, and he was sure that if there had been anything of the kind

in London it must have been from mistaken interests, and from prejudices which he most sincerely trusted would be speedily removed, for the honour of Englishmen and for the glory of their sex.

The resolution was supported by the Rev. W. G. Cowie, Rector of Stafford, who said that he had seen much in the hospitals in the East of London which testified to the very great blessing it was for the sick to be attended by Englishwomen, even when those women had not received a special medical training. Ladies might act not only as attendants but even in other positions in connection with hospitals, with manifest advantage. He had seen in many a battle-field cases in which lives might have been saved if there had been women to attend to the wounded instead of the rough hands of men. The speaker referred to the great use which female nurses might fulfil in connection with Christianity. Owing mainly to the energy of one Christian lady at Brighton, it has been determined to send out a lady with a proper medical training to the city of Delhi, to act as missionary among the native ladies, to whom the ordinary missionaries of societies could obtain no access, it not being thought proper in Eastern countries to admit men, especially foreigners, into the presence of ladies. He had heard of extreme cases where an English medical man had been allowed to attend on a native lady, but he had only been permitted to feel her pulse with her hand thrust from behind a curtain, and not allowed either to see her or examine the state of her tongue. The object in sending out this trained medical lady to Delhi was that she might have access to the Indian ladies, and thus obtain an opportunity of teaching them the truths of the Gospel. All who valued the truths of the Gospel, and were satisfied as he was of the advantage which would result from this proceeding, would cordially give it their support. Ladies, properly educated, and possessing a true missionary spirit in their hearts, would be able to do very great good, not only at Delhi, but wherever they might be sent to labour in the good cause.

Dr. Edmunds proposed the third resolution :—

“That properly educated midwives would prevent much loss of life and physical injury which now occurs for want of skilled attendance during confinements, and that in the practice of midwifery and the treatment of diseases peculiar to women the option of employing skilled ladies would save many sensitive persons from an unnecessary, injurious, and painful ordeal, while at the same time this option would benefit medical men, by shutting out accusations from which the most odious professional scandals are now continually arising.”

He said this resolution was one which it was necessary to bring before the meeting, and which it had been thought would come with better grace from a medical man than from anyone else. As Honorary Secretary to this Society, and being involved in large correspondence on this question, he came in contact with feelings and opinions that

seldom rippled up to the surface of public consideration, and he met with a strong and deep under-current of feeling in the minds of many persons with respect to the present necessity of always consulting men in every case. He was convinced that very many ladies would prefer to have ladies attend them, or, at any rate, would like to have the option of employing skilled ladies in place of medical men. The resolution before them was not intended to cast any kind of slur upon the medical profession; it was simply intended to give expression to that deep under-current of feeling which was known to exist, which was exceedingly strong, and which often troubled professional men who were obliged to undertake duties which they would far rather should devolve upon skilled ladies. It was also held that a change of plan would be alike beneficial to the public and to the unemployed members of the gentler sex. He had hoped that Dr. Farr, who was unexpectedly prevented from being present, would have spoken to that resolution, and have detailed to the meeting the enormous numbers who died in childbirth in our village districts for want of proper skilled attendance. They were all aware, and his lordship from his own wide experience and knowledge had mentioned the fact at the last annual meeting, that the population of the rural districts was very badly off for the want of skilled and properly educated women of this kind, whose services would be most beneficial in the preservation of female life and infantile health. The evil was especially felt in cases where a medical man had an area of perhaps thirty or forty miles to attend to, and important duties which might prevent his giving sufficient time in cases of childbirth, to say nothing of the incompatibility of the doctor's attending such cases just after having been at the side of a fever patient or having had other duties of a similar nature which the general practitioner was obliged to perform. For these and for many other reasons, but especially because ladies, where sensitive in this matter, should be able to have the *option* of employing ladies in lieu of gentlemen, he was sure that the resolution he proposed would meet with their sympathy and support.

The resolution was supported by Dr. F. R. Lees, who said it would be very easy indeed to support that resolution by illustrations, but they all knew that its peculiar character would render such a step exceedingly inexpedient. He would only ask them to go back in thought to their own knowledge of their neighbours, and to the facts they had read in the public prints, for proper illustrations of the principle really involved in the motion before them. There were two general points upon which he might be permitted to observe. The resolution spoke of properly educated ladies performing the functions involved in the education which was given by that Society. About that all parties must be agreed. The only question had reference to the function itself.

Dr. Murphy had referred to the most important historical fact that this function was chiefly performed by ladies in the olden days, in days when ladies had probably possessed much the same kind of knowledge on the subject as gentlemen at that period had. They would recollect the occasion which led to the departure from that excellent practice. It was fashion—which had done many mischievous things in our time as in the past—it was the fashion of one of the most immoral courts in Europe, and he trusted that the time had now come, under a reign pure and glorious, when a better fashion should be established in this respect, when the influence of Queen Victoria should set at naught the influence of the fashion once established at the Court of Louis Quatorze. There was another point. Medical men were too much in the habit of ignoring the qualification of ladies, and yet nothing could be more inconsistent than to do this, because, as some of the preceding speakers had observed, the medical journals had manifested some fear of the women. Now they never feared the weak and feeble. If the mental and physical capacities of women were not equal to the task then the great law of political economy came in—the people would not demand inefficient services. So far as the medical faculty had opposed their movement, it was an admission that the women were competent to the task for which that Society proposed to educate them. There was another point which he wanted the profession, as well as the public, thoroughly to understand; that was, in all attempts at exclusiveness in that way, they were fighting in a double manner against the eternal instincts of nature. The intellectual character of women was such that they would seek for appropriate employment for its exercise; that was a law of nature. They had done so in America; and as female education progressed in this country they must do so here. Now a wise reform would always commence in time, and avoid miserable and wretched reactions; and he thought that the medical profession would be wise in going so far as was proposed by that Association, and thus sanctioning a change of fashion without the creation of prejudice or rivalry between the parties, the male and the female. There was one respect in which he thought the present state of things to be very deplorable. Doctors told them that ladies ought not to object, in their peculiar diseases, to the treatment of medical men. His answer was, ladies did object, and must object, not all, but many; and a vast number always would object, from a deep instinct of nature, he considered, an instinct to which they should bow, an instinct which they could not ignore without injury to the moral character and the delicacy of the female sex. Now the proposal of the Female Medical Society was to meet all such cases, whether few or many, and thus to harmonise the actual conditions and the institutions of society, with the actual conditions, the aspirations, and the instincts of the community. Then,

as referred to in the latter part of the resolution, scandals had existed, and scandals would exist ; and what was more, suspicions must arise, and would arise, while the present state of things continued to exist. He knew it was a fact, many of them must know it, and medical men above all were aware of the fact, and therefore for the honour of that profession, in the interest of the medical profession, as well as of the public at large, and in the interest of ladies especially, he trusted that ere long the public would acknowledge the rationality of the proposition embodied in the resolution which he had the honour of seconding.

The resolution was then put, and passed unanimously.

Dr. C. R. Drysdale moved the fourth resolution.

“That in promoting the employment of educated women in the practice of midwifery and the treatment of the diseases of women and children, the Female Medical Society has undertaken a thoroughly practicable and most necessary work, and deserves the active co-operation and support of all sincere philanthropists.”

He said it might perhaps be thought remarkable that a very humble member of the medical profession, like himself, should move that resolution, when there were many other gentlemen present connected with the Society ; but if that Institution had been in a very flourishing condition he would have been the last to have come forward to move any resolution connected with it, for if the Society had been in a flourishing condition there would have been thousands ready to do so. He thought it was at the opening time of such questions as those that it behoved all who were anxious to help them to give a word of encouragement, and, therefore, he had great pleasure in proposing that resolution. He must say that, for his part, he could not see the slightest objection to the admission of ladies into this branch of the medical profession, and he knew that a great number of his *confreres*, his medical brethren, would concur with him on that point. He might say that a very large proportion of the medical profession with whom he had talked on the matter were not the least adverse to it. He was the physician to a very large hospital in the city, at Bishopsgate Street, and saw a large number of female cases ; and he confessed that there were many cases which he felt that a duly qualified female practitioner would be able to treat much more appropriately. That was a practical illustration of the subject ; but he would go even farther than that. For his part, he agreed with Mr. Mill in respect to the enfranchisement of women. He did not see why ladies should not do as they liked. If they pleased to study medicine and become doctors, he did not see what right men had to prevent them. He was sure of this, that many of them would not get on in the medical profession, would not make money ; but that, unfortunately, was a failing common enough to his sex. However, he doubted not that a number of them would succeed,

and that there would be a great encouragement thus offered to others. He had been educated in the Parisian school of medicine, and had been quite accustomed to the teaching of the great midwives there, where the authority of the ladies was as great as that of almost any medical men in this country. It had always struck him as a remarkable thing, and a very hard thing, that so many ladies, suffering difficulty in earning their livelihood, should be shut out from employments for which their nature and powers fitted them. Educated ladies had, at present, only three or four employments. They must be governesses or teachers, or one of two or three other professions, the choice being thus extremely limited; and on this ground he thought it was exceedingly desirable to open this profession for them, and let them try their best; and when, after trying their best, they failed, it was then quite time enough to declare them to be incapable. But the case really was one of justice, and not of generosity at all, and he had a much greater reverence for justice than he had for generosity.

The resolution was seconded by Dr. C. J. B. Aldis. He said there could be no doubt as regarded the principles of that resolution, which he had much pleasure in seconding. It was known that from the earliest times history told them that women had assisted each other at childbirth. The presumption was that in the earliest ages they no doubt did render assistance to each other, ages before men ever thought of doing so. He was greatly impressed with the necessity of employing educated women. He thought it very unfair on the part of any person to be prejudiced against educated females exercising their talents in this department, when it was recollected that so many uneducated women were at the present moment actually employed in attending on the poor in their time of peril. He belonged to two institutions, although he did not practice as an obstetrician, and in each of those institutions there were between five and six hundred women attended to only by women, subject, in case of special difficulty, to the assistance of medical practitioners. Virtually, therefore, at the present moment, uneducated women are employed under the sanction of the medical profession. How evident then was it that effort should be made to educate these women, to raise them up to a higher level, and also to open the profession to ladies who should have been properly trained and educated thereto. With reference to another large institution, the Maternity Charity, the number of cases attended by women was exceedingly large. It, therefore, was a practice in existence—a practice which had existed from time immemorial; and now it only wanted a spark to fan the flame and resuscitate the practice, under conditions in consonance with the present advanced state of the medical sciences. He would just allude to what he had observed during his attendance at the class. That Society had done him the honour of electing him as

the teacher of Hygiene—the physiological part being taught by Dr. Edmunds; for they thought that sanitary science was essentially connected with physiology, that the two were intimately associated. In the present day there were few schools in which there was a special lectureship upon that subject; so that, in fact, in that respect, this Society was in advance of many other old established medical schools. He could state truthfully that during his lectures between twenty-five and thirty ladies had attended most regularly, had taken notes, had asked questions, and that the result of the examinations had been most satisfactory.

The Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett supported the resolution. He said he spoke in favour of the resolution not because he had thought much about it, but because he was one of those who had come up fresh from the country with the intention of inquiring into the objects of the Society, and with a view of supporting them if he could convince his mind that they were practicable. Now everything he had heard that day had convinced him of the truth of the resolution before them. In the course of a considerable experience as a parish clergyman—an experience now extending over twenty years—two things had been very strongly impressed upon his mind. The first was how very few are the fields of usefulness open to ladies. There were always numbers of them in our towns and villages literally sighing after some means of making themselves useful to society; how many homes there were which would be very much brighter if some outlet could be found for the genius of those who dwelt in them. During the last twenty years he had again and again heard from educated persons, and also from the poor, reasons showing how necessary it is that there should be some such movement as this. There was another thing. In the villages with which he had been connected, he had been particularly struck with the number of women who had been attended in their confinements by women. Continually cases occurred where, in consequence of the parish doctor living four or five miles off, he was thus unable to attend unless there was something specially dangerous in the case. He could remember three distinct cases where he himself had, within the last ten years, stood by the bedsides of women, and those women had all died before the medical man could come to them, he having been sent for because there was some difficulty for which they were not prepared. Now that certainly was not a right state of things, and, therefore, he did with all his heart support the resolution. The work the Society had undertaken facts proved to be a necessary work, and he thought they were bound, each one of them, to throw their whole hearts into the work, and to strive as far as possible to make it known. If everyone in that room made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and then took pains to spread their knowledge, the Society

would soon become popular. It took a long time to loosen prejudices against a work of that kind. He had the other day asked a friend of his, who had advised him not to attend the meeting, why he should not attend and support it. He could not give any distinct reason, but he said that his great fear was that the female practitioners would very soon forget their one special department ; that is to say, if something took them on the way they would feel themselves competent to advance into other departments for which their education had not prepared them. Now he did not think there was any fear of that. Proper education always pointed out where one ought to work, and where one should leave matters alone ; and in proportion as that Society sent out well-educated ladies they would know their precise spheres, and would also know when it was necessary to seek extraordinary assistance. He did hope and trust that that Society would flourish, and that all connected with it would exert themselves to disperse the prejudices existing with regard to its objects. If the subject were taken up in a thoroughly Christian spirit, there would be no vain banter, but people would look at it seriously ; and he believed the time would soon come when many Christian women would ask themselves whether this was not the work to which God had called them. He believed that many ladies would be found who would willingly put themselves under training, and that, when trained, by the blessing of God they would be the means of saving many lives, and would, at the same time, bring blessings to their own souls. The resolution was put and passed unanimously.

The next resolution was moved by the Rev. W. D. Corken.

“ That a select number of noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen be requested to give their names to a General Committee for the purpose of promoting the development of the Ladies' Medical College on a sound public basis, and that the office-bearers of the Female Medical Society act provisionally as a working executive, with power to add to the number.”

He said that he would not occupy more than a few moments, but he could not deny himself the pleasure of joining in the expression of gratulation which had been already given on the very satisfactory progress the Society had made during the last three years. It had been his pleasure and privilege to watch its progress from its very beginning, and he had been greatly rejoiced that day to witness so large and interesting a meeting, and likewise to hear the liberal and generous sentiments expressed by men of distinction and education that morning. The first point he would press upon their attention was that the committee had hitherto worked most vigorously, energetically, and constantly, but they had been overtaxed. In every sense the time had come when they now must receive fresh aid, further help, stronger sympathy, and more close union of energetic minds benevolently disposed to carry on and complete this great and good object. The object

of the resolution was to solicit a select number of distinguished persons to join a general committee and thus to assist this great work and to promote its proper development. So far as the development had yet proceeded it had been everything that could be desired, most satisfactory, and he was sure that the facts stated in the report would greatly encourage those who were interested in that Society. Remembering that the basis contemplated was a sound public basis, not a mere adoption even of the opinions of those who had so far worked on in this cause, no straining after mere speculative notions, nothing make-believe, no sort of quackery, but a sound rational intelligent education for those who were anxious to devote themselves to a great and benevolent work, he felt great pleasure in moving the resolution which had been read.

The resolution was seconded by Professor F. W. Newman. He said everybody who had ever attempted to take a lead in a new work must have felt how depressing it was to receive but little sympathy and support. A person might be very willing to make even great exertions and great sacrifices for some years, provided he could see that those exertions and those sacrifices would not be thrown away. Now the public appeared to be somewhat apathetic, and needed to be informed and stimulated. Those who had hitherto been the executive officers and the main stay of the Society, and the acting committee, were quite willing to continue their exertions and their contributions, but they required to have what one might call a reserve. Everyone acquainted with the English world must be aware that the majority have not time to look into things for themselves. There were a great many persons who had money to spare and had philanthropic thoughts and sentiments, and who, if they were duly informed and properly appealed to, would rejoice in supporting an object so noble as that they were advocating. If that Society were duly supported by well-known and honourable names, such as that of our excellent chairman, it would have a wonderful effect in enlisting the public sympathy and in obtaining funds. English society was naturally and necessarily divided into a great many different channels, and various channels were needed to present this matter fully to the benevolent public. If the honourable chairman could be prevailed upon to give his name as their president it would be a *prima facie* ground for applying to other individuals afterwards. It should be thoroughly understood that there was no withdrawing interest or exertion on the part of those who had hitherto supported this Society. All that they asked was additional aid, and everyone there would acknowledge the fairness of that request.

The next resolution—

“That this Meeting hereby acknowledges the invaluable support and co-operation

which the objects of the Female Medical Society have received from the gentlemen of the Press"—

was moved by George Burney, Esq., who said that his name would probably be familiar to some among them, as he had been connected with the Society from its earliest infancy. The resolution should have been coupled with the name of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, but unfortunately he was not present. He might say that a kindly feeling had been exhibited by the whole of the press; there had scarcely been an exception, from the first moving of their project till that time, to their receiving the most friendly notices and the most encouraging support from the press; and he need not say that if the reverse had been the case their success would have been but problematical. He referred to the amount of good done by the Royal Maternity Charity, to which he had subscribed for many years. On that charity there was a large staff of midwives, who though perhaps illiterate were selected with a great deal of care, and the results of their labours were encouraging in the highest degree. The persons attended to by them numbered, he believed, from 3,000 to 4,000 every year, and both he and his wife could testify, from the conversations which they had held with applicants for cards of admission, that very great and important uses were fulfilled by that Institution. Now all these things were going in kindred channels. He believed that the success of the Maternity Charity augured success for that Society. The subject of money had been mooted. Probably it was only natural that the Institution should be in debt for a certain time. If they had done nothing until they had seen a flourishing state of the funds they would have waited long enough, and would not have been successful. They had had to draw upon their own means and their own resources, and they trusted that a response from the public would soon re-imburse them in that matter. But besides money wanting to make up the expenditure, funds were needed for certain definite objects. The want of a museum and a library was very pressing, and they certainly could not hope for any great or important success till these wants were supplied.

The resolution was supported by the Rev. Dr. Gale, who said he was there as taking a deep interest in the question, though perhaps from another point of view to those which had been named. He looked upon the employment of ladies in this particular part of the medical profession as being not a new thing, but the natural and normal condition of things. There appeared to be really more of true instinct and nature in the North American Indians than there was amongst ourselves, the most civilised people upon the earth. But that resulted simply from fashion. He was the son of a medical man who had been in large practice during the latter part of the last century, and his father had been the great wonder in the neighbourhood in which he practised

because he had been the first who had gone to London to study that particular branch of medicine, and had then returned and practised in the country in opposition to the women who had hitherto been employed. So that they were returning to the natural, and normal, and just, and proper, and modest condition of society, and not entering upon anything that was new. None could estimate too highly the important principles involved in that movement. It was one of the questions that must commend itself to every gentleman, every honourable man, every Christian man ; and the press would do well, and with its usual sagacity and public spirit perform a duty, in noticing that movement and giving it their support.

The Rev. D. Burns proposed—

“That the present office-bearers be cordially thanked for their past services, and requested to continue their efforts in forwarding the Society’s objects”—

and in a few sentences spoke warmly of the zeal and activity of the honorary officers of the Society, and trusted that however imposing the names which might lend their prestige to the Society in future, the present officers would in no way relax their practical efforts in the work.

At this moment Dr. Mary Walker, who had been among the audience from the first, was noticed and invited to speak. She at once came forward very gracefully on to the platform, and said she should be most happy to speak to the resolution which had just been moved, and that she could with the greatest cordiality support their cause. It was right to place before women the best of medical science, so that they might be fairly fitted when called upon by their own sex. They all knew that in time of trouble women felt much more at home in the presence of women than in the presence of gentleman physicians, although only recently had there been an opportunity for the ladies of London to employ doctors of their own sex. In her practice she had found that there were a large number of ladies who had for many years longed to have one of their own sex to attend them. She had been called to see ladies old enough to be her mother, even in the most trying obstetric cases. When she was but twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, soon after she had graduated, she experienced the confidence that was placed by ladies in one of their own sex when there were plenty of gentleman physicians whom they could have called upon. Only let women be well educated, and patients would then have confidence in them, and when the learned gentleman connected with that Society had instructed ladies and made them as competent as men in that branch of the profession, the ladies would have plenty of business. She was happy to say there were already many who had been educated by that Society who were, she believed—and

some of the most learned medical men of this city had expressed it as their opinion—just as competent to attend ladies and children in various diseases that are incident to them as any man in the profession. It was with a great deal of pleasure that she embraced that opportunity of speaking to them just to say that she congratulated them on having so honourable a list of gentlemen advocating the cause before so large and important a meeting. She hoped that those who had worked so successfully hitherto would consent to be re-elected, and she firmly believed that there would be funds come to hand from sources that they knew not of, so that they might complete their college and educate as many women as wished to be educated in that branch of the profession; and they would find that Englishwomen were at least as capable of attending to ladies and children in the diseases specially incident to them as English gentlemen were.

The resolution was then put, and passed unanimously.

The next resolution—

“That the best thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Right Honourable Earl of Shaftesbury for his kindness in taking the chair on two successive years, and that his lordship be requested to become the president of the Society”—

was moved by John Hughes, Esq., who said he was extremely gratified that day for the first time to attend a meeting of the Female Medical Society, and to observe the character of those gentlemen who had identified themselves with it; and, furthermore, to learn, as they had learned that afternoon, that the objects they had in hand were, to all intents and purposes, of a practical character. It was encouraging to find that they had the presence of a gentleman there that afternoon who had testified that our neighbours over the water had attempted, nay had really carried into practical effect, even more than that Society now had in view. It was further encouraging and appropriate that the soundness of their cause was proved by the presence of so large a number of intelligent ladies in this great meeting to-day. Connected as he was with the medical profession he was able to say that it was the feeling of a large proportion of medical men that they themselves would gladly be rid of this part of their professional duties, especially in the country, where, in consequence of their attention to the other and more proper duties of their vocation, serious disasters occasionally occurred.

The resolution was supported by Samuel Bowley, Esq. He said he had just made his way into the room, and had therefore heard nothing that had been said by the preceding speakers. But he envied not the individual who had not a sympathising heart with that movement. He thought that the finding a new field for the duties and sympathies of woman, was in the present state of society a most important thing. There

were a large number of women now working in the fields of benevolence and Christian duty, who were doing far more, he believed, in their sphere, than any gentleman could do under similar circumstances. He had once said to a medical man that he should like to see a hospital established to test the advantages of the hydropathic, homœopathic, and allopathic systems, and of a system with no medicine at all, but simply good nursing. "Well," said that gentleman, "I will back the good nursing against them all." Now he had great faith in the nursing of ladies. Their kindness, their patience, their sympathy, adapted them peculiarly for that department of labour in the sick room now considered to be so important, namely, the careful watching of disease, while it was allowed to take its natural course. With regard to the attendance on ladies, he thought it was most important. It was not possible in a public meeting to speak freely on this subject, but cases of extreme delicacy had come to his own knowledge, which had impressed him with the strongest conviction that it was their duty, as far as possible, to promote the welfare of that Society. Then there was another feature in it he esteemed very highly. He believed that women, taking them generally, had more loving hearts than men, hearts more open to the love of their Saviour. Now he did think that it was a most important thing in a sick room that there should be the love of the Saviour in the hearts of those who attended.

The resolution was put to the meeting by Dr. Edmunds, the Honorary Secretary, who said it was not necessary for him to say anything in support of the resolution. They knew that if they had a piece of pure gold, unless there was the mint mark on it, most people would turn it over, and doubt whether it was gold. Just so with regard to a public movement of this kind; ordinary folks might be impressed with a great idea and set to work and give money and time, but they would overcome the inertia of the public very slowly unless they could prevail upon men like Lord Shaftesbury to examine the questions involved, and endorse the proceedings of the Society, and by their sponsorship convince benevolent people in general that it deserved support. He trusted that his lordship, who had now been so kind as to preside on two successive years at their annual meeting, and had become personally acquainted with the efforts and perseverance of their working committee, would accept the Presidency of the Society, and thus give his countenance to the movement, and put the mint mark on the gold which was to be found in the principles on which their work was based. The resolution was carried with acclamation.

His Lordship, in reply, said that to have presided over so important a meeting as that, and one where the fair sex so largely preponderated, and then to receive so cordial a vote of thanks, could not but be most gratifying, and would have the effect of stimulating him to make greater

exertions in their favour. The report that had been read was very full of information, and was rich in promise for the future. He thought they had a right to ask the public to contribute to their funds, to enable them to make a trial of the merits of the Society, and they could not make that trial fairly, unless they had a college in which the ladies could be trained—in which all who were to practice in that department should receive the necessary preliminary training to qualify them for the post. They had a perfect right to ask to be permitted to make that trial. There was no fear of exciting, eventually, the jealousy of men, because, if they did succeed, the public at large would see that they were entitled to their countenance and patronage ; while if they did not succeed persons would not go out of their way to patronise them. They would rise or fall according to the great rule of political economy which had been adverted to ; if they deserved support they would have it ; if they did not they would altogether fail. He considered that the public were very largely interested in seeing whether women could perform those duties to which now they were laying a claim ; for if they succeeded the public would be greatly benefited. His lordship said that he thought they were wise in limiting themselves to one particular department—the department particularly adapted to the sex, and for which they are singularly qualified in very many respects. Many persons had been afraid that they would aspire beyond this, and attempt to get into those more complex departments of medicine or surgery which all must admit required a more vigorous character of mind, a greater determination and decision, a larger experience, and a larger and more powerful physical nature than belonged to women in general. If they carefully made it known to the world that they limited themselves to that department—the diseases incident to women and children—he believed that the modesty of their claims, backed by the very great care which this Society would bestow upon their education, would really establish them upon a sound footing, and constitute the movement an institution of the country. He thought it essentially necessary in this day in which we live, and when we really do very much stand in need of additional employments for educated women. The various employments, such as companions, governesses, and various occupations of that sort, were over supplied. He was very glad, therefore, that these new employments should open ; and he thought them an addition of the right sort. Some remarks had been made somewhat in disparagement of women acting as copying clerks, in printing offices, as lithographers, engravers, photographers, and so on ; but independently of such like employments for ladies, there would still be a large residue in the female sex requiring employment and unable to find it. The object of that Society was to multiply employments, and not to throw discouragement on any. He was especially

anxious to see those employments opened for which the talents of women in an eminent degree qualified them. The services of lady practitioners would be needed, even in large towns ; but the necessity for them was especially felt in the case of the smaller villages, and in the thinly peopled districts of the country, where the evils of the present system were perfectly appalling. He had known the greatest suffering to be undergone in consequence of the non-attendance of a medical man, that non-attendance being the result of his having a wide country to traverse, perhaps of his being called up in the dead of the night to go many miles through a thinly peopled district in the depth of winter, up to his knees in snow. Whereas if a well-educated and trained woman had been residing in that village who might have been appealed to at the moment when she was wanted, a great deal of suffering and anxiety would have been spared, and a great deal of time spent by medical men in these journeys would have been usefully employed in other purposes. He thought too much had been said about the wrongs inflicted upon women. Doubtless, great wrongs did exist in the country, but he thought that, lately, a great deal had been done to ameliorate the condition of women ; and, now, it looked as though they were going to overwhelm them with a flood of justice. He believed that, with care and judgment in the management of the Society, it must prosper. Even if it did succeed possibly a large number of ladies might still prefer the attendance of medical men ; but then there were a great many ladies, he was perfectly convinced, who would prefer the services of a well qualified person of their own sex. Then there was the advantage that it would give lucrative employment to a very large class of women. He would particularly wish to enjoin upon the Society the need of wisdom, caution, and judgment in the matter. If they did not attempt to rise too high, they would rise higher than they, at present, anticipated. Let there be modesty in their demands ; let there be care in giving a proper education ; let them go on step by step, advancing little by little, and he believed they would succeed in very greatly advancing the welfare of females in this country. General Neal Dow, a most gallant gentleman, and an American, had told them that his country is said to be the paradise of women ; and he hinted that new ideas are not liked in this country. Now he would say that he did like new ideas ; and, although America might be the paradise of women, they would do all that lay in their power to make England the *heaven* of women. He had always been of the opinion that, unless woman exercised a dominant influence in society, matters did not go on well. A right-minded, judicious, highly principled, and just woman was of infinite value under any circumstances, and more particularly in such a free country as this, where she had, as they knew, a dominant influence

over all the children up to eight years of age. That was the time when principles were implanted, when seeds were sown that might develop into works of righteousness, truth, mercy and love for the whole human race. If he could render any service by accepting the office of president he would most cheerfully accept it; and, overwhelmed as he was with engagements, he would promise to give what little leisure he might be able to spare. He was certain that, in the administration of remedies for disease, whether disease of the body, or disease of the mind and the heart, it was always well to have the presence of women. They could exercise an influence, they could say and do things that no man would think of, or, if he thought of, would not dare to propound. They had a quiet and secret way of insinuating their influence; and in many instances people would more readily succumb to the influence of a woman, because it appeared to be persuasion, than they would to the influence of a man, because they would think it was hard logic. It had been truly said by Sir Walter Scott—

“ Oh woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when affliction rends the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

The following contributions are acknowledged by the Treasurer, George Wilson, Esq., 59 Threadneedle Street:—

J. C., £1, George Burney, Esq., £10 10s. donation in addition to £10 10s. annual subscription, Colonel Oldfield,* £10 10s. as life subscription, Edward Varty, Esq., £5 5s., Mrs. Edmonds, £1 in stamps, Mrs. J. Mylne, £1, Mrs. Slatter, 10s., Anon, 10s., Rev. G. R. Robinson, B.A., donation of 10s., and annual subscription of £4 4, Mr. W. Tilly, 5s. in stamps, Mrs. Mackenzie, 2s. in stamps, Mrs. Edwin Hill, £1 1s., John Hughes, Esq., £1 1s. annual subscription, H. Oliver Robinson, Esq., donation of £5 5s., and promise of like amount at the end of the year, James Taylor, Esq., £1 1s. annual subscription, Edward Mayer, Esq., annual subscription £1 1s., Mrs. W. S. Clarke, 10s. 6d., W. Beckett, Esq., £1 1s., Baron Von Streng (per Capt. Tucker), £1 1s., Edward Pease, Esq., £5, Bowen May, Esq., £1 1s., donation.

The addresses of well-qualified ladies, prospectuses of the Society and College, and all particulars may be obtained of the Lady Secretary, at the Society's temporary Offices, 4, Fitzroy Square, W. Office hours from one o' clock till five, Saturdays excepted.

* Colonel Oldfield wrote:—

“I hope, before many years are past, every village in England will have the services of an educated midwife.”

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s fourth letter.]

"THIS year in Paris, April, May, and June, ought to be called the Royal Summer of 1867, or, to speak more correctly, the Holiday of Kings; Paris is in full beauty, gayer than ever, with Emperors, Kings, Grand-Dukes and Princes of every degree continually coming and going. You can form no conception of the crowds of foreigners, the carriages often four abreast in the Champs Elysées and on the Boulevards. Even in the Exhibition, spacious though it be, it is sometimes almost impossible to move. Early in the day is the best time there to see anything comfortably.

"Prince Oscar of Sweden, brother of the reigning King Charles XV., was the first of the royal visitors that reached Paris. He is President of the Royal Swedish Commission in the Exhibition, and most diligently he superintended the arrangement of the Swedish Section, which his varied knowledge enabled him to do admirably. In person he is tall and slight, and his countenance denotes intellect and cultivation, besides a great deal of sentiment and refinement.

"Prince Oscar is an excellent musician and a first-rate pianoforte player, of which our own ears convinced us. One afternoon in the Exhibition we joined a crowd of attentive listeners to some one playing divinely on a grand piano of Erard's. We thought the performer must be a tip-top professor at the very least, and Myra whispered to me, 'How much I should like to have a few lessons from him!'"

"You can picture to yourself our astonishment when we heard it murmured amongst those around us, 'C'est le Prince de Swède, n'est ce pas?'—'Oui, oui, c'est le Prince Oscar lui-même.'

"A week or two later three extraordinary-looking Siamese Princes arrived. We saw the Siamese ambassadress at the Exhibition. She looked like a little bundle of yellow and blue China silks. The young Prince Tokorngava-Minhou-Taiko, brother of the Emperor or Taicoon of Japan, was the next to come. He is only thirteen years old, to which he touchingly alluded in a modest little speech he made when he was presented at the Tuileries.

"'I am very young,' he said, through an interpreter, 'and I hope his majesty, the Emperor of the French, will ascribe any mistakes I make to my youth and inexperience. I have come to France to be instructed.'

"This youthful prince has a yellowish dark olive complexion, *jaune*

bistré in French. His eyes are very dark, and he wears his black silky hair tied in a knot on the top of his head. He, and the two sedate-looking Japanese gentlemen who go about everywhere with him, might have stepped out of a Japan tea-tray for anything we know to the contrary.

"The next royal personages that appeared on the scene were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred. They seemed to win all hearts. We saw them several times at the Exhibition. There is something very genial, not to say jovial, about the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Edinburgh is more silent and retiring, but those who ought to know say he is perfectly adored in his own ship, the 'Galatea.'

"I cannot resist telling you how the Prince of Wales captivated the French as well as the English here by an act of good-nature that will long be remembered. Monsieur Brasseur, his former French master, and to whom the Prince invariably pays a visit when he comes to Paris, told him that his highest ambition was to possess the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, but he was unable to make his claims known to those in authority. The Prince spoke to the Emperor at once, and said he did not ask for the decoration merely because Monsieur Brasseur had taught him French, but because he had so honourably maintained his nationality in a public situation of some difficulty in England. In the course of the same evening Monsieur Brasseur had the happiness of fastening the ribbon to the buttonhole of his coat.

"The King of the Greeks, brother of our Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, our Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Hesse, our Princess Alice, the King and Queen of the Belgians, besides several stars of lesser magnitude, followed in rapid succession and all went away in their turn.

"The Crown Princess, I should think, must be exceedingly popular in Berlin. Soon after the war she organised a bazaar in her own palace for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, and managed it entirely herself. The King of Prussia, The Crown Prince, the Empress of Russia, the Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, all sent beautiful contributions, and the sale turned out to be most successful.

"Amongst the earliest of the purchasers there was a little dark man who selected a bunch of fresh roses and camelias, for which he paid a thousand thalers and refused to take any change. Then, with a low bow, he presented the flowers to the Crown Princess as an offering from his master the Sultan, the representative of Haroun el Raschid of old.

"As for the Crown Princess herself, she sold nothing but pretty toys, and little dolls dressed to imitate her own children. When the sale

was almost over a great burly Pomeranian approached her table and said—

“‘Meine liebe Frau Kronprinzessin, I want to buy your eldest son.’

“‘I am sorry I have sold all my eldest sons, and I had so many, but if you will leave your address he shall be sent to you.’ That was our dear Princess Royal’s answer.

“‘Frau Kronprinzessin,’ the Pomeranian continued, with perfect gravity, ‘as you promise me your eldest son, you may as well send me the whole of you.’

“We see, in some of the French journals, that the Empress Eugénie has invited the Princess of Wales to spend some time with her for change of air, and promises to take care of her with the affection of a sister.

“The Queen of Portugal came to pay a short visit to her sister, the Princess Clotilde, and accompanied her and Prince Napoleon to a family gathering at Turin to celebrate the marriage of the Duke d’Aosta.

“It is very pleasant to see how thoroughly our royal visitors appear to enjoy their holiday. We went one day to dine early at the restaurant in the reserved garden of the Exhibition, and there we found the King and Queen of the Belgians sitting together at their second breakfast, as simply dressed and as cosy in manner as any couple in private life. The king is remarkably handsome, and resembles the portrait of Francois Premier. He is somewhat lame, from an accident he met with a few years ago.

“In order to render due honour to each high and mighty guest, brilliant balls, sumptuous state dinners, magical toilettes, electric illuminations, the choicest productions of garden, hothouse, field, and vineyard, everything of the finest are called forth spontaneously, and very often regardless of expense. Paris is renowned for its fêtes; and there does not exist a Parisian who cannot give a festive air to the very simplest suite of rooms. A few flowers judiciously placed, a fresh muslin curtain, and the thing is done.

“On exceptional occasions, like the present, when the guests are invited by thousands, the chief difficulty is to find space for them. Accordingly, some of the Ambassadors and Ministers transform their gardens and courts into artificial ball-rooms. Cool and airy they must be from their very nature, for the walls and ceiling are composed of nothing more solid than some sort of cotton texture stretched upon framework and tastefully ornamented within.

“The newest decoration for reception-rooms is a carpet of natural living flowers, fixed so skilfully on a layer of soft green moss and ferns, that they remain undisturbed when walked upon. Is it not a charming idea, to represent a flowery meadow beneath our feet? At some of the

ministry balls we saw the walls of one or two rooms clothed in like manner with moss and fresh flowers; but the meadow-carpet is far more effective, for it is more like reality.

"On Saturday, the first of June, Alexander II., Emperor or Czar of all the Russias, with his sons, the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexandrowitch—the Czarowitch is his proper title—and the Grand Duke Wladimar arrived here. The waiting-room of the Northern Railway Station was fitted up like a drawing-room or saloon; a long gallery filled with good company edged the iron-way on which a crimson carpet was spread, a richer carpet being laid for the Imperial visitors to step on from the railway carriage. A military band was stationed further on, ready to strike up the Russian national hymn at the right moment, and all the proper authorities, in gala dress, were in waiting.

"Soon after four the Emperor Napoleon, looking quite radiant with gladness, drove to the station without any escort. He was in full uniform, and wore the highest and oldest Russian Order of St. Andrew. Presently a flourish of trumpets announced the coming train, and, while the music played, it rolled steadily forward to the place where the Emperor stood. The next moment the guests alighted, and their host shook hands with them most cordially. The Czar wore the French Order of the Legion of Honour, and gave both his hands to the Emperor of the French. They advanced up the lines, the Czar on the right, and the Emperor Napoleon half a pace behind, followed by the Imperial Princes, Prince Gortschakoff, Prince Dolgorouki, Count Schouveloff, and the rest of the suite. Near the station the High Priest of the Russian church in Paris, and several Russian ladies, hastened to pay their respects. As soon as the Czar caught sight of the purple robe and long white beard of the clergyman, he affectionately held out his hand for him to kiss.

"Ten State Carriages, with two tall footmen behind each, now drew up. The two Emperors and the two Imperial Princes got into the first carriage, and the procession emerged from the station at half-past four. Such a closely-packed crowd as waited outside is, probably, seldom seen anywhere.

"On and on they quickly drove, by the Boulevards Magenta, Strasbourg, Bonne-Nouvelle, Poissonnière, Montmartre, des Italiens, the Rue de la Paix, Place Vendôme, rue Castiglione, and rue de Rivoli, to the old gate of the Louvre, opposite to the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. From thence it is a straight line through the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel to the Tuileries. The entire route was lined with soldiers, and a mass of people, and from the balconies waved French Tricolour flags and yellow Russian flags with the black Eagle in the centre.

"The Emperor Napoleon presented his guests to the Empress

Eugénie, who, with the Princess Mathilde, stood at the foot of the stairs to bid them welcome. He then conducted them, through the Tuileries Gardens, the Place de la Concorde, and the Avenue Marigny, to the Palace of the Elysée. The crowd was as dense at the end of the drive as at the beginning ; the Russian hymn again greeted their ears, a group of Russians welcomed them in their native language, and the same guard of honour that served the Czar at Nice, when he lost his eldest son, came forward to attend him at the Elysée, having been expressly chosen for that duty by the Emperor Napoleon.

“As soon as they entered the state salon, that which is furnished with yellow tapestry, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the King of the Belgians visited them. When they were gone, the Czar, without delaying a second, drove off to pay a visit to the Princess Mathilde, and to return the visits of the Belgian King and the Prussian Prince. In the evening, the Czar and his sons went to the Variétés Theatre, having sent a telegram that morning to secure places. Between the acts they were recognised taking a stroll in the Passage des Panorames, and admiring the shops.

“At the Elysée, the Czar has for his own use the Emperor Napoleon's private rooms, which consist of two sitting-rooms, a library filled with books that belonged to Queen Hortense and to Napoleon I., a handsome bed-room, and the Silver Salon, so called because the panels and furniture are coated with silver. The Czarowitch occupies the rooms of the Empress Eugénie, and the Grand Duke Wladimar those of the Prince Imperial.

“They rested on Monday, and enjoyed a peaceable ride by themselves on their own Russian horses, the most beautiful sleek creatures you ever beheld. The Czar has made a present to the Emperor of the two handsomest horses in the Russian Section of the Exhibition. One of them is called Fakel, and the other Jasau. The Superior Council of the Jury of the Exhibition has given to the Czar a grand medal for improvements in the breed of horses in the Russian empire, and a grand medal to the Emperor Napoleon for the model workman's cottage exhibited in the park of the Champs de Mars. Those recompenses are the highest honours bestowed by the jury, and less than fifty in all will be distributed.

“Breakfast for the guests at the Elysée having been ordered for morning at the Russian restaurants at the Exhibition, some Russian peasants came there to offer bread and salt to the Czar, according to the custom of their country, and their wives brought him a bouquet of yellow roses with the Imperial cypher and crown, made of myosotis, in the centre of it. After breakfast, the Czar and his party visited the Russian Section of the Exhibition, and walked for some time in the reserved garden, from whence they drove to the Invalides. Apparently

they all delight in going about sight-seeing. The Czar is a tall fine-looking man, with a soldier-like commanding air. His brow is clear and open, his eyes blue, and his smile very benevolent. To my mind there is a touch of sadness in his countenance that is most attractive. You will find a good likeness of the Czarowitch in the portrait of him given in the *Illustrated London News*. The younger Grand Duke is a slender gentle-faced youth, without any decided expression as yet. The word Czar comes from Cæsar, and Czarowitch means Son of the Czar, as Alexandrowitch means Son of Alexander.

"It is about a century and a half since Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, and ancestor of the Czar who is now here, came to Paris, for the first time, to visit Louis XV., then seven years old. Here is the Duke de St. Simon's account of his arrival in May, 1717.

"'Aussitôt qu'on apprit que le Czar approchait de Dunkerque, le Regent envoya le Marquis de Nesle le recevoir à Calais et l'accompagner jusqu'à l'arrivée du Maréchal de Tessé, qui ne devait aller que jusqu'à Beaumont au devant de lui.

"'Puis, dans la crainte que le Czar ne préférât à l'hospitalité somptueuse mais gênante du Louvre la liberté d'une habitation particulière, l'hôtel de Lesdignières, touchant à l'Arsenal ou Citadelle Navale sur le bord de la rivière fût disposé en même temps qu'un logement au Louvre, à tout hasard.

"'Le Marquis de Nesle était un grand seigneur, avec tout ce que cette situation comportait de magnificence, d'élégance, d'esprit, de courtoisie, et de frivolité. Il remplit sa mission à merveille, et son urbanité exquise fût apprécié du Czar, qui ne rendit pas la même justice au nombre excessif des habits de cet ambassadeur si coquet qu'il en changeait tous les jours. En voyant défiler un à un ces habits, le Czar ne pût s'empêcher de sourire, et, cachant son ironie sous une forme bienveillante, il affecta de plaindre le pauvre Marquis d'avoir un si mauvais tailleur qu'il ne pût trouver un habit fait à sa guise. C'était déjà parler en vrai Français, c'est à dire avec gaieté, finesse, et malice.

"'Pierre le Grand s'en alla au mois de Juin, charme de la manière dont-il avait été reçu, de tout ce qu'il avait vu, de la liberté qu'on lui avait laissée, et dans un grand desir de s'unir avec le roi.' . . .

"The King of Prussia, William III., arrived in Paris on the 5th of June. He brought with him Count de Bismark, whose name has been given here to a fashionable new colour of a dingy brown hue with a dash of gold in it; *Bismark en Colère* it is called. The King of Prussia was received with precisely the same ceremonial as the Czar. His son and daughter-in-law went to meet him at Compiègne, the Emperor Napoleon waited for him at the Northern Railway Station, six state carriages conveyed himself and his suite to the Tuileries,

where the Pavillon Marsan was prepared for him, and the band played 'God save the Queen,' which is the National Hymn in Prussia, as well as in England. We were surprised to see how little the King of Prussia is altered since we saw him, some years ago, at the opening of parliament in London. He looks as brave and courageous as ever. The Crown Prince of Prussia has a remarkably intelligent, highly educated, German countenance.

"The day after the arrival of the King of Prussia, there was a grand review of sixty thousand troops, on the race-course in the Bois de Boulogne, at which all the crowned heads now in Paris were present. Everybody seemed pleased, especially the Emperor Napoleon, as he set out, with his three Russian guests, to drive home in an open carriage. They had come as far as the cascade at the upper end of the lake, when suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, and blood spurted on the uniforms of those in the carriage. The Czar, seeing spots of blood on the clothes of his second son and of the Emperor Napoleon, thought they were both of them wounded. Happily, it was not so. The only person wounded was the assassin himself, a young Pole. The Emperor Napoleon never lost his presence of mind. He turned to Czar, to reassure him, and said, smiling—'Sire, nous aurons été au feu ensemble.'

"And the Czar answered—'Nos destinées sont dans les mains de la Providence.'

"Fortunately the Pole failed in his dreadful attempt. He had loaded his pistol with two balls instead of one, hoping to ensure success; and only the horse of one of the grooms of honour who ride by the side of the Emperor's carriage was shot. It was the animal's blood that splattered the inmates of the open carriage. The second ball remained in the barrel, and caused it to burst in the wretched man's hand, shattering some of his fingers. He was immediately seized and sent to prison.

"The Empress and the King of Prussia had driven homewards before this happened, and when they heard of it they went to the Elysée to express their sympathy with the Czar. Within an hour the Czar paid a visit to the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries. When they parted they all agreed to meet later at the Russian Embassy ball. Some of the Czar's suite tried to induce him to leave Paris at once, but he declared that he would neither shorten his visit nor alter any of his arrangements.

"The next day a Te Deum was celebrated at the Russian church as a thanksgiving for the escape of the Czar. As soon as the prayers were over the two imperial princes threw themselves on their father's neck and burst into tears. The Emperor Napoleon was deeply moved.

"The Czar set out on the eleventh for Berlin.

"The other royal visitors for June are the King of Sweden, Prince Humbert (Victor Emanuel's eldest son), the King of Portugal, Ismail Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, Shah of Persia, a Moorish Prince (brother of the Emperor of Morocco), the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Queen of Spain, and the Sultan Abdul Aziz, with his eldest son Youssoufi, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Count and Countess of Flanders, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. When he is at home the Sultan rides in a high-peaked saddle, and wears fine flowing robes, which he reserves for fête days, when he is amongst strangers.

"It is now high time to tell you a little about what we have seen in the Exhibition of late ; but you cannot be surprised at the interest we take in looking at crowned heads when they come in our way ; they are besides, as it were, part and parcel of the Exhibition themselves, for if that had not been in existence the half of these grand visitors would never have been invited.

"We are a great deal puzzled to know which of the galleries in the Palace it would be best to begin with, so we decide upon going round the Gallery of Machinery, for no other reason than that it comes first by whatever door we enter. Steam engines are at work there all day and every day till five o'clock ; and between the noise they make and the clatter of the machinery they set in motion, we felt ourselves pretty soon bewildered. The first thing we saw to the right of the grand entrance, for we naturally began with the English side, was a huge golden-looking pyramid, that represents all the gold found in Australia up to 1862. The base of the pyramid is about ten feet square, and its height sixty-three feet. In real gold this pyramid would be worth I forget how many millions sterling, value far too great to think of. A very ingenious Rock Tunnelling Machine, invented by Captain Beaumont of the Royal Engineers, stands close to the golden pyramid. Fifty strong iron cutting-tools, called jumpers, are fixed in a circle of the required diameter, with one cutting tool fixed in the centre, and are moved horizontally forward by steam. Sometimes these jumpers are six feet long, but in the machine now exhibited they are much shorter for want of space. They all strike the rock together, and make grooves about a foot long in ordinary rock, but eight inches only in harder rock, such as granite. This machine works twenty-four hours a day without stopping, and can go on to an indefinite length of time as long as the steam is kept up. When six feet, or thereabouts, has been pierced, the machine is drawn back, and the centre hole is then charged with gun-cotton fired by a fusee, more or less slow, which blows the cheese-shaped stone that surrounds it to atoms. Thus a tunnel of

almost any length may be pierced by persevering repetitions of the same process.

"The next machine is one for pumping up water out of mines, which, to judge by the roaring splashing water we saw tumbling from it, must do its work very effectually. The letting out of water is indeed like the strife of tongues, overwhelming and deafening, as we just then happened to see in a squabble amongst some angry Germans standing in the vestibule sputtering with all their might.

"We gladly diverted our attention to something more tranquil, and stopped to admire Keats' display of machinery applied to useful domestic economy. Amongst other wonders we were attracted by a marvellous sweeping-brush, that, like some good fairy, does its duty swiftly and unseen. It is pushed gently along the floor, and not only sweeps well by means of a rolling brush—in shape like a bottle-brush—placed horizontally under cover, with a sort of box beneath, into which it gathers up the dust as it goes, and leaves no trace behind. The showman then brought forward a machine for cleaning and polishing knives like new in a few seconds; a machine for whisking eggs, and converting them into confectioner's cream; and, last of all, a wringing machine, with which a wet blanket was wrung almost dry, by being passed between two wooden rollers, before we had time to look round us; and then, to show that buttons are not damaged in the process, he passed a pair of spectacles between the same rollers, and they came out at the other side entirely uninjured. What a boon that machine must be to laundresses!

"The representative of Kingsland's Gas-Meter Company, a few steps farther on, explained to us so clearly what had always been a mystery to me, that for the time I felt as if I understood how the precise quantity of gas consumed in any given house can be checked off by the meter itself with unerring exactness. Not that I am able to give you any notion of the mechanism, simple though it be, by means of which that result is obtained. The gas-meter is made of glass and a highly-polished white metal, so that it can easily be kept perfectly clean.

"Opposite to that stall there is a wood-cutting machine, invented by Worsman of Chelsea. It is called the 'general joiner,' and is intended for architectural purposes; mouldings, cornices, and ornaments of like nature, being carved by it with surprising rapidity. A machine for carving wood in relief, such as we see in wooden bread-plates, is the near neighbour of the general joiner in the machine gallery, and there we saw some exquisite specimens of what it can do.

"In the carriage department there are omnibuses, drays, wagonettes of every variety of form and more or less graceful. One of the carriages made by Rock of Hastings is so light that a lady sitting inside can open

and shut the head quite easily, and a larger carriage made by Fuller of Bath is constructed in such a manner that the coachman as he sits quietly on the box can transform it in a moment from a shut to an open carriage, and *vice versa*. The carriages that seemed to be the most approved of were some light phaetons and a Whitechapel Cart made by Mulliner of Leamington. We heard that several Whitechapel Carts were sold on the first day of the opening of the Exhibition.

"We saw a newly invented railway locomotive in the French department, with a third class carriage placed on the top of one for the first class. It occurred to us how very worrying it would be to those seated in the undermost carriage to hear the impatient shuffling of feet and pounding of sticks likely to take place above their heads towards the end of a journey.

"On looking up at the raised terrace in the middle of the gallery we saw a large organ that is intended for a church at Nancy, and is exhibited on this terrace for want of room elsewhere. Presently some one began to play, but to our ears the music might have been the growling of bears rather than sweet melody, owing to our hearing it mixed with and nearly overpowered by the unharmonious sounds with which we were surrounded.

"In a quieter part of the gallery we found several persons busily occupied at different trades; book binding, passementerie or trimming weaving, ivory carving, cork cutting, pillow-lace, common jewellery, artificial flowers, fans, leather purses and the like, all were in different stages of progress. The quaint French problem, too—'Etant donné un lapin, faire un chapeau de fentre en cinquante minutes,' was there solved to the satisfaction of all beholders. Now you must not suppose that it was possible for us to learn how to do any of those works merely from seeing them done in our presence, though we, perhaps, have gained some slight idea of the manner in which they were done. The only thing we could really follow was a very pretty sort of artificial mosaic work made of small solid tubes of coloured glass. Myra thought it so pretty that she bought a box of all that is necessary to make some trifling articles like some that were shown to us.

"The two large plans in relief, surrounded by a railing, for the sake of preservation, occupy the middle of the first hill. The first plan represents the Isthmus of Suez and a portion of Lower Egypt, of which we have a bird's-eye view as we walk round. The second represents part of the Canal, and specimens to show the nature of the difficulties that had to be overcome in making it. Five other models are placed like tables against the walls of the hill. They represent (1) Port Said, (2) Ismailia, (3) Suez, (4) different sorts of tools employed for the work of excavation, (5) the workshops at El Guise.

"Besides these models there are six glass cases filled with fossil

remains, birds, none of which are bright coloured, insects, reptiles, shells, madrepores, dried arid-looking plants, and a stuffed, patient-looking dromedary, all of them collected in the country, and now carefully arranged like a little museum of natural history.

“The inner room, which is circular, is approached through a curtain. It contains a panoramic view of the desert country, through which a canal and a railway now pass. It cannot be said to be in the slightest degree an attractive spot, such as one might fancy they would like to live in; but the general grey aspect of everything, sand, sky, and water, is wonderfully well represented.

“From thence we were tempted, by seeing another crowd, to go up a long flight of steps, guarded by lions, to the palace of the Bey of Tunis, now entirely finished. It is perfectly enchanting; the largest room, or Hall of Audience, is very lofty, and is surrounded with comfortable-looking divans or continuous sofas, and there is a beautiful fountain in the middle. This delightful room is lined with wainscoting of six feet high, rich dark colours so well harmonised with the divan that nothing strikes the eye, and the whole imparts a refreshing delicious sensation of quietness and repose, but not of melancholy. A sort of rainbow light comes through windows of coloured glass hung very high up, and we see the colours through a screen of pierced plaster, which we mistook for carved wood, till a Tunisian who was there told us how they were made. Six much smaller rooms surround that great room, all furnished with exquisite taste, in the same dark rich style. Gay cherry satin, mirrors, gilding, and bright light, would entirely destroy the charm. It is said to be an exact model of the Bardo, as the residence of the Bey is called, a few miles from Tunis.

“By the time we had gone through all this, neither Mrs. Selby nor I could bear to look at anything more, so we and Myra went into the fresh air, glad enough to escape from the constant din and noise, and Major Sedley, who took great interest in all he saw, remained in the gallery, and promised to note down anything he thought likely to interest us, a few of which we might look at at a time. We agreed to meet him at five o'clock in the reserved garden, and dine at the restaurant there.

“I had seen in some French newspaper that a sort of nursery was prepared in the Palace for the little children of the women occupied in the stalls or otherwise. We drank some hot coffee, and went to look for it in the French Section; at last we found it, in the Park near the Emperor's Pavilion. It is merely a model of what is called in France a *crèche*, or sort of nursery, fitted up with twelve little cradle beds, a good quantity of baby raiment, and a little dining-table enclosed in a high fence in the middle of the room; little soup-plates and spoons were laid at one end of the table, and abundance of toys, all spic and

span new, were at the other end ; but not a sign of a baby of any age was to be seen—no little chubby hands were there to seize either spoon or toy ; and the women who showed it all to us seemed so grumpy, that we were glad to get away.

“The air was so refreshing that we sauntered about without exactly knowing in what direction. By-and-by we perceived a crowd at the door of the Isthmus of Suez building, which proved that it must be now complete. We mounted a short flight of steps and entered a large square room lighted from above, and not unlike a hall in a public museum, and totally devoid of ornament or decoration of any kind. The nature of the plans and models exhibited is explained by the inscription inside on the wall :—

“Lorsque le général Bonaparte, après la bataille des Pyramides, se rendit à Suez avec les savants de l'expédition, il s'avança vers le nord dans l'isthme et reconnut le premier les vestiges de l'ancien canal, en s'écriant : “Messieurs, nous sommes en plein canal des Pharaons !” C'est alors qu'il donna à M. Lepère, ingénieur des ponts et chaussées, l'ordre d'étudier un projet de canal des deux mers.’

“The idea of this gigantic undertaking has been carried out with unwearied perseverance and great skill by Ferdinand de Lesseps, and about a month ago a French vessel of eighty tons went from the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal, and in three days reached the Red Sea.

“As we had abundance of time to spare we thought it would be well to look at some of the things exhibited in the Palace which were not likely to interest Major Sedley—shawls, lace, silks, and the like. We, therefore, hastily crossed the Gallery of Machinery to escape the buzz of whirring wheels, and went in search of the stall where Scotch Shawls are displayed. What we saw in our peregrinations you shall hear of in my next letter.”

(To be continued.)

ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE ELECTORAL FRANCHISE.

On the 20th of May, Mr. John Stuart Mill brought before the House his motion for the enfranchisement of women. We propose giving the speeches in full, and also some of the principal articles which appeared in the most influential papers, in compliance with the wishes of our subscribers. Mr. Mill said :—

I rise, sir, to propose an extension of the suffrage which can excite no party or class feeling in this House ; which can give no umbrage to the keenest assertor of the claims either of property or of numbers ; an extension which has not the smallest tendency to disturb what we have heard so much about lately, the balance of political power ; which cannot afflict the most timid alarmist with revolutionary terrors, or offend the most jealous democrat as an infringement of popular rights, or a privilege granted to one class of society at the expense of another. There is nothing to distract our attention from the simple question, whether there is any adequate justification for continuing to exclude an entire half of the community, not only from admission, but from the capability of being ever admitted within the pale of the Constitution, though they may fulfil all the conditions legally and constitutionally sufficient in every case but theirs. Sir, within the limits of our Constitution this is a solitary case. There is no other example of an exclusion which is absolute. If the law denied a vote to all but the possessors of £5,000 a year, the poorest man in the nation might—and now and then would—acquire the suffrage ; but neither birth, nor fortune, nor merit, nor exertion, nor intellect, nor even that great disposer of human affairs, accident, can ever enable any woman to have her voice counted in those national affairs which touch her and hers as nearly as any other person in the nation.

Now, sir, before going any further, allow me to say that a *primâ facie* case is already made out. It is not just to make distinctions in rights and privileges, without a positive reason. I do not mean that the electoral franchise, or any other public function, is an abstract right, and that to withhold it from anyone, on sufficient grounds of expediency, is a personal wrong ; it is a complete misunderstanding of the principle I maintain, to confound this with it ; my argument is entirely one of expediency. But there are different orders of expediency ; all expediencies are not exactly on the same level ; there is an important branch of expediency called justice, and justice, though it does not necessarily require that we should confer political functions on every one, does require that we should not, capriciously and without cause,

withhold from one what we give to another. As was most truly said by my right honourable friend the member for South Lancashire, in the most misunderstood and misrepresented speech I ever remember ; to lay a ground for refusing the suffrage to anyone, it is necessary to allege either personal unfitness or public danger. Now, can either of these be alleged in the present case ? Can it be pretended that women who manage an estate or conduct a business, who pay rates and taxes, often to a large amount, and frequently from their own earnings, many of whom are responsible heads of families, and some of whom, in the capacity of schoolmistresses, teach much more than a great number of the male electors have ever learnt, are not capable of a function of which every male householder is capable ? Or is it feared that if they were admitted to the suffrage they would revolutionise the state, would deprive us of any of our valued institutions, or that we should have worse laws or be in any way whatever worse governed, through the effect of their suffrages ? No one, sir, believes anything of the kind.

And it is not only the general principles of justice that are infringed, or at least set aside, by the exclusion of women, merely as women, from any share in the representation ; that exclusion is also repugnant to the particular principles of the British Constitution. It violates one of the oldest of our constitutional maxims—a doctrine dear to reformers, and theoretically acknowledged by most conservatives—that taxation and representation should be co-extensive. Do not women pay taxes ? Does not every woman who is *sui juris* contribute exactly as much to the revenue as a man who has the same electoral qualification ? If a stake in the country means anything, the owner of freehold or leasehold property has the same stake, whether it is owned by a man or a woman. There is evidence in our constitutional records that women have voted, in counties and in some boroughs, at former, though certainly distant, periods of our history.

The House, however, will doubtless expect that I should not rest my case solely on the general principles either of justice or of the constitution, but should produce what are called practical arguments. Now, there is one practical argument of great weight, which, I frankly confess, is entirely wanting in the case of women ; they do not hold great meetings in the parks, or demonstrations at Islington. How far this omission may be considered to invalidate their claim, I will not undertake to decide ; but other practical arguments, practical in the most restricted meaning of the term, are not wanting ; and I am prepared to state them, if I may be permitted first to ask, what are the practical objections ? The difficulty which most people feel on this subject, is not a practical objection ; there is nothing practical about it ; it is a mere feeling—a feeling of strangeness ; the proposal is so new ; at least they think so, though this is a mistake ; it is a very old proposal. Well,

sir, strangeness is a thing which wears off ; some things were strange enough to many of us three months ago which are not at all so now ; and many are strange now, which will not be strange to the same persons a few years hence, or even, perhaps, a few months. And as for novelty, we live in a world of novelties ; the despotism of custom is on the wane ; we are not now satisfied with knowing that a thing is, we ask whether it ought to be ; and in this House at least, I am bound to believe that an appeal lies from custom to a higher tribunal, in which reason is judge. Now, the reasons which custom is in the habit of giving for itself on this subject are usually very brief. That, indeed, is one of my difficulties ; it is not easy to refute an interjection ; interjections, however, are the only arguments among those we usually hear on this subject, which it seems to me at all difficult to refute. The others mostly present themselves in such aphorisms as these : Politics are not women's business, and would distract them from their proper duties ; women do not desire the suffrage, but would rather be without it ; women are sufficiently represented by the representation of their male relatives and connexions ; women have power enough already. I shall probably be thought to have done enough in the way of answering, if I answer all this ; and it may, perhaps, instigate any honourable gentleman who takes the trouble of replying to me, to produce something more recondite.

Politics, it is said, are not a woman's business. Well, sir, I rather think that politics are not a man's business either ; unless he is one of the few who are selected and paid to devote their time to the public service, or is a member of this or of the other House. The vast majority of male electors have each his own business, which absorbs nearly the whole of his time ; but I have not heard that the few hours occupied, once in a few years, in attending at a polling booth, even if we throw in the time spent in reading newspapers and political treatises, ever causes them to neglect their shops or their counting-houses. I have never understood that those who have votes are worse merchants, or worse lawyers, or worse physicians, or even worse clergymen than other people. One would almost suppose that the British Constitution denied a vote to every one who could not give the greater part of his time to politics ; if this were the case, we should have a very limited constituency. But allow me to ask, what is the meaning of political freedom ? Is it anything but the control of those who do make their business of politics, by those who do not ? Is it not the very essence of constitutional liberty, that men come from their looms and their forges to decide, and decide well, whether they are properly governed, and whom they will be governed by ? And the nations which prize this privilege the most, and exercise it most fully, are invariably those who excel most in the common concerns of life. The ordinary occupations

of most women are, and are likely to remain, principally domestic ; but the notion that these occupations are incompatible with the keenest interest in national affairs, and in all the great interests of humanity, is as utterly futile as the apprehension, once sincerely entertained, that artisans would desert their workshops and their factories if they were taught to read. I know there is an obscure feeling—a feeling which is ashamed to express itself openly—as if women had no right to care about anything, except how they may be the most useful and devoted servants of some man. But as I am convinced that there is not a single member of this House whose conscience accuses him of so mean a feeling, I may say, without offence, that this claim to confiscate the whole existence of one half of the species for the supposed convenience of the other, appears to me, independently of its injustice, particularly silly. For who that has had ordinary experience of human affairs, and ordinary capacity of profiting by that experience, fancies that those do their own work best who understand nothing else ? A man has lived to little purpose who has not learnt that without general mental cultivation, no particular work that requires understanding is ever done in the best manner. It requires brains to use practical experience ; and brains even without practical experience, go further than any amount of practical experience without brains. But perhaps it is thought that the ordinary occupations of women are more antagonistic than those of men are to the comprehension of public affairs. It is thought, perhaps, that those who are principally charged with the moral education of the future generations of men, cannot be fit to form an opinion about the moral and educational interests of a people ; and that those whose chief daily business is the judicious laying-out of money, so as to produce the greatest results with the smallest means, cannot possibly give any lessons to right honourable gentlemen on the other side of the House or on this, who contrive to produce such singularly small results with such vast means.

I feel a degree of confidence, sir, on this subject which I could not feel if the political change, in itself not great or formidable, which I advocate were not grounded, as beneficent and salutary political changes almost always are, upon a previous social change. The notion of a hard and fast line of separation between women's occupations and men's—of forbidding women to take interest in the things which interest men—belongs to a gone-by state of society which is receding farther and farther into the past. We talk of political revolutions, but we do not sufficiently attend to the fact that there has taken place around us a silent domestic revolution : women and men are, for the first time in history, really each other's companions. Our traditions respecting the proper relations between them have descended from a time when their lives were apart—when they were separate in their thoughts because

they were separate equally in their amusements and in their serious occupations. In former days a man passed his life among men; all his friendships, all his real intimacies were with men; with men alone did he consult on any serious business; the wife was either a plaything or an upper servant. All this, among the educated classes, is now changed. The man no longer gives his spare hours to violent out-door exercises and boisterous conviviality with male associates: the two sexes now pass their lives together; the women of a man's family are his habitual society; the wife is his chief associate, his most confidential friend, and often his most trusted adviser. Now, does a man wish to have for his nearest companion, so closely linked with him, and whose wishes and preferences have so strong a claim on him, one whose thoughts are alien to those which occupy his own mind—one who can neither be a help, a comfort, nor a support to his noblest feelings and purposes? Is this close and almost exclusive companionship compatible with women's being warned off all large subjects—being taught that they ought not to care for what it is men's duty to care for, and that to have any serious interests outside the household is stepping beyond their province? Is it good for a man to live in complete communion of thoughts and feelings with one who is studiously kept inferior to himself, whose earthly interests are forcibly confined within four walls, and who cultivates, as a grace of character, ignorance and indifference about the most inspiring subjects, those among which his highest duties are cast? Does anyone suppose that this can happen without detriment to the man's own character? Sir, the time is now come when, unless women are raised to the level of men, men will be pulled down to theirs. The women of a man's family are either a stimulus and a support to his highest aspirations, or a drag upon them. You may keep them ignorant of politics, but you cannot prevent them from concerning themselves with the least respectable part of politics—its personalities; if they do not understand and cannot enter into the man's feelings of public duty, they do care about his personal interest, and that is the scale into which their weight will certainly be thrown. They will be an influence always at hand, co-operating with the man's selfish promptings, lying in wait for his moments of moral irresolution, and doubling the strength of every temptation. Even if they maintain a modest forbearance, the mere absence of their sympathy will hang a dead-weight on his moral energies, making him unwilling to make sacrifices which they will feel, and to forego social advantages and successes in which they would share, for objects which they cannot appreciate. Supposing him fortunate enough to escape any actual sacrifice of conscience, the indirect effect on the higher parts of his character is still deplorable. Under an idle notion that the beauties of character of the two sexes are mutually incompatible, men are

afraid of manly women ; but those who have considered the nature and power of social influences well know that unless there are manly women, there will not much longer be manly men. When men and women are really companions, if women are frivolous men will be frivolous ; if women care for nothing but personal interest and idle vanities, men in general will care for little else : the two sexes must now rise or sink together. • It may be said that women may take interest in great public questions without having votes ; they may, certainly ; but how many of them will ? Education and society have exhausted their power in inculcating on women that their proper rule of conduct is what society expects from them ; and the denial of the vote is a proclamation intelligible to everyone, that whatever else society may expect, it does not expect that they should concern themselves with public interests. Why, the whole of a girl's thoughts and feelings are toned down by it from her schooldays ; she does not take the interest even in national history which her brothers do, because it is to be no business of hers when she grows up. If there are women—and now happily there are many—who do interest themselves in these subjects, and do study them, it is because the force within is strong enough to bear up against the worst kind of discouragement, that which acts, not by interposing obstacles which may be struggled against, but by deadening the spirit which faces and conquers obstacles.

We are told, sir, that women do not wish for the suffrage. If the fact were so, it would only prove that all women are still under this deadening influence ; that the opiate still benumbs their mind and conscience. But great numbers of women do desire the suffrage, and have asked for it by petitions to this House. How do we know how many more thousands there may be, who have not asked for what they do not hope to get ; or for fear of what may be thought of them by men, or by other women ; or from the feeling, so sedulously cultivated in them by their education—aversion to make themselves conspicuous ? Men must have a rare power of self-delusion, if they suppose that leading questions put to the ladies of their family or of their acquaintance will elicit their real sentiments, or will be answered with complete sincerity by one woman in ten thousand. No one is so well schooled as most women are in making a virtue of necessity ; it costs little to disclaim caring for what is not offered ; and frankness in the expression of sentiments which may be displeasing and may be thought uncomplimentary to their nearest connections, is not one of the virtues which a woman's education tends to cultivate, and is, moreover, a virtue attended with sufficient risk, to induce prudent women usually to reserve its exercise for cases in which there is a nearer and more personal interest at stake. However this may be, those who do not care for the suffrage will not use it ; either they will not register, or if they do, they

will vote as their male relatives advise ; by which, as the advantage will probably be about equally shared among all classes, no harm will be done. Those, be they few or many, who do value the privilege, will exercise it, and will receive that stimulus to their faculties, and that widening and liberalizing influence over their feelings and sympathies, which the suffrage seldom fails to produce on those who are admitted to it. Meanwhile, an unworthy stigma would be removed from the whole sex. The law would cease to declare them incapable of serious things ; would cease to proclaim that their opinions and wishes are unworthy of regard, on things which concern them equally with men, and on many things which concern them much more than men. They would no longer be classed with children, idiots, and lunatics, as incapable of taking care of either themselves or others, and needing that everything should be done for them, without asking their consent. If only one woman in twenty thousand used the suffrage, to be declared capable of it would be a boon to all women. Even that theoretical enfranchisement would remove a weight from the expansion of their faculties, the real mischief of which is much greater than the apparent.

Then it is said, that women do not need direct power, having so much indirect, through their influence over their male relatives and connections. I should like to carry this argument a little further. Rich people have a great deal of indirect influence. Is this a reason for refusing them votes ? Does any one propose a rating qualification the wrong way, or bring in a Reform Bill to disfranchise all who live in a £500 house, or pay £100 a year in direct taxes ? Unless this rule for distributing the franchise is to be reserved for the exclusive benefit of women, it would follow that persons of more than a certain fortune should be allowed to bribe, but should not be allowed to vote. Sir, it is true that women have great power. It is part of my case that they have great power ; but they have it under the worst possible conditions, because it is indirect, and therefore irresponsible. I want to make this great power a responsible power. I want to make the woman feel her conscience interested in its honest exercise. I want her to feel that it is not given to her as a mere means of personal ascendancy. I want to make her influence work by a manly interchange of opinion, and not by cajolery. I want to awaken in her the political point of honour. Many a woman already influences greatly the political conduct of the men connected with her, and sometimes, by force of will, actually governs it ; but she is never supposed to have anything to do with it ; the man whom she influences and perhaps misleads, is alone responsible ; her power is like the back-stairs influence of a favourite. Sir, I demand that all who exercise power should have the burthen laid on them of knowing something about the things they have power over. With the acknowledged right to a voice, would come a sense of the corresponding duty. Women

are not usually inferior in tenderness of conscience to men. Make the woman a moral agent in these matters : show that you expect from her a political conscience : and when she has learnt to understand the transcendent importance of these things, she will know why it is wrong to sacrifice political convictions to personal interest or vanity ; she will understand that political integrity is not a foolish personal crotchet, which a man is bound, for the sake of his family, to give up, but a solemn duty : and the men whom she can influence will be better men in all public matters, and not, as they often are now, worse men by the whole amount of her influence.

But at least, it will be said, women do not suffer any practical inconvenience, as women, by not having a vote. The interests of all women are safe in the hands of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, who have the same interest with them, and not only know, far better than they do, what is good for them, but care much more for them than they care for themselves. Sir, this is exactly what is said of all unrepresented classes. The operatives, for instance : are they not virtually represented by the representation of their employers ? Are not the interest of the employers and that of the employed, when properly understood, the same ? To insinuate the contrary, is it not the horrible crime of setting class against class ? Is not the farmer equally interested with the labourer in the prosperity of agriculture—the cotton manufacturer equally with his workmen in the high price of calicoes ? Are they not both interested alike in taking off taxes ? And, generally, have not employers and employed a common interest against all outsiders, just as husband and wife have against all outside the family ? And what is more, are not all employers good, kind, benevolent men, who love their workpeople, and always desire to do what is most for their good ? All these assertions are as true, and as much to the purpose as the corresponding assertions respecting men and women. Sir, we do not live in Arcadia, but, as we were lately reminded, *in facie Romuli* : and in that region workmen need other protection than that of their employers, and women other protection than that of their men. I should like to have a return laid before this House of the number of women who are annually beaten to death, kicked to death, or trampled to death by their male protectors : and, in an opposite column, the amount of the sentences passed, in those cases in which the dastardly criminals did not get off altogether : I should also like to have, in a third column, the amount of property, the unlawful taking of which was, at the same sessions or assizes, by the same judge, thought worthy of the same amount of punishment. We should then have an arithmetical estimate of the value set by a male legislature and male tribunals on the murder of a woman, often by torture continued through years, which, if there is any shame in us, would make us hang our heads. Sir, before it is

affirmed that women do not suffer in their interests, as women, by the denial of a vote, it should be considered whether women have no grievances ; whether the laws, and those practices which laws can reach, are in every way as favourable to women as to men. Now, how stands the fact ? In the matter of education, for instance. We continually hear that the most important part of national education is that of mothers, because they educate the future men. Is this importance really attached to it ? Are there many fathers who care as much, or are willing to expend as much, for the education of their daughters as of their sons ? Where are the Universities, where the High Schools, or the schools of any high description, for them ? If it be said that girls are better educated at home, where are the training-schools for governesses ? What has become of the endowments which the bounty of our ancestors destined for the education, not of one sex only, but of both indiscriminately ? I am told by one of the highest authorities on the subject, that in the majority of the endowments the provision made is not for boys, but for education generally ; in one great endowment, Christ's Hospital, it is expressly for both : that institution now maintains and educates 1,100 boys, and exactly twenty-six girls. And when they attain womanhood, how does it fare with that great and increasing portion of the sex, who, sprung from the educated classes, have not inherited a provision, and not having obtained one by marriage, or disdaining to marry merely for a provision, depend on their exertions for subsistence ? Hardly any decent educated occupation, save one, is open to them. They are either governesses or nothing. A fact has recently occurred, well worthy of commemoration in connection with this subject. A young lady, Miss Garrett, from no pressure of necessity, but from an honourable desire to employ her activity in alleviating human suffering, studied the medical profession. Having duly qualified herself, she, with an energy and perseverance which cannot be too highly praised, knocked successively at all the doors through which, by law, access is obtained into the medical profession. Having found all other doors fast shut, she fortunately discovered one which had accidentally been left ajar. The Society of Apothecaries, it seems, had forgotten to shut out those who they never thought would attempt to come in, and through this narrow entrance this young lady found her way into this profession. But so objectionable did it appear to this learned body that women should be the medical attendants even of women, that the narrow wicket through which Miss Garrett entered has been closed after her, and no second Miss Garrett will be allowed to pass through it. And this is *instar omnium*. No sooner do women show themselves capable of competing with men in any career, than that career, if it be lucrative or honourable, is closed to them. A short time ago, women might be Associates of the Royal Academy ; but they were so distinguishing

themselves, they were assuming so honourable a place in their art, that this privilege also has been withdrawn. This is the sort of care taken of women's interests by the men who so faithfully represent them. This is the way we treat unmarried women. And how is it with the married? They, it may be said, are not interested in this motion; and they are not directly interested; but it interests, even directly, many who have been married, as well as others who will be. Now, by the common law of England, all that a wife has, belongs absolutely to the husband; he may tear it all from her, squander every penny of it in debauchery, leave her to support by her labour herself and her children, and if by heroic exertion and self-sacrifice she is able to put by something for their future wants, unless she is judicially separated from him he can pounce down upon her savings, and leave her penniless. And such cases are of quite common occurrence. Sir, if we were besotted enough to think these things right, there would be more excuse for us; but we know better. The richer classes take care to exempt their own daughters from the consequences of this abominable state of the law. By the contrivance of marriage settlements, they are able in each case to make a private law for themselves, and they invariably do so. Why do we not provide that justice for the daughters of the poor, which we take care to provide for our own daughters? Why is not that which is done in every case that we personally care for made the law of the land, so that a poor man's child whose parents could not afford the expense of a settlement, may retain a right to any little property that may devolve on her, and may have a voice in the disposal of her own earnings, which, in the case of many husbands, are the best and only reliable part of the incomings of the family? I am sometimes asked what practical grievances I propose to remedy by giving women a vote. I propose, for one thing, to remedy this. I give these instances to prove that women are not the petted children of society which many people seem to think they are—that they have not the over-abundance, the superfluity of power that is ascribed to them, and are not sufficiently represented by the representation of the men who have not had the heart to do for them this simple and obvious piece of justice. Sir, grievances of less magnitude than the law of the property of married women, when suffered by parties less inured to passive submission, have provoked revolutions. We ought not to take advantage of the security we feel against any such consequence in the present case, to withhold from a limited number of women that moderate amount of participation in the enactment and improvement of our laws, which this motion solicits for them, and which would enable the general feelings of women to be heard in this House through a few male representatives. We ought not to deny to them what we are conceding to everybody else—a right to be

consulted ; the ordinary chance of placing in the great Council of the nation a few organs of their sentiments, of having what every petty trade or profession has, a few members who feel specially called on to attend to their interests, and to point out how those interests are affected by the law, or by any proposed changes in it. No more is asked by this motion ; and when the time comes, as it certainly will come, when this will be granted, I feel the firmest conviction that you will never repent of the concession.

Mr. Karslake said he had listened, as the rest of the house had done, with great attention to the hon. member for Westminster, for there was this peculiarity in the question—that there was not a man in England, whatever his rank in life, that was not interested in it. The observations of the hon. member pointed only to the admission of spinsters and widows to the suffrage ; but the hon. member's argument, as well as the argument in his writings, all pointed to the admission of married women. He was obliged to consider that question, because of the spinsters and widows it might be said with all delicacy that they were in a transition state. The spinsters might marry, and the widows might marry again. Now, if the ladies of England were once to obtain this boon, and if they attached that importance to it which the hon. member for Westminster supposed them to do, could the house expect that they would part with it again by marrying ? He was obliged to consider the question of married women possessing the franchise not only by this consideration, but also by the writings of the hon. member, for all who were familiar with his writings knew that the suffrage of married women was a favourite hobby of his, though it must be admitted he had ridden his hobby very temperately that evening. But the committee must consider what the result would be, and that if he got in the thin end of the wedge by the admission of unmarried women to the electoral roll he would afterwards claim that married women should also be admitted to the franchise. But take the present claim of the hon. member that spinsters and widows alone should have a right to the franchise. Was it to be supposed that, after having exercised this right for a few years—after having enjoyed the sweets of the franchise—they would be content to forego it by entering into the married state ? If so they might repeat the words of the Italian poet, which our own poet laureate had almost translated—

“ I hold it truth the poet sings,
That the sorrow crowning sorrow
Is remembering better things.”

But could it be supposed that when a lady was taken to the altar she became a debased and degraded creature, and put in the position of the miserable compound householder of whose exclusion they lately

heard so much. He must therefore remind the committee that the question of the unmarried woman and the widow was but a small part of the subject, and that they must face the more important question whether or no married women ought to have the suffrage. Now, that was a question which they ought to consider—first, with regard to the law of the land; and next, with regard to expediency. Now, as regarded the first branch of the question, they had, in this country, deliberately come to the conclusion that a woman on her marriage should give over all she had, including herself, to her husband, for better, for worse. He thought the hon. member for Westminster was under some mistake as to the protection which the law gave to married women. The law was now precisely what it had been for the last 500 years. It was true that, by means of trustees, you could, through the intervention of the Court of Chancery, receive some protection to the property of a married woman. With that exception, the law of the land at the present day had deliberately settled that the wife should be absolutely and entirely in the power of her husband. It was true that by placing her property in the hands of trustees you could give a married woman the protection of the Court of Chancery; but without the intervention of that she could enjoy no such rights. A Scotch text-writer had observed how singular it was that, when a man took a woman to the altar, he said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," whereas he took from her everything she had, and did not give her a farthing. If an hon. gentleman gave his wife a diamond necklace, he might take it from her the next day; but, on the other hand, if an hon. gentleman married a widow with ten children he had to support every one of them. The law contemplated that the wife should be absolutely and entirely under the control of the husband, not only in respect of her property, but of her personal movements. For example, a married woman might not "gad about," and if she did her husband was entitled to lock her up, or even to beat her, though, at the present day, there was some doubt upon this point, and, as a lawyer, he should not recommend any such proceeding.

Then how would it be in the matter of voting? In the course of his canvas, which was still vividly in his recollection, he often canvassed the wives of voters. And he generally found that the female persons were blue. It was their usual reply—"Oh, I am blue, but my husband votes yellow." Sometimes, he admitted, it was the other way. He pointed out this as showing the difficulties that would exist in the way of women exercising their right of voting in opposition to their husbands. He did not wish to pursue this subject farther; but he believed that the farther they did refer to it the more would they be met with the difficulties of the subject. He believed that the unerring instincts, not only of the House of Commons, but of men themselves,

would be utterly opposed to this innovation. It was absurd to suppose that a woman, when she obtained the franchise, would be better able to protect herself against the brutality of man. Man must be "unbrutalised," if he might use the expression, by some other means than those proposed by the hon. member for Westminster. He (Mr. Karslake) trusted that the improvement in the social condition of man, which the present bill intended to effect, would go far to prevent much of that brutality which, unhappily, existed. They, no doubt, wanted to make man better than he was, but certainly not by altering the condition of women. He thought that the hon. member for Westminster would have done well if he imported into this question not so much of political economy, but a little more of common sense. He was sure that he had always heard the hon. gentleman's words with respect, and perused his writings with delight; but in this sort of every-day question, upon which everyone was capable of forming an opinion, he must say he thought the hon. gentleman was too much inclined to introduce the strains of political economy into the matter. The hon. member reminded him of a character, well-known to that house as one of the best to be found in Mr. Dickens's works, who, button-holing everyone he met, was in the habit of asking him, "What are we to do with our raw material in exchange for our drain of gold?" He must certainly congratulate the hon. member upon the temperate terms in which he introduced this question to their notice. He was, however, surprised to hear the hon. gentleman the other day tell the gentlemen who sat upon his side of the house that their weapon was their pocket. Now, he believed that there never was a more unfair or groundless observation. Such language as that had been described, by one of the closest reasoners on the opposition side of the house, as stump oratory. He certainly expected from the hon. member for Westminster reasoning of a much more logical kind than any he had, as yet, used in respect to this question. He thought that the committee would come to the opinion that the hon. member was wrong in his first principles. In one of his very able works the hon. member had laid it down that there was no greater difference between a woman and a man than there was between two human beings, one with red hair and one with black, or one with a fair skin, and the other with a dark one. He humbly begged to differ from him. A woman, in his humble opinion, would be almost debased or degraded by the possession of the franchise. She would be in danger of losing those admirable attributes of her sex, namely, her gentleness, her affection, and her domesticity. The hon. member for Westminster, as a scholar, would recollect the words of a great man, who flourished about 500 years before Christ, who, like the noble earl at the head of the cabinet, was the great leader, the first orator and

statesman, of the day. That distinguished individual said, in speaking of women, "Let them not struggle to rise above their natural condition which has been assigned to them by Providence; let them desire to fly from the breath of praise almost as much as from the breath of censure." The ladies, though perhaps willing to listen to the hon. member for Westminster discussing logical principles on a Sunday evening, whether spinsters or widows, were not, he believed, generally speaking, desirous of obtaining the franchise. Blackstone, in summing up the disabilities of women, said that the facts set forth by the learned commentator showed the great favour with which the female sex were treated by the laws of England. The hon. member for Tiverton (Mr. Denman), however, differed from this view of the case, inasmuch as he had shown himself favourable to the proposition of the hon. member for Westminster.

Mr. Denman said that a great part of the speech of the hon. member who had just sat down had been occupied in discussing a subject not before the committee—namely, whether married women should have the vote or not. He had been pointed out by the hon. member as a strong advocate of female suffrage, but the fact was that he had come down to the House without having made up his mind on the subject. Nevertheless, unless he heard something more in the nature of argument against the proposal of the hon. member for Westminster, he should be compelled to vote for it. About four or five weeks ago, when he first read the draught of the present Bill, it struck him, as a lawyer, that it was more than doubtful whether the Bill as it stood did not confer the suffrage on females, and he asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as he had heard, had expressed an opinion that there was no real argument to be used against female suffrage, whether the Bill would have the effect of giving the franchise to women. The right hon. gentleman coolly told him that if he had read the Bill a little more carefully he would have found that his objection did not apply. He, therefore, felt compelled to call the attention of the committee to the position in which the matter stood. The first clause of the Bill provided that every "man" should be entitled to be registered. Now, a statute passed since the Reform Act declared that all words importing the masculine gender should be taken to mean the female gender as well, unless the contrary was expressed. In the Reform Act the word "man" was not used at all, the expression there being, "male person," and he therefore wanted to know why a different term had been used in the present Bill? In the 5th clause of the Bill now before the committee he found something which strongly corroborated his view, because after saying that every man should be entitled to be registered who was a graduate or associate of arts, it proceeded to say—"or a male person who has passed at any senior middle-class exami-

nation," etc. He believed with these words a court of law would find itself constrained to say that the suffrage should be given to women, except where the words "male person" were used. In one of the Australian colonies, by the accidental use of the word "person" the suffrage was given to women, and no inconvenience had been found to ensue. His principal object, however, in rising was to protest against the attempt which had been made to raise the laugh against private members whose feelings ought to be as much respected as if they were seated on the Treasury Bench.

Mr. Fawcett said that this was a question which he had been considering for many years, and upon which he had formed a strong opinion. He might probably have arrived at that opinion from the fact of his having always looked up to the hon. member for Westminster as his teacher, from whom he had learned all his lessons of political life. Of all the arguments which had been brought forward on this subject he did not think there were any more conclusive in their reasoning than those in favour of the proposition, and he was strengthened in that conviction when he contrasted the speech of the hon. member for Westminster with that of the hon. gentleman who followed him. What was the reasoning of the hon. and learned member for Colchester (Mr. Karlake)? The hon. gentleman said that the ladies of Essex had not written a single letter to him in favour of women suffrage. Now, if the hon. and learned gentleman had said in past times as much as he had said to-night upon the subject, he (Mr. Fawcett) must say he thought that the ladies of Essex had exercised a sound judgment in not entrusting him with their letters. He once heard a remarkable speech made by a gentleman, in which he said there was too much political economy, and being unable to get a distinct answer from him what he meant by it, he pressed him for a definition. The gentleman hemmed and hummed, and said—"Why too much political economy," and that if he could not understand what he meant by political economy there was no use making any further remark; and if the learned gentleman the member for Colchester was pressed to point out in what part of the hon. member for Westminster's speech there was too much political economy, and not enough common sense, he would be reduced to the straits of the friend he (Professor Fawcett) had mentioned. The hon. member for Colchester said that if they conferred the franchise on a single woman, they conferred on her a precious privilege. That was conclusive on their side, but ought they to constitute themselves judges, and say they should not enjoy what they so much valued? The hon. and learned member also went on to state that after women had enjoyed the privilege for two or three years they would not relinquish it and would not marry; but was he to decide whether it was a good thing or not for

women to marry? Surely he might leave that question for women to decide. The whole of his speech was based on the fallacy that man possessed a superior kind of wisdom, which enabled him to decide what was best for one half of the human race. There had not been an argument advanced in any speech made by Mr. Beales, or put forth in the most extreme programme of the Reform League, in favour of a wide extension of the franchise, but what equally applied to conferring it on women. They urged that taxation and representation should go together. Now, women paid taxes as well as men, and the argument that the franchise should be given to working men, in order that their particular interests might be represented, applied with equal force to women. The hon. member for Westminster had exhausted that part of the subject, and had shown that there were no laws on the statute book which so much demanded to be repealed or altered as those which referred to the condition of women, and it was but fair, right, just, and politic that when they legislated for women they should be represented in that House. It had been said that the exercise of the franchise would very much deteriorate from the character of women, but he challenged hon. members to prove that those women of their acquaintance who interested themselves in politics lost any of those qualities which entitled them to the admiration of the world any more than those who cared nothing about politics. It did not prevent them from performing all those social and domestic duties which it was their peculiar right and duty to perform. The most illustrious lady of the land had as many political duties to perform as a cabinet minister; and was it not proverbial the admirable manner in which she discharged her social duties herself? Experience justified him in saying that if they gave women the same opportunity as they did men it would by no means tend to destroy their character, but to make them in intellectual power equal to men, and to strengthen all those qualities which were most valuable in them. Three years ago a proposition was made in Cambridge University to extend the middle-class examination to girls, but it met with considerable opposition on the ground that it would ruin the character of girls, and that it would destroy all their softness, and make them hard. After a severe contest the proposition to try it for three years was carried by a majority of five, and it had been found so successful in every respect that it had now been made permanent. Its most bitter opponents were now so convinced of its success that they had not a word to say against its continuance. That showed the growth of opinion upon this subject, and it convinced him that if they were unsuccessful that night they would be successful before ten years had passed away. A member of the University of Cambridge had written to him, begging of him to entreat the hon. member for Westminster to proceed with his motion, being convinced

from what he had experienced in the middle-class examination that women were capable of exercising the franchise. The girls examined during the three years had shown as great intellectual capacity as boys. The speech of the hon. member for Westminster would have a great effect on the country, for it had brought the question out of the region of ridicule. Of course, they must expect to hear the question being pushed to its logical conclusion, and they would be asked if they proposed to extend the franchise to married women. That was not the question now before the committee, and although he was not bound to express an opinion upon it, yet he had no hesitation in saying that he would undoubtedly confer the suffrage also upon married women. In his opinion it would create less discord than religious differences. Yet they passed no law to say that a man and woman with different religious views should not be married. There had not been a single argument used in favour of the extension of the suffrage that did not apply with equal force to women who were qualified by their position, the amount of taxation they paid, the interest they took in the welfare of the country, and whose intelligence was on an average with men, to exercise the franchise, and, sooner or later, it would be granted to them by that House.

Mr. Laing looked upon the question at issue as a pleasant interlude in the grave discussions on the subject of reform in which the committee had hitherto been engaged. The hon. member for Westminster had referred in very feeling terms to the wickets which he had spoken of as having been shut by the male against the fair sex, and he should like to know whether that reference had any connection with the fact that the entrance to the House of Commons was barred against them, because the logical inference from the argument of the hon. member was that women ought to be allowed to have seats in Parliament. Indeed, he had said as much, for he had pointed to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer as one which could not be better filled than by a person whose life was spent in obtaining the greatest results from the smallest possible pecuniary means. There were practical considerations to be taken into account before the hon. gentleman's views could be carried out to that extent. The committee would recollect that there had been a discussion a few nights before as to the number of cubic feet which should be required to constitute a dwelling in the case of the compound householder, and space must undoubtedly form a very material element in any scheme which might be devised for giving women a place in the deliberations of the legislature. The question of rating, too, would have a very important bearing in determining whether the suffrage should be conferred upon them, for, if he was not mistaken, it entered very largely into the intercourse of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Caudle, who were some years ago so humorously

described in the pages of a well-known periodical. But, to speak seriously on the subject, it would, he thought, be well in dealing with it to reflect for a moment how small a part mere logic played in political and social life. The instinct, he felt assured, of nine men out of ten—nay, of nine women out of ten—was opposed to the proposal which had been laid before the committee by the hon. member for Westminster with so much force and acumen. For his own part he regarded that instinct as right and the logic of the hon. gentleman as wrong. The most narrow of all possible views to take of the question was, he contended, to look upon women as being a sort of half-developed men, whose rights were to be made dependent on such things as rating and voting. The real standard of the true career for human beings, whether male or female, to pursue in search of happiness was that ideal pattern of perfection which was in the mind of the Creator when they were called into existence. Taking the standard of ideal perfection in the case of woman, he would ask whether it had any relation whatsoever to their having a voice in the election of members of Parliament? Between the two sexes it was abundantly evident that nature had drawn clear lines of distinction. There were certain things which women could do better than men, and others which they could not do so well. The latter were better adapted to work the performance of what required force and stability of intellect; the former excelled in amiability, softness, and grace. He would appeal in support of the view which he took from the political economists to those who were higher authorities in such matters—the poets. How did that poet who was admitted on all hands to have held most truly the mirror up to nature represent ideal women? Who could fancy the Julias, Ophelias, and Desdemonas, who were surrounded with so great a charm in his pages, as interesting themselves in and voting at municipal or Parliamentary elections? Which was the most likely to figure in the character of a ratepayer and elector—the gentle Cordelia, or the hateful and unattractive Goneril or Regan? He did not wish to pursue the question further, but at the bottom of it lay, he firmly believed, the distinction which he had endeavoured to point out. With regard to the law of property, he would admit that in those cases in which that law bore hardly on the female sex it was a matter well worthy of consideration how it should be revised and placed upon a footing more in accordance with the civilisation of the age. The contests of political life, and the rude and rough work which men had so often to go through were not, however, he thought, suited to the nature of woman, and, unless he was greatly mistaken, the majority of women themselves were of that opinion. The question, he would add, was not one of a purely speculative character. There was one country in which women took a leading part in the concerns of active life, in which they were regarded

as constituting the safety and ornament of the throne, and monopolised the rewards of the court—even those which were the most seductive of all—the rewards of military virtue and honour. That court was the court of Dahomey. Now, he must confess he had no wish to see the institutions of Dahomey imported into our own happy land ; in other words, he hoped the day was far distant when our women should become masculine and our men effeminate. The maxim *propria quæ maribus* had remained fixed in his mind ever since in early youth it had been installed into it under the influence of the birch, and he could not help thinking that there were some things which were proper to the male sex, while there were others in which women were more in their true sphere.

Sir G. Bowyer expressed a hope that the right hon. member for South Lancashire, who had laid it down as a principle that everybody was entitled, in the absence of some special disqualification, to exercise the franchise, would inform the committee how far he would apply that principle to the case of women. He believed that the claim of women to the suffrage could not be answered logically. This country was governed by our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and in other countries there were or had been female monarchs, among whom, indeed, on the page of history, was to be found a larger proportion of great and distinguished sovereigns than among male rulers. Women were allowed to vote for parochial and municipal purposes ; and they were capable of holding offices, such as overseer and churchwarden. He was no advocate for what were called strong-minded women, but he thought that a woman could vote without abandoning those qualities which belonged essentially to her sex, for he supposed that the hon. member for Westminster would propose that women, if they voted, should vote by means of papers. It would be indecorous for women to vote at hustings ; but voting papers, duly guarded, would enable the sex to vote in a manner free from objection. He approved the proposal in a constitutional point of view, for it was a principle of our constitution that taxation should be as nearly as possible co-extensive with representation. Subject to the limitation that no one should have a vote who could not exercise it for the benefit of the community, everybody ought to share in the representation. Now, women held a considerable amount of property which was subject to taxation, and of this there was a remarkable instance in a lady distinguished not so much for her wealth as for the noble use she made of it. Yet that property, being held by a woman, was not represented. This he thought unjust, and though generally speaking women do not occupy themselves with politics—nor was it desirable that they should do so—he maintained that, being taxed, they ought to be represented.

Lord Galway, believing that the committee were anxious to proceed

to more important business, would appeal to the hon. member for Westminster to withdraw his motion, which, if pressed to a division, would place many gentlemen who were great admirers of the fair sex in an embarrassing point. The hon. member for Brighton (Mr. Fawcett), had said that the female sex had no representatives in the House. Now, he thought they had a very able one in the hon. gentleman himself, who, he believed, had not been married above a fortnight. Moreover, every one acquainted with elections was aware of the influence which was exercised by women. In making his appeal to the hon. member for Westminster, he would remind him of the remark which was made last year by the hon. member for Bristol—that if the hon. gentleman's father could give him an excellent piece of advice it would be "John, stick to the ballot, and leave the women alone."

Mr. Onslow had taken some trouble to ascertain the opinions of ladies on this subject, and a short time ago, being introduced by a right hon. baronet to two ladies, he asked them what they would do with a vote if they had one. Their reply was, that they would vote for the candidate who would give them the best pair of diamond earrings. He thought there had never been so good a chance for this proposal as at the present time, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer had lately given way to pressure from other quarters, and was very likely to give way to a little gentle pressure on the part of the ladies.

The House then divided and the motion was lost, 196 members voting against and 73 for female suffrage.

"THE TIMES."

Mr. Mill has redeemed his pledge to his male admirers and his female clients by the speech he made last night on his motion for substituting the word "person" for the word "man" in the Reform Bill. The question has been so eminently associated with him, that we are naturally led to suppose he gave it the full powers of his mind and the advantages of his clearest exposition. He has said little this Session, and, amid the surprises and conflicts of a stormy period which have tempted so many to volubility, people have explained his silence by saying that he reserved himself to assert the rights of half the human race. Yet perhaps Mr. Mill has sat long enough in the House of Commons to have become conscious of its practical spirit, and he was secretly weighed down by the knowledge that the majority would not consider his motion a serious part of the Reform debate. From some cause, at any rate, his speech, though elaborate, was not effective, and though it may have startled those ignorant of the controversy, it will gain few fresh converts among those who have considered the arguments in favour of the political rights of women, and have thought them unconvincing. We did, indeed, look for something more than those

obvious reflections which must have occurred to most intelligent men who have sought a principle for the franchise, or for any other political right. "Why, if a man has a claim to the franchise, has not a woman also?" has been the argument against the supporters of the abstract rights of man ever since we can remember anything of debating societies; and though the force of the argument has been generally denied by the opposite party, there never has been wanting some advanced thinker to declare that between men and women there is no difference at all, and that he accepts the principle that both sexes should be on terms of political equality. Mr. Mill's reasoning is in substance to this effect, although, in deference to the House of Commons, he sought to strengthen his proposition by showing that women laboured under practical injustice which the possession of a vote would tend to remove.

The object of legislation should undoubtedly be the well-being of all. If it can be proved that the female sex will be able to gain a greater share of public consideration, will extort better laws than those which men are now willing to make for them, and will be raised intellectually and morally by the franchise being extended to a certain number of them, there is nothing in reason or the British constitution against this right being allowed them. No one has ever pretended that women cannot form an opinion of their own, or that they ought to be entirely shut out from the management of affairs. There are even certain public functions which they may discharge, and in right of their property they every day vote in the affairs of commercial companies. In their capacity of stockholders of the East India Company they exercised till a few years since a direct influence on the government of a fifth of the human race; and as to capability, it may be taken for granted that there will be few women likely to vote under such a system as Mr. Mill proposes who will be less fitted for discriminating judgment than the lowest class of householders who will be enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Bill. No man of sense has any blind prejudice against female voting in the abstract, nor is there about it that "strangeness" which Mr. Mill speaks of; indeed, there is hardly any subject which has been so long before all political speculators, and which is, for obvious reasons, so familiar to any one who inquires at all. Educated men generally have thought on this subject, and we believe their conclusion to be that the existing relations of the sexes as to political life are satisfactory, and that though there be nothing absurd or revolutionary in conferring a vote on women, yet it will be a questionable boon to the sex to bring them into the arena of political disputation.

The advocates of the change will be wise in treating this as a question of expediency. If they take the ground of constitutional right, there is a strong case against them. It is inaccurate to assert

that women are constitutionally in the same position as men. Women do, indeed, in some cases occupy houses in their own names, and pay rates and taxes, but these last are only part of the duties of a citizen, the performance of which is incumbent on men, and which are correlative to the right of exercising political power in the State. The man may be summoned on juries ; he may be called upon to defend the peace ; he is also eligible to all kinds of offices, and may be compelled to serve some ; he has, or is supposed to have, from his connection with public affairs, the opportunity of learning the practical conduct of the nation's business, and of directing his vote by a personal knowledge of men and things. Now, we cannot escape from the consideration that women, if they have not the duties and functions of public life, have so far less claim to interfere in the conduct of public affairs, and less qualifications for interfering judiciously. If, too, the advocates of female suffrage ground their claims on theoretical right, they must in consistency claim much more than the mere franchise. If a woman is fit to vote—that is, to form opinions on public policy and the competency of individuals to legislate—she must be fit to serve on juries, to be a magistrate or sheriff, to be admitted to the Civil Service, and to sit in the House of Commons. Why should she not sit on juries, before which so many female prisoners are brought, and by which the personal rights and the property of women are continually influenced ? If there be a woman gifted with eloquence and political energy in a certain borough, if she be the undoubted leader of the female voters of the place, the president of their meetings, the negotiator between them and the chiefs of the party, their spokeswoman, and their protectress against presuming and often tyrannical men—if she have been the originator and the principal member of deputations to Government, and have confounded halting statesmen by the vigour and pertinacity of her appeals—why should she not sit in Parliament ? At present the right to be elected is larger than the right to elect ; for a man must be rated to have a vote, but for a seat in parliament he requires no qualification at all. Could it be borne that an opposite rule should prevail in the case of women ? Would it be fair or just to call forth political genius only to crush and blight it ?—to say to the energetic woman who might instruct the Legislature in the mysteries of finance or the newest principles of prison discipline, to the ready and genial widow who might obtain over the House of Commons the influence of a Palmerston, “ You shall vote, you shall organise parties, you shall be our leader on the platform, where we will recognise your intellectual power or the attractions of your address, but we will still shut against you the doors of that Assembly where the gifts you possess could be best displayed, and would prove most advantageous to your country ? ” Would not the present proposal lead of necessity to new agitation, until woman

obtained all the rights of which the franchise is only the instrument?

We make these remarks, not from any wish to ridicule Mr. Mill's proposal, but because due reflection on the subject will show that the tendency of such schemes is simply to obliterate political and social distinctions between men and women—an object which the more consistent advocates of women's rights, both here and in America, do not shrink from avowing. Place the two sexes on a perfect legal equality, they say, and then each man and each woman will have the place assigned by nature to him or her. A very able woman may be a judge or a senator, a very stupid man may wash clothes and make beds. This theory must be borne in mind by everyone who would stir in the subject, and in view of it we would rather wait and see what position woman will take for herself socially before assigning to her such a political position. Legislation ought to follow, and not to precede, the revolution by which woman will assert her equal rights and show her intellectual equality with man. Mr. Mill says that one reason why women will be refused their rights is that they do not join in monster demonstrations; but there are many ways of gaining the attention of the Legislature, and if there were a general movement of the women of the country in favour of political freedom, headed by a few women of manifest political genius—if it were proved that the sex really desired to be represented by the maiden and widow householders who belong to it, or asked for a still larger enfranchisement, the case of Mr. Mill would be much strengthened. Till then we shall believe, in common with the great majority of our countrymen, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of our countrywomen, that the natural affection of men must be the chief reliance for the just treatment of women. In the present relations of the sexes, and with the present disposition of women, the weaker sex will consult its own advantage more by maintaining its present domestic influence than by venturing into the arena of political contest. Women have sufficient means of cultivating and displaying their talents, and the more distinguished of the sex have a conspicuous place in the eyes of the world. But ever since the world has existed, the great mass of women have been of weaker mental powers than men, and with an instinctive tendency to submit themselves to the control of the stronger sex. Their destiny is marriage, their chief function is maternity, their sphere is domestic and social life. This is their condition now, and political rights may well be settled in accordance with it.

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW."

The respectable minority which voted for giving the electoral franchise to women is one proof among many of the growing disposition to regard all constitutional arrangements as open questions. There

is convenience in taking many things for granted, and it has generally been the habit of Englishmen to assume the necessity of established institutions ; but the present session has detached almost all parties from their traditional opinions, and the singular revolution proposed by Mr. Mill no longer startles a Parliament which has raised and almost laid the ghost of the compound householder. Mr. Mill was fortunate in opponents who confirmed his own statement that the law relating to women is, in some instances, anomalous and unjust. Although simpler methods of redressing the grievances of married women might be easily devised, the oppression practised on any class furnishes, to some extent, an argument for extending the suffrage to the victims as an instrument of defence. There is no doubt that women are often exposed to tyranny, but it is not easy to understand how they would be more secure if they voted for members of Parliament. Ruffians who beat their wives would indeed incur fearful penalties under a criminal code framed by women ; but it is scarcely likely that criminal jurisprudence would be modified by the introduction of a feminine element into the constituency. In practice, the sufferers generally intercede on behalf of their brutal husbands, and it is extremely difficult to punish the working head of a family without inflicting additional suffering on his wife and children. In a somewhat higher class of society, women are regarded with vigilant jealousy as soon as they compete for any kind of profitable occupation. A deputation of parochial schoolmasters lately informed an active member of Parliament that some additional allowances which they demanded might easily be provided by a reduction in the salaries of schoolmistresses. Even in the upper ranks, the scanty incomes of single women are sometimes partly or wholly appropriated by male relatives, who take advantage of their confidence and ignorance. A higher sense of honour among men would be more beneficial to women than any share of electoral power.

The question is rather social than political, for in ordinary times female voters would only swell the numbers at elections without materially altering the balance of parties. Mr. Mill's actual proposal of enfranchising women under the qualifications provided for men would be practically inoperative. The whole number of female ratepayers is insignificant, and educated women residing with their families, or earning their livelihood by domestic tuition, would still be excluded from the suffrage. It may be allowed that the majority of those who obtained a vote would be respectable and tolerably intelligent ; but if independence is the essential quality of a voter, it would rarely be found among amiable women. Only a few public principles would be likely to be preferred to the wishes of a brother, of a lover, or of the parson of the parish or the dissenting minister. In religious or ecclesiastical controversies enfranchised women would exercise a disturbing influence.

Mr. Mill seems scarcely to appreciate the sectarian propensities of his impulsive clients. Nine women in ten among the upper classes have strong opinions about copes, albs, and chasubles, and hold that the use of such integuments ought either to be enforced or proscribed by legislative authority; and even in secular affairs the feminine mind partakes of Mr. Gladstone's incapacity to care only a little for what matters only a little. The alternative of utter indifference and enthusiastic love or hatred is seldom desirable in politics. Except on account of taste, sentiment, or principle, it would scarcely be worth while to dispute the claims of female ratepayers; but it would be obviously absurd to enfranchise exclusively elderly single women, widows, and wives living apart from their husbands; it might even be contended that it would be unjust to reward divorce and its causes with the privilege of a vote; and it is at least evident that married women would be reasonably dissatisfied with an exceptional exclusion. Justly or unjustly, a wife always thinks herself in some degree better than her single sister or neighbour, and Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett could easily show in eloquent language that enlarged experience and extended duties formed an additional qualification for the exercise of the suffrage. If, however, married women vote, some new franchise must be invented for their accommodation. It would be extremely unfair to award two votes to the same tenement, and to provide that every married elector should possess a dual vote. The few cases in which husband and wife would take opposite sides would not coincide with perfect domestic harmony.

By far the most serious objection to Mr. Mill's project is founded on the unfitness and impropriety of allowing women an active share in public affairs. In the few instances in which they might possibly vote as a class, they would almost certainly, even if they were not wrong in their conclusions, be influenced by irrelevant or secondary considerations. It is possible that a female element in the constituencies might accelerate the adoption of the Maine Liquor Law; and it would certainly have rendered Catholic emancipation impossible. Women, on the whole, care absolutely nothing for the liberty of themselves or others, nor is it their habit to doubt the expediency of compelling the observance of every rule which they happen to identify with duty. It may be admitted that in ordinary political questions they would vote with their natural guides, and that the innovation would consequently be for the most part inoperative. But it would not be worth while for the sake of a negative result to disturb the established doctrines of society. A woman is expected to prefer personal considerations to theoretical arguments; and it is useless to introduce a conflict of duties by requiring her to vote for a patriot or a philosopher rather than for a friend. There is, perhaps, some weight in Mr. Mill's complaint of the frivolity of many women, and it is barely possible that, before choosing a

supporter of a sound financial system, a female voter might think it necessary to ascertain the meaning of such phrases as the Budget and the National Debt. But women have already the opportunity of considering political questions, if they feel curiosity or interest in the subject, nor can frivolity ever be excused on the plea that it is useless to study branches of knowledge which lead to no practical result. The satisfaction of becoming a rational companion to a sensible man ought to be far keener than the pleasure of swelling a majority for a favourite candidate. It is impossible and unnecessary to inquire how far the political conduct of voters is really subject to domestic influence. In the lower ranks, the wife is believed frequently to control the vote of the husband, especially when she holds strong opinions for or against the acceptance of bribes. According to Mr. Mill, the habitual administration of the family income constitutes a preparation for the study of political economy. In some instances practical knowledge of the value of money sharpens the appetite for illicit gains. Women, however, who would be accessible to pecuniary corruption have already, for the most part, an opportunity of trafficking in the votes of their husbands.

In some respects Mr. Mill is likely to gain by the discussion of his proposal, both because novelties gradually become familiar, and on the ground that some of the reasons on the other side have rather an instinctive than a logical force. The opponents of feminine pretensions to political power feel and believe that women are extremely different from men ; but they are not disposed to repeat unnecessarily a proposition which may perhaps sound offensive. Mr. Denman indeed showed that modern English legislation has, for its own purposes, almost effaced the distinction of sex. An interpreting statute provides that the masculine shall include the feminine ; and, consequently, women are entitled to all privileges which may be granted to men. Nature, however, has irrevocably adopted an interpretation clause of an opposite character ; and there are many spheres of action in which a woman is as much out of place as a man in a nursery. It would be easy for some advocate of masculine rights to prove that a husband and father was fully competent to determine the shape and material of frocks and pelisses ; but custom has made male interference in some departments of human life unseemly and ridiculous. As a general rule, it is for men to govern, and the best and wisest women are not the least willing to obey. The numerous exceptional instances in which the wife has a far sounder judgment, or a more commanding character than the husband, furnish little reason for female enfranchisement. The chief authority in the household will, for the most part, find little difficulty in managing the family vote. If the perverse elector rebels in the matter of politics, a judicious woman will allow him licence in a matter which she will certainly not regard as

of the first importance. If she had a vote, she would not proclaim either her difference of opinion or her dissent by ostentatiously opposing her mutinous partner.

"THE SPECTATOR."

The large number of votes given in favour of Mr. J. S. Mill's Amendment to the Reform Bill proposing to admit women to the county (and we suppose borough) franchise, if they possess the qualification now required from men, will be something of a surprise even to the Radical party in the country. But the division seems to us to be just what it ought to be—hopeful for women, while positive in declaring that as yet they are far from having established their case. The division gives evidence of a growing feeling that it is far from unfeminine for women to take an interest in politics, and if they do take such an interest, that it would be far from unfeminine for them to give the country the benefit of their consideration by helping to choose the Parliament which shall represent us ; but also, on the other hand, it gives evidence of the clear opinion of the vast majority that the rough test proposed to sift out the electoral capacity of men is, at present at least, very far from being equally applicable for the same purpose in the case of women—that, class for class, women have far less political knowledge, far fainter political interests, and therefore, as yet, far less political capacity than men of the same stratum of general education ; and that under our present conditions of society, the household or property qualification, which in the case of a man is fair presumption of the elementary political virtues, would at present fail to furnish any such presumption to a reasonable judgment in the case of a woman. That seems to us something like the true interpretation to be put upon the vote of the House of Commons rejecting by 196 to 73 Mr. Mill's amendment. That so many as 73 members voted for it shows that this subject has, as Mr. Fawcett said, quite passed out of the region of "chaff," in which Mr. Karslake, Mr. Laing, and Mr. Onslow still sought to involve it, and has entered the region of reasonable discussion. When Mr. Laing condescends to such arguments as that "the hateful and unattractive Goneril and Regan" are the sort of women who suit the idea of rate-payers and electors better than "the gentle Cordelia," he suggests the retort that for the female sex he reverses Mr. Disraeli's favourite maxim, and would found the possession of a right, *not* on the discharge of a duty, but on the commission of a wrong. Mr. Laing means, we suppose, that Goneril and Regan were a harder sort of creature than Cordelia, and more likely to take decided views of their own interests. So they were. But we always thought the pith of political virtue lay in preferring your country to yourself. If Mr. Laing thinks that a woman can't be a good ratepayer and elector without a tendency to swindle her father,

what a very zealous and consistent opponent of paternal government he must be !

But though Mr. Karslake, Mr. Laing, and some of the other opponents of Mr. Mill's motion talked sad nonsense, Mr. Mill himself does not seem to us to have been very wise or consistent in some of his arguments. When he argues that women would be better for taking an interest in politics as in other intellectual pursuits in which men are deeply engaged, we cordially agree with him ; but when he proposes to encourage them in that interest by giving them a vote every three or four years, he reminds us of the man who thought it would be an inducement to his children to learn political economy, if he promised them sixpence every birthday for their very own. Mr. Mill, and every sensible man and woman, must know perfectly well that many who take the greatest possible interest in politics, and exercise the highest possible influence over political movements, never gave a vote in their lives, and that thousands who have given their votes at every contested election never knew what political difference there was between one candidate and another. We doubt very much whether the possession of a vote ever gave the slightest additional desire to any man to study politics—or the want of a vote ever discouraged any man or woman from that study. Mr. Mill talks of the right to exercise the franchise once in every few years, as he would of the duties of a Member of Parliament. No doubt, if a man is made a legislator, or a justice of the peace, or a king, he may probably be induced to study the sciences which will teach him to discharge rightly functions of so much moment. But who will learn astronomy because he is promised the privilege of looking, on an average, if he pleases, once in three or four years through a telescope—or Coptic because he is assured that once in three or four years he will have the chance of exposing the imposture of a pretended Coptic crossing-sweeper ? The man who has learned and loved astronomy for its own sake, will no doubt be more pleased than another to look through a good telescope when the opportunity presents itself ; and the man who knows an Oriental language will enjoy, when he has the chance of doing so, trying his skill upon rash professors of Orientalism in the streets. But no one will embark in a serious and important study for the sake of a chance afforded now and again, at intervals of years, of using that knowledge in one particular way—especially when there are a hundred much more powerful and more common motives for acquiring knowledge of politics which come into play every day. Mr. Mill and his friends weaken their case by assuming that the franchise furnishes any appreciable addition to the motives for political study. In no case can it be safer to demand whatever proof of capacity we think fit to demand as a preliminary condition of conceding a privilege, and to reject as utterly inapplicable the stock

illustration of the folly of not letting a boy go into the water till he has learnt to swim. No doubt that is foolish. But would it not be more foolish to open public baths one day in every three years for all boys, whether swimmers or not, on the avowed ground that it would be a new motive for them to learn to swim in the interval ?

It seems to us, then, that Mr. Mill's amendment ought to have been based on evidence that the ordinary tests for the franchise are just as much proof of the sort of practical knowledge which we hold to constitute political capacity, in the case of women as in the case of men ; that a woman holding a freehold or renting a house whose rates she pays, is just as likely to know what political changes she wants or does not want as a man in the same position. If that is not true, but very far from true, then women ought to wait for the franchise till it is at least something like the truth. If the great majority of women, whether having property of their own or not, regard politics as a subject invented to bore them, and political newspapers as ponderous institutions, in which now and then an amusing incident or remarkable crime is happily imbedded, then Mr. Mill's argument for enfranchising them by the same tests as men utterly fails. The truth is, that at present, in nine cases out of ten, a woman, even if she has property of her own, asks some male friend to manage it ; and when she has no realised property, contents herself with saving money against the demands of landlord and rate-collector, without ever troubling her head about the relation between these little business arrangements and the legislation which enforces them. We agree heartily with Mr. Mill that this is much to be regretted. But the remedy is that general education which must draw the minds of women at least to the borders of politics, not a trivial political exercise at very rare intervals.

And Mr. Mill seems to us to have made another considerable mistake in supposing that if any class of women is fit for the franchise at the present moment, it is the class of spinsters and widows who are independent householders. We should say they were just about the least politically informed class among women. It is the wives, sisters, and daughters of eager politicians of every class who get the strongest hold of political questions. No doubt there are able women, like Miss Burdett Coutts and Miss Cobbe, and many others, who having been thrown a good deal upon their own intellectual resources, have impressed the public more individually with their political significance than those whose politics seem to be merged in the politics of their male relations. But in point of fact by far the majority of well informed female politicians are those who daily hear political discussions in their own cottages or houses, amongst the men of their family ; and we must say that to enfranchise "lone lorn women" like Mrs. Gummage, without enfranchising those who daily go through a certain political education, would

be to our minds putting the cart before the horse. No argument can be used in favour of the competency of lonely spinsters and widows as a class which does not apply with greater force to women habitually living in men's society. You might almost as well assert that bachelors were the special class of men most fit to elect representatives to legislate on women's dress, as that women living apart from men are the special class of women most fit to elect representatives to legislate on general politics. Whenever women are admitted to the franchise, it must not be a mere handful of the least fit, and this merely because they happen (accidentally) to be included in the range of a political qualification suited only as a test for men, but it must be in larger numbers, and by some test expressly devised to discriminate the women most likely to be conversant with political affairs. Mr. Mill's amendment would have produced no practical effect, and what little it did produce probably in the wrong direction. Of the few women who are now really able politicians, much the greater number, though not the most conspicuous, are women who would not have been qualified at all under Mr. Mill's amendment. Married women—who would need some qualification as joint occupiers—both in the poorer and richer classes, know as a rule a great deal more of politics than single women, though the latter, when they do study political questions, are more likely of course to make their names known to the world. Though all the salient feminine politicians are single women, the greatest existing stock of feminine politics is no doubt latent in that class of women to whom Mr. Mill did not propose to offer any share of political power.

"THE LONDON REVIEW."

Mr. Mill is a bold as well as a deep thinker, and in coming forward as he did the other night to advocate the claims of women to the franchise, he showed a courage from which we expected a much better case than he succeeded in making. The House of Commons received him with as much respect as he could have hoped ; he had as fair a field as if he were writing in the *Westminster Review*, and yet he utterly failed to back his principle with as much of convincing reason as would place him even in a respectable minority. We must consider the weakness of the cause all the more remarkable for the remarkable power which failed to carry it through, and judged by such a standard Mr. Mill's cause is very weak indeed. We are willing to deprecate that easy fun into which the question can be diverted ; but we cannot altogether forget that the question which lends itself so temptingly and so obviously to a humorous treatment, must be based upon something in itself repugnant to serious consideration. Still there is a fashion in facetiousness as in everything else, and it has become so much the fashion to jest at the claims and rights of women, when those claims

and rights appear to disturb the ordinary relations between the sexes, that we ought to be cautious in receiving any argument against Mr. Mill charged with even such leaden jokes as the House is accustomed to take with "laughter." We cannot, however, forego that *reductio ad absurdum* which no one can employ more readily than Mr. Mill when it suits his purpose. He may endeavour to insist on a philosophic and calm disquisition, and on a precision and steadiness which will enable him to split hairs, but he cannot, and he failed to prevent his audience and the spectators from commanding their own features where his performance assumed an unconsciously comical aspect. The reason why Mr. Mill, of all men in the House, should be promoter of the doctrine with which his name is now associated, is in itself a light upon his views, and would enable us to make a point against him if it was not in some measure connected with his private career, and consequently, in part, sacred from intrusion. Still we are at liberty to remark that Mr. Mill's studious and absorbed life was not the best qualification for the office he undertook. We grant his practical, essentially practical mode of dealing with subjects, but here was a subject which required mixing with a social world to an extent inconsistent with the nature of those studies in which Mr. Mill is so deservedly eminent. It was curious that the ladies' champion should have been so little of what is termed a "ladies' man," and perhaps a more varied and general experience might have corrected the transcendental opinion of the sex which Mr. Mill, contrary to his opinions on other matters, would seem to entertain.

The great fact which Mr. Mill could not get over, that the women of England did not want what he wanted for them, is to us a cogent and a sufficient ground, if there were no other, for not embarrassing the Constitution by the introduction of a new and an unnecessary element. This may not in the strict sense be convincing, but it is potent and weighty with those who judge a question by the measure which we use in the most important affairs of the world. Mr. Mill may yet hold that he has argumentatively possession of the battle-ground, but the manner in which he has been left upon it should satisfy him that such an occupation is utterly worthless. We believe a strong effort was made to agitate the female franchise, and that the solicitations came from what Mr. Karslake christened the "female men," while the objects of the movement virtually took no part in it whatever. We find that on the 7th June last Mr. Mill presented a petition to the House, and that the signatures to it were so unimportant and inconsiderable that the *Westminster Review*, in a clever article which followed the petition, was exceedingly shy and reticent upon the special fact which would impart the greatest gravity and importance to the document. The other night at a meeting during which Mr. Fawcett invited the ladies who were

present to speak in their own cause, not one responded to his appeal. A few score of old ladies and as many irrepressible spinsters afflicted with a taste for literature and for reading papers at Social Science junketings can no more be looked upon as typical of English women than the Conservative artisans who came express to Mr. Disraeli and begged of him to continue doing what he was at the very moment ashamed of and skulking from, can be regarded as representative of the working men interested in Reform. There may be found women capable of exercising a right to vote as correctly and as gracefully as there are women to be found who can procure admission into the Society of Apothecaries, and who when there may bring credit upon that learned and distinguished organization, but the circumstance does not demonstrate satisfactorily that English ladies are groaning under the deprivation of the franchise, or suffering from their exclusion from the calling which Miss Garrett has had the good fortune to attain. We expected that Mr. Mill would speak in the name of the whole womanhood of Britain, but he was obliged to content himself with what slight support he could get from his immediate intellectual following. The truth is that we are as yet behind Mr. Mill on this enfranchisement. We cannot overcome a prejudice in favour of preserving, as far as we can, the little domesticity which modern habits have left us in the other sex. We find that they themselves are not only satisfied, but perfectly content to keep out of politics, and out of the unseemly anomalies which would accompany their introduction into politics. Mr. Karslake put the matter in a homely but intelligent way when he represented honourable members discussing the now obsolete compounder with their wives. We do not know which would be the most distracting and uncomfortable wife, the woman who could understand that mystery and talk of it, or the woman who could not understand it and who would consequently talk of it all the more. Mr. Mill really appeared to have done what Mr. Karslake charged him with, "confounded the distinction between women and men." It may be an instinct, a mere prejudice, a superstition, or a knowledge derived from overwhelming data, but the existence of a distinction is more than suspected by the majority of the sex which now sits in the House of Commons. A belief in such a distinction also probably lies at the root of the argument against the enfranchisement of ladies and the substitution of a generic term in the Reform Bill for one which restricts the voting clause. The *Westminster* article which we before quoted brings forward Lord Somers to help its case, and speaks of the injustice of withholding a privilege "for merely natural reasons, such as difference of sex." To us this natural reason and difference seems as nearly as possible a conclusive reason ; but there are plenty of others to choose from. What will our readers think when we tell them that the advocates for this enfranchisement suggest "drainage and

all municipal legislation " as questions which women are to include " in their specially feminine province " ? If we turn to a recent work published on this subject we find even stranger districts indicated as working grounds for the disenthralled females. Seduction and prostitution are spoken of as two great evils of our time which under the new system would be indubitably mitigated. We need do no more than print these words to refute the fallacy and the want of tact exhibited in the use of them. There is more to the same effect. We are treated in honest open language to the most disagreeable crimes and their disagreeable consequences, and it is implied that until women vote the laws of bastardy will remain unjust and one-sided. Now these are all noble and healthy considerations, no doubt, for strong philosophic stomachs, but we do not want our mothers, daughters, and sisters to ventilate and study them in order to vote for a gentleman who has correct opinions on such matters. Suppose a franchise is given to women and an agitation is started by some ambitious female, what civil war ever caused more dire confusion than will arise at the various hustings during the contest between the " female man " and the candidate of opposite tendencies ?

To drop the levity to which one almost unwittingly drifts, we acknowledge to the fullest extent that there is room in this country for the social amelioration of women, that our plan of educating them is vicious and degrading, that we ought to open more avenues of employment to them, and that in some respects we should abate those matrimonial proprietary rights which, especially amongst the lower classes, so frequently lead to various scandals and abominations. But Mr. Mill would begin at the wrong end. We may be assured that if there ever was such a thing as a sound prejudice, the prejudice against a franchise for women in England is a sound one. We hope that Mr. Mill's want of success will set the matter at rest for some time. Where he broke down we do not know who is likely to make a better fight. His intention was so worthy, and his theory was derived from a cause so creditable to him, that it is impossible not to express a regret for a discomfiture so complete and so ir retrievable. We sincerely hope that we are done with starved-looking petitions and wild " female men " pamphlets. Exceptionally clever and talented women there are, no doubt, who are fully capable of entering into politics, and who are willing and ambitious enough to display themselves in a voting-booth, and to take a part in all the excitements of a contest ; but until the ladies themselves express a much greater anxiety than they have done to possess a franchise, and until they can put a stronger brief into the hands of their special pleaders, we feel ourselves justified in assuming that we are not only right in refusing it to them, but that our refusal is impartial, reasonable, and warranted by all the circumstances of the case.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Mr. Mill had no warning to utter, he had to plead for justice. He rose to advocate the rights of woman. It was at once clear that the speech he had prepared was a labour of love ; and we do not, we trust, overstep the line of delicacy in saying that memories to which he himself has made a tender, but a public, reference must have been with him when he composed that earnest, condensed, and polished appeal on behalf of woman's claim to a share in man's work. Mr. Mill has never, to our mind, spoken so well as on Monday. Assuredly, no speech of his has ever been marked by such a display of power to array his arguments in all the fascinations of subtle thought. His very epithets were pleas. His epigrams took the place, not of ornament, but of links in the chain of reasoning. We should be disrespectful to him, after his effort to show how worthy are women of the right to vote, and how desirous they are for such right, did we, by an attempt to summarise his magnificent speech, imply that it would not be read from end to end by those for whom he defied the prejudices of a hostile yet admiring assembly. We have not often to tell our readers that they will do themselves a wrong if they fail to peruse a parliamentary oration ; but we emphatically tell them so in regard to Mr. Mill's speech on behalf of woman. We are unacquainted with any modern address in which the entire subject has been so exhaustively treated, and we doubt whether there is any modern orator who would bestow upon an address the patient and loving thought which enabled Mr. Mill to make every point that could be made for his clients. He anticipated all the objections, and met them all ; and then, trampling over the slain, he advanced to the attack, and demanded that woman should have a right to protect herself against wrongs which her so-called protector either practised upon her or refused to redress. We could scarcely expect novelty of argument on a matter which has been occupying writers and speakers for years ; but Mr. Mill's genius suggested a new and a powerful plea, and we think it deserves to be heeded. Woman is no longer the mere plaything of man ; she is his companion, friend, counsellor. If we debar her of the right to elevate herself to his intellectual level, she will infallibly draw him down to hers. We can no longer get away from her and seek our friendships in male society only, as heretofore ; therefore let us raise her to be our equal in knowledge of the higher duties. Are these arguments to be met with worn-out banter ? There are arguments on the other side, and we do not seek to impress upon readers that they are bound to be convinced by Mr. Mill ; we are not unmindful that, both on social and on theological grounds, many strong things may be said in opposition to his views ; but we say that Mr. Mill has once for all

lifted the claim of woman into an atmosphere worthy of her, and they show small reverence for her who seek to bring the subject back into the regions of common-place and flippancy. We have to add, of course, that after a few of the weakest remarks that ever followed a great parliamentary effort, and amid the silence of real statesmen, Mr. Mill's motion was rejected by a large majority in a small House. But the echoes of that speech will endure.

A CLASS FOR ELOCUTION.

A CLASS for elocution, in connection with Dr. Wylde's New Musical Academy, has been instituted at St. George's Hall. "When it is announced," says a contemporary, "that so useful a means of improvement is entrusted to Mrs. Stirling, one of the most accomplished gentlewomen of the present day and an eminent actress besides, it will be at once apparent that the instruction rendered will be as sound as the results must be beneficial. Such an educational process has long been needed for our rising artistes, both male and female, who, generally speaking, enunciate worse than those of any other country. Many young clergymen, and old ones too, might attend Mrs. Stirling's classes with manifest benefit, and we believe they will be open to all persons of respectability who are disposed to avail themselves of their usefulness."

We have received a letter from a lady who has recently joined this class, and our correspondent speaks in the strongest terms, not only of Mrs. Stirling's very unusual ability in the art of teaching—an art, in truth, not always found in such happy combination with the keen sensibility of an artist—but of the high quality of the artistic and intellectual enjoyment afforded by Mrs. Stirling's rendering of Shakespeare and Tennyson, and some of our minor poets. Nor does the enjoyment end here, writes our correspondent, or linger only for a little while in the memory as would another entertainment (how many of our so-called "entertainments" remain many minutes in the memory?)—the study of the art of reading with due expression and clearness brings no slight additional interest to every book of any worth that one takes up, whether read aloud or to oneself. Already, our correspondent adds, she finds herself richer in the knowledge and appreciation of Tennyson than years of reverent poring over his pages in silence have made her. Surely, in these days, when so much hard drudgery is gone through to acquire a resource within oneself, it is reasonable to hope that this accomplishment, more than any other accessible to all, and valued when rightly developed, may be cultivated by our young men and women. It is an accomplishment which is far more likely to be called into personal exercise at one time and another through life than is music or drawing, and it gives, at least as much as either of those studies, the power of enjoying and appreciating, apart from performing. We hope to revert to this subject in a future number.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—“CASTE” is certainly the best piece Mr. Robertson has written, and the success it has achieved is not at all surprising. The play throughout is admirably written and admirably acted. Marie Wilton as *Polly* is inimitable; but we are glad to say that though she is, as she always must be, *the* attraction, she is so well supported by Miss Larkin, Lydia Foote, and the actors in this piece, that she does not stand out, as is too often the case, in too prominent a manner. We shall not describe the play, but strongly advise our readers to lose no time in seeing it for themselves. Unfortunately, owing to country engagements, the next two weeks are the last of the season. A thoroughly good healthy tone runs all through the piece, and there is scarcely a sentence which does not convey the highest moral lesson in the most natural, unobtrusive manner. Mr. George Honey obtains a deserved recognition for his admirable representation of the drunken idle father, who puts himself forward as “the working man;” and Mr. Hare’s *Sam Gerridge*, must, we should think, be a sketch from life. But it seems invidious to mention one actor more than another, when each sustains his character with such skill and taste.

PRINCESS’S THEATRE.—“ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA” may be styled a novelty, for it was as new to the audience as if it had been only just written. Why this should be we are at a loss to conceive. The play is second to few of Shakespeare’s works—superior to many both in language and pageantry; but before its short run at the Princess’s what West-end play-goer knew anything of it? Its career was brief, possibly because the public more seriously incline to quite a different style of performance, as, judged by its intrinsic merits, it ought to have held its place on the boards for many nights to come. It is unfortunately no less true than strange that Shakespeare is not popular, and that the sensational style of plays successfully rivals him with the majority of spectators. Mr. Vining’s non-appearance creates a blank that no one can fill, and admirable as were the actors in their several parts his absence may be said to have been a nightly disappointment. It is difficult to imagine anything more delightful than Mr. Loraine’s *Anthony*. We cannot particularise one scene or speech—the part was so complete, it must be viewed and admired as a whole. Shall we own that Miss Glyn disappointed us? Our expectations had been raised so very high, that perhaps it is no wonder she failed to satisfy them. She has some faults of manner easy

to correct, but which at present mar many excellences. For instance, she has magnificent eyes, but they are not pleasant to look at ; she rolls them so incessantly and so rapidly, that we are puzzled how she contrives to do it without becoming giddy ; and in any violent emotion, whether of joy or grief, she raises her arms too high to be effective, and allows her hands to droop on each side of her face in a way more singular than graceful. In the dying scene we admired her much ; she threw aside her restlessness and the mannerisms we have noted, performing impressively and well, besides looking much handsomer than previously. The entertainment on board Pompey's galley was acted and got up in every detail, and we did not wonder that the drinking song and chorus obtained such a decided *encore*. Mr. Cathcart's *Clown* was so excellent we regretted the part was so slight.

"TRUE TO THE CORE," as a play, justifies many of the following remarks of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which we heartily coincide, except as regards the change of costume. Barring a uniform or a national dress, nothing is so unnatural as to see people eternally in the same clothes, morning, noon, and night, or after the supposed lapse of days, weeks, months, or even sometimes years.

"A further hindrance to the creation of a good school of acting and to the development of the gifts of the few who are capable of great things, is to be found in the wretched character of the average English modern play. Character is nothing, while situation, and costume, and scenery are everything. Why should actors and actresses, who, of course, act for the sake of making a livelihood, trouble themselves about studying human nature with the view to present it in its living truth upon the stage, when playwrights put them into all sorts of unnatural circumstances, make them talk as nobody ever really talks, compel them to change their dresses two, three, or four times in a single piece, and altogether employ them as a sort of apparatus for bringing into play the resources of the scene-painter and the property-man ? No doubt, when an actress knows that she is good-looking and that her frequent changes of costume serve to show how pretty she is, one cannot wonder that the woman's nature is too strong for the actress's feeling for her art, such as it is. But still it is impossible to overlook the fact that the fashion for repeated changes of dress, which was unknown to a past generation, materially helps to destroy the chances of improvement in the one chief essential of the drama. Of the preposterous situations in which the unfortunate performers are expected to conduct themselves like human beings, the most preposterous is the soliloquy. It is nothing to the purpose to say that it was in use with Shakespeare himself and with the great Greek tragedians ; for with them it was for the most part employed when the soliloquiser was supposed to be in that highly-wrought state of emotion in which people do really sometimes speak their thoughts aloud with no one to hear them. But with the London playmaker of to-day the soliloquy is the one grand device for carrying on the plot, and people are made to unfold the secrets of their thoughts under circumstances in which no one out of a lunatic asylum would ever announce his sentiments to the listening air. Is it any wonder that actors who are brought up thus to violate all the truths of natural life should never rise beyond the unpleasant conventionalisms of the boards, and should remain 'stagey' in every gesture, tone, and movement,"

We say the play justifies these remarks ; but most certainly the performers do not ; in fact, they are so good it is almost provoking to feel that the applause liberally bestowed at the conclusion of each act is entirely addressed to the beautiful tableau on which the curtain too rapidly falls, and that the audience would only be really gratified were it to be raised again. The scenery is lovely, the sea wonderfully natural, giving an idea of immensity we have never seen equalled ; the Spanish ship in the storm, and the sunset, with the survivors of the wreck on the reef of rocks, must be seen to be imagined. All the minor details are got up with extreme care, but the tide rises too suddenly when *Martin* quits the reef. Queen Elizabeth's costume is perfect, with the exception that that vainest of women, albeit the haughtiest of sovereigns, would assuredly have worn riding gloves, and drawn one off ere giving her hand to *Truegold* to kiss. Contemporaries tell us Elizabeth had the most lovely hand in England, and never lost an opportunity of displaying it. It is a pity Mrs. Moreton Brookes is so unmistakably nervous when mounted on her peaceable steed ; the Queen was an accomplished and daring horsewoman. We are also told she handled a sword as if she loved it, and she was so wonderfully precise as to the demeanour of her maids of honour, we are certain those damsels must have been very demure both in speech and looks, at all events when within sight or hearing of good Queen Bess. Mr. Creswick plays *Martin Truegold* with much spirit, and his tenderness to his wife is particularly natural. Miss Nelly Moore is a pleasing and decidedly a very pretty "Rose of Devon ;" Miss Pouncefort an admirable *Marah* ; her acting is forcible, spirited, and natural. Mr. Cathcart is a most amusing gaoler, but Mr. Marston's voice is lamentably weak for *Dangerfield*, and we should say the part is not at all suited to him. Mr. Forrester, as *Walleth*, is all that we could wish, and the subdued murmur, more flattering than the loudest applause, which greets the disclosure of his parentage, is due to his magnificent delivery of the speech, and not to any clap-trap sentiment, from which it is happily entirely free.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—When the Adelphi can place "DORA" on its boards in such first-rate style, both as regards acting and scenery, why does it condemn us first to listen to such a very uninteresting musical drama as "Garibaldi in Sicily," and then finish the evening with such a wretched farce as "Going to the Derby?" The latter, we should say, was almost too bad for the patience of even the most long-suffering audience. There is no humour in the dialogue or incidents, and the dressing is too *outré* to be bearable. Bad as the farce is, it is rendered worse by the carelessness of some of the performers. The principal joke consists in a gentleman being seized by the tails of his coat, and forcibly detained at

the very instant he is getting into his trap to proceed to the Derby. This incident is repeated several times, and the cue for his various assailants to run on is evidently "On we go to the Derby." This phrase is uttered in a hurry, and just as the victimised individual is stepping into his trap, but he constantly had to pause for several seconds in the very act, because no one responded to the call; it is easy to understand that such negligence would totally ruin a much better situation than the one Mr. Clarke finds himself in. As to *Dora*, what can we say of her but that she is enchanting, and that we are in despair; the stage is shortly to lose decidedly the best actress in London—the only youthful one we could with pride point out to a foreigner. We comfort ourselves, however, with the belief that Miss Terry's farewell will not be a final one; it is surely impossible to act with such perfection and not be enthusiastic for the art; an actress so completely in her element on the stage must love it, and we will hope that she will find the task of quite relinquishing it beyond her strength. *Dora* is most ably supported by Mr. Neville; we have rarely seen anything superior in force and nature to his *Farmer Allan*. Mr. Ashley is very effective as *William Allan*, who evidently inherits much of his father's self-will and obstinacy, though his habitual and enforced submission for many years prevents the open display of those qualities. Mr. Billington is delightful as *Luke Blomfield*, *Dora's* generous, noble-hearted, and constant lover. Miss Hughes throws a good deal of spirit into the part of *Mary Morrison*, though the latter is no favourite with us; she is at first so utterly regardless of anybody's feelings but her own, and afterwards so bitter and unjust to *Dora*, and so extremely tenacious of her husband's rights, forgetting that for her sake and by his clandestine marriage he had virtually renounced them.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—"THE FLYING SCUD" has been but ill replaced by "THE ANTIPODES; OR THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE," and we are sorry to see the name of such an accomplished writer as Mr. Tom Taylor to such an inferior piece. Miss Ellen Terry, as the "Child of Nature," is, certainly, the attraction of the evening, and we congratulate Mr. Sefton Parry upon having her in his company, for, though she does not at present exhibit the skill and finish with which her sister has so long delighted the play-going world, she is, undoubtedly, one of our most promising actresses. Mr. E. Price and Miss Charlotte Saunders both deserve special notice, and Mr. Emery acts with his usual humour. We hope we shall very shortly see a piece more in keeping with such good actors on the Holborn boards.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday Afternoon Concerts are so admirably and liberally managed that they cannot fail to draw together

a large *clientèle*. Not only are selections of the best music played by the band conducted with such zeal and skill by Mr. Manns, but the chief vocal stars of the season are sure to be heard. With two such sources of attraction the person must be hard to please who is not gratified by these delightful summer concerts. Altogether a day at the Crystal Palace is a most agreeable pleasure ; rainy weather can be set at defiance, and a delicious contrast is afforded to the crowded and heated rooms of city entertainments. The gardens just now are in all their glory, and the close-cut lawns, with their beds of gay flowers, with the fountains ranged along the Lower Terrace, are indescribably beautiful. The Londoners may well rejoice at the easy access to such a spot, and must feel amply repaid by even a walk through the mixed English and Italian garden, along the serpentine path which leads through lovely rhododendrons to the fine old cedar trees. Nor are material comforts neglected. The arrangements made by Messrs. Bertram & Roberts for supplying the best dinner or the cheapest repast are unrivalled, and we hear from a correspondent the same praise of the refreshment department at the Paris Exhibition, which is also under their control. We advise intending visitors to Sydenham to make themselves practically acquainted with the various excellences of the culinary department ; they will not find a better dinner in any house in London, nor better attendance. The dining-rooms command an excellent view of the grounds, and those who appreciate a promptly served hot dinner should not fail to include in their day's programme a visit to the grand saloon in the South Tower.

The last two concerts have included Patti and Lucca ; Nilsson and Gardoni sing on the 22nd ; and on the 26th a Grand Festival Concert will be given in aid of the restoration of the portion of the Palace recently destroyed by fire. This ought to be well supported by the public ; the most gratifying offers of assistance have been made by the most distinguished members of the musical profession. The orchestra will number nearly 2,500 performers, and the principal vocalists will include Madame Grisi, Mdle. Adelina Patti, Mdle. Titiens, Mdle. Maria Vilda, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and Madame Arabella Goddard ; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Signor Naudin, Signor Graziani, and Mr. Santley. So that not only will a good object be assisted, but the most remarkable combination of musical talent will be enjoyed. The entire series of Great Fountains will be played for the first time this season, and military bands will be in attendance on the terraces and in the grounds.

MR. BELLEW'S reading at St. George's Hall, on the 18th, seemed to give great pleasure to a large audience ; we should perhaps have been equally pleased, but that having already more than once listened to Mr. Bellew

reading under circumstances which precluded all acting, and allowed of no gesticulations, we anticipated something quite different—in a word, we hoped he would really read and not act. Will no one give us readings that will justify the name? As to the acting we are constantly favoured with under the title of readings, we candidly own to infinitely preferring it when surrounded with and set off by all accessories of scenery and dress.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS, in addition to their usual entertainments at St. James' Hall, have been giving a series of Monday afternoon performances, exclusively restricted to the revival of old and beautiful melodies. Their regular performances have taken place as usual, and in the Second Part a most amusing burlesque sketch of Dr. Mary Walker is given, with a lecture by her (!) on Anatomy, "illustrated with (severe) cuts." Mr. Ferrera (one of their corps), imitates the flute in the most marvellous manner by simply placing a portion of the hand and bringing the finger and thumb across the mouth. The two comic singers, Mr. Moore and Mr. Crockers, are exceedingly amusing, especially in the "Banjo duett" entitled "the Break-Neck Act."

CONCERTS.

THE Summer Music has been at its flood tide during the past month.

MR. KUHE gave his grand annual concert on the 12th instant at St. James's Hall. Mdlle. Titiens was absent, owing to a severe cold, and Mdlle. Ilma de Murska had failed to reach London in time. Mr. Kuhe, however, took care to compensate the audience for their disappointment by the appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who took every heart by storm with two quaint Swedish melodies. As much interest exists respecting this new singer the following account of her, which we have gathered from *The Era*, may be acceptable to our readers. Christine Nilsson was born at Wederlofs on August 20, 1843, and is now in her twenty-fourth year. Her parents removed in 1852 to a farm at Skantofs, the property of Count Malcolm Hamilton, but before that time Christine had given indications of a wonderful talent both for vocal and instrumental music, having, during the previous year, begun to play the violin without having received any lessons, though in her performances she displayed both taste and feeling to an astonishing extent. She also acquired considerable proficiency in her performances on the flute, though that instrument never became a favourite with her. Under such circumstances it may be inferred that she did not willingly engage in ordinary domestic pursuits, and when she was at times remonstrated with on that account, she has been known to have said, "You will see that I shall not always be a peasant girl," as to

which her anticipations have since been abundantly verified. When about fourteen years of age she accompanied her brother on a tour, when all persons were surprised at her performances, both vocal and instrumental, and in this way her earnings became very considerable. In June, 1858, her clear and powerful voice attracted the attention of M. Frederick Tornerhjelm, with whom, after some delay, an arrangement was made for her instruction in the usual branches of education, in the course of which she also received gratuitous lessons in music and singing from Mdlle. Adelaide Walerius—now Baroness Lenhusen—who took special interest in her young pupil, for whom she prophesied a brilliant future. In the favourable position in which she was thus placed her natural talents were rapidly developed, and in less than a year she had acquired such a knowledge of the modern languages as to render her removal to a more advanced establishment desirable, and there, too, her progress was equally satisfactory. She afterwards studied for a year in Gothenburg, and on her return to Stockholm she was placed as a pupil with M. F. Bervald, the concert director, under whose tuition she became such a proficient that in 1860 she made her appearance at a concert at which the Royal family were present, when she was treated with great kindness by their Majesties, who intimated their desire that she should sing to them in private at the Palace. Since that time she has been almost a constant resident in Paris, where, in the first instance, she received musical instruction from Professors Wartet and Masset, and subsequently, by her performances at one of the principal theatres, attained that rank in her profession which has secured for her an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Certainly Mdlle. Nilson has taken London by storm, and nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception at Mr. Kuhe's concert, and never was praise more merited. She sang to perfection her Swedish songs. Tom Hohler was in capital voice, and gave his favourite romanza, "Si tu Savais." Madame Sainton Dolby sang two new songs by the popular Claribel. Of Trebelli, Sinico, Gardoni, Santley, etc., it is superfluous to speak. Mr. Kuhe's own playing was, as usual, first-rate. The hall was densely crowded, but the audience manifested their displeasure at the want of punctuality shown by some of the singers in a way which threatened to prove unpleasant.

THE CONCERT given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 13th, by Mr. W. G. Cusins was an excellent one. A full and rich orchestra is undoubtedly a great addition to this kind of entertainment. Mr. Cusins played a concerto in A minor, composed by himself, with great spirit ; and he was ably supported by Trebelli, Sinico, Louisa Pyne, Tom Hohler, Santley, etc., and the Orpheus Glee Union. Mdlle. Rouband de Cournaud made her first appearance, and, although very nervous,

she gave every promise of becoming a real acquisition to the musical world. We are glad to hear that she intends very shortly to give a concert in conjunction with her mother, who is a well-known pianist, and a very able interpreter of Chopin.

SIGNOR MATTEI's Concert was a musical treat to all who were fortunate enough to be present ; his own playing is exquisite, and he was most ably assisted. Mademoiselle Cecile Fernandes is a brilliant performer, but if she wishes to appear to the best advantage, she should eschew all piano duets with any one not of her own sex. A man's touch is so clear and strong, even when very light, that it makes the delicacy of a woman's sound like feebleness ; as this advantage on his part is owing to mere muscular strength, it is impossible for a woman to rival it. Mr. Aptommas' harp solo was perfectly delicious. Much disappointment was felt on the quartette from "Martha" being omitted ; we suppose it was unavoidable, but being placed at the conclusion of the programme it induced many to stay to the very end, and they will probably in future decline such a long *séance*, however tempting the final *morceau* may appear.

MADemoiselle ANNA KUPER's Concert was attended by an audience which filled the Beethoven Rooms. She is a pianist of much promise, and her performance of Ressler's rather exacting Trio, played in conjunction with Mr. John Peck (violin), and Herr Schubert (violoncello), were very favourably received, and gave evidence of ability.

MADAME CELLI's *Matinée* was very successful, but inconveniently crowded ; Mr. Richard Blagrove played some Scotch airs on the concertina, and Signor and Madame Garcia gave their well-known "Singing lesson."

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY's Ballad Concert was given at St. James' Hall on the 19th instant, and was attended by a fashionable audience. Madame Dolby sang Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Will he come ?" Miss Gabriel's new song, "Only at home," two old favourites by Claribel, and, when encoored, she gave "By and bye," a song in which she is positively charming. She was well supported by Mdlle. Leibhart, Madame Vilda, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Madame Sherrington, who sang two delicious little ballads—Molloy's "Clochette" and "Love was once a little boy." Mr. Montem Smith sang a song by Mr. Engel on one note, "The drifting clouds are dark and drear," and a very lively little ballad by the same author—"What's that to you ?"

AT Mr. John Thomas' concert on the 19th, his cantata "The Bride

of Neath Valley," was performed, for the first time in London. The characters were sustained by Madame Sainton Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. M. Sainton was the principal violin, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Chatterton and a band of harps were accompanied by a full orchestra and chorus. There is very great merit in the work, and the altercation scene—"What is here of bolt and bar," is exceedingly clever and spirited, and was most deservedly encored, and so also was the quartet and chorus, "Jane had cheeks as red as roses." Mr. John Thomas' prelude in B. flat by Mendelssohn, arranged for the orchestra and band of harps, was perfect, and Mr. Thomas created a marked sensation by his admirable performance of it. There was but one drawback to the enjoyment of the evening, the exceeding heat of the Hall, which we much suspect had never been properly ventilated after the afternoon concert, and which really made the state of the atmosphere during the evening most oppressive.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD delighted all lovers of Mendelssohn on the 20th, with an afternoon performance of the "Lieder ohne Worte." St. James' Hall was crowded with artists, Mr. Millais representing the painters, Mdlle. Patti the singers, together with many distinguished members of each profession. Madame Goddard played sixteen selections, divided into four groups, and so arranged that each group ended with the most brilliant and well-known pieces, "The Hunting Song," "Spring Song," "The People's Song," and "The Bee's Wedding." Madame Goddard fully justified the reputation she has enjoyed ever since the days when, as a young lady under twenty, she enchanted the musical world with some of the grandest works of Beethoven. We hope this concert is only the forerunner of many others of the same description. Several of the movements evoked the strongest expressions of approval from an unusually discriminating audience.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S Pianoforte Recitals are still going on every Friday afternoon. On the 21st he played Beethoven's Pastorale Sonata in D., some of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, Heller's Nuit Blanches and Promenades d'un Solitaire. Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in B. flat was splendidly interpreted by Mr. Halle and Signor Piatti, and was listened to with an expression of absorbed interest.

M. BENEDICT'S thirty-second annual concert took place on the 24th, and sustained its reputation both as a "monster concert," and as being unrivalled in its variety of attractions. M. Benedict certainly takes care to assemble in one afternoon all the musical celebrities of the season.

As we are just going to press, it is quite impossible to do more than record the fact that the "Legend of St. Cecilia" was sung to perfection by Titiens, Drasdil, Sims Reeves, and Santley, and was received with an enthusiasm which must have been deeply gratifying to M. Benedict. We were very sorry to observe that Mr. Sims Reeves was obliged to retire before the end of the Cantata—a proof, we fear, that he has by no means recovered from his long indisposition.

THE MUSICAL UNION delighted its members on the 25th, by the second appearance (since 1859), of Antoine Rubinstein. He played his own Grande Sonata in A. minor, with Vieuxtemps, for whom he composed it. This comparatively young Russian is without doubt the greatest and most poetical pianist we have ever heard. His touch is delicate and *souple* in the extreme, though at times his vigorous expression gives almost cause for alarm. His rendering of Schumann's Warum and Traumeswirren was magnificent. There are not many who will dispute that to him, if to any living musician, we may award the palm of genius. Whatever genius is or is not, one quality which the world agrees to recognise as among its clearest "notes" is the power of conquering the sympathies of the people whom it addresses. This power Rubinstein undoubtedly possesses. He has the faculty of keeping in a constant state of *rapprochement* with his audience, and his wonderful execution of his own beautiful composition held his listeners perfectly spell-bound. At the conclusion he received an enthusiastic ovation from the company, which included many of our most eminent musicians, one of whom said to us on leaving the hall, "If Rubinstein was thrown from the housetop on a piano, he would fall on a right chord." Mr. Ella announces a Grande Matinée on the 2nd of July, when Beethoven's Septet, followed by Hummel's Septet and Solos for violin and piano-forte, by Vieuxtemps and Rubinstein, will be performed.

LITERATURE.

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. [Longman].—There is not one single source of human happiness, wrote Sydney Smith, against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the reformation, the revolution. There are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest and suspicious of its own decisions. To this appropriate paragraph the writer of the “Social and Political Dependence of Women,” draws the attention of those newspaper writers who combat the enfranchisement of women on account of its novelty and interference with things as now arranged, and who consider ridicule the most effective weapon to use against a proposal which incurs the usual penalty of every new idea opposed to preconceived notions. In science and philosophy, in religious and social matters, from the beginning of the world till the present time, “the difficulty is not to find anything which has been received with ridicule and contempt, but to discover anything which has not.” Universal practice and immemorial precedent are the arguments next refuted; and Mr. Mill’s explanation of the reason why the custom of the subjection of women is so deeply rooted is adopted as conclusive.

“There is no difficulty in understanding why the subjection of women has been a custom. No other explanation is needed than physical force. That those who were physically weaker should have been made legally inferior, is quite conformable to the mode in which the world has been governed. Until very lately the rule of physical strength was the general law of human affairs. Throughout history, the nations, races, classes, which found themselves the strongest either in muscles, in riches, or in military discipline, have conquered and held in subjection the rest. If, even in the most improved nations, the law of the sword is at last discountenanced as unworthy, it is only since the calumniated eighteenth century. Wars of conquest have only ceased since democratic revolutions began. The world is very young, and has but just begun to cast off injustice; it is only now getting rid of negro slavery; it is only now getting rid of monarchical despotism; it is only now getting rid of hereditary feudal nobility; it is only now getting rid of disabilities on the ground of religion; it is only now beginning to treat any *men* as citizens except the rich and a favoured portion of the middle class. Can we wonder that it has not yet done as much for women? As society was constituted until the last few generations, inequality was its very basis, association grounded upon equal rights scarcely existed; to be equals was to be

enemies; two persons could hardly co-operate in anything, or meet in any amicable relation, without the law's appointing that one of them should be the superior of the other. Mankind have out-grown this state, and all things now tend to substitute, as the general principal of human relations, a just equality, instead of the dominion of the strongest. But of all relations, that between men and women being the nearest and most intimate, and connected with the greatest number of strong emotions, was sure to be the last to throw off the old rule and receive the new; for in proportion to the strength of a feeling is the tenacity with which it clings to the forms and circumstances with which it has even accidentally become associated."

The real issues appear to the writer to be these. On the one hand it is asserted that political power is as much the inalienable right of woman as of man; that the enormous sexual inequalities, legal and social, under which she labours are entirely due to her exclusion; and that her enfranchisement, both as an act of justice and expediency, is imperatively necessary. On the other it is affirmed that the dependence of woman is founded in social laws; that this enfranchisement would be pernicious in the highest degree; that it would involve consequences far beyond the powers of prediction; that woman's instinct is against it; that man's use of a monopoly of political power has not pressed heavily or unjustly on the other sex; and that no feminine interests would be materially advanced by female enfranchisement.

The writer then proceeds to examine the only grounds which can be urged to justify the political dependence of women, viz.—

1. That past experience and the present condition of women show such an assumption of power to be beneficial to them.
2. That superiority in intellect gives men the right of arbitrary sway.
3. That superiority in morality gives men the right of arbitrary sway.

In considering the first of these three divisions, a *resumé* is given of the history of women among the Hebrews, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians, by whom women were completely secluded; the Egyptians were more just; among the Greeks, who received a great deal of their civilisation from the East, an improvement can be noted, and the Romans gradually gave their women greater freedom, and even a share in religious solemnities. Very little is known of the state of women among the earliest inhabitants of Great Britain, but the introduction of Christianity, about the year six hundred, was very powerful in ameliorating their condition. The Crusades, too, had a considerable influence, which, while it affected both sexes, did not disturb the relation between them. Chivalry did not so much enlarge their privileges as make men view women in a new light; but though it had great influence in raising the status of women, it was the theory of her imbecility applied to its fullest extent.

"Then, as now, she was considered utterly helpless in all affairs of the State, and

even to take care of her own interests; then, as now, her occupations were those which men disdain; and then, as now, she was compensated for her helplessness by adulation, and a sort of sentimental idolism.

"The next event which had any considerable influence on woman's position was the Reformation. The energies of the nation, which had to some extent lain dormant, were aroused, and the blow which was struck at authority made easier any departure from custom or manners. The gradual rise of the middle-class, the progress of arts and sciences, which gradually superseded household manufactures, the Wars of the Roses, the Revolution, and other events which stand in history, also necessarily influenced her condition; and while her character, employment, and condition have varied with the changing times, while she was ignorant with the Stuarts, learned in the Elizabethan age, at one period licentious, at another puritanical, she has been continually taking steps towards lessening the gross injustice under which she labours, though many of her present wrongs appear to be of modern growth, and though she has always been the victim of physical force.

"In short, in the words of Lord Macaulay, 'If there be a word of truth in history women have always been and still are, over the greater part of the globe, humble companions, playthings, captives, menials, beasts of burden. Except in a few happy and highly civilised communities, they are strictly in a state of personal slavery. Even in those countries where they are best treated, the laws are generally unfavourable to them, with respect to almost all the points in which they are the most deeply interested.'"

The legal injustices to women are followed by a consideration of hardships brought on them by custom, from which we are shown why pecuniary distress is more common to women of every class than to men.

Under the second head the worth of the superior intellect argument is canvassed.

"But what proof have we of woman's inferiority? The *ipsi diximus* of men. They say that she is inferior; they take all power into their own hands; they train her from infancy to believe in her inferiority; they narrow the range of her studies, and then, forsooth, when they have done everything to produce that inferiority which they start by assuming, they coolly and arrogantly assert that all is done for her good. Having made her entirely dependent for her daily bread; having taught her to think it her highest aim to be united to one of the 'lords of the creation,' having educated her to minister to their wants, to gratify their passions, to add to their comforts—in short, to live to pander to their selfishness—they crown all by telling their deluded victim that she has a weak mind, and that her 'sphere' is submission to and attendance on man."*

* "When a prejudice, which has any hold on the feelings, finds itself reduced to the unpleasant necessity of assigning reasons, it thinks it has done enough when it has re-asserted the very point in dispute, in phrases which appeal to the pre-existing feeling. Thus, many persons think they have justified the restrictions on woman's field of action, when they have said that the pursuits from which women are excluded, are unfeminine, and that the proper sphere for women is not politics or publicity, but private and domestic life. We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not their 'proper sphere.' The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to attain to. What this is cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice."—MRS. MILL.

The reader is called upon to reflect that this dependence means that she is absolutely at the disposal of man, a vicious system sure to breed selfishness in him, and subserviency in her.

Not only is it shown that women have no security that their interests will not be ignored, but they are proved to be ignored, and that Lord Brougham did not exaggerate when he said "there must be a total reconstruction of the law before women can have justice ;" and, as a last consideration, though not one upon which the writer places as much weight as the opponents to the enfranchisement of women do, if it cannot be denied that a low morality is the great bane of our legislature, then the infusion of new blood should not be opposed by those who insist that "the mission of woman is to raise, to elevate, to exalt man, to breathe into him a purer morality, and to counteract or destroy evil influences."

We consider that the writer has fairly established the five grounds upon which he protests against the exclusion of women from political rights, and we wish to call especial attention to the examination of the fourth principle, which our space will not admit of our giving in detail here, namely, that the universal law of self-interest which has had such an extraordinary illustration in the history of English legislation, renders the enfranchisement of women an absolute necessity whenever justice and expediency have their legitimate influence.

In answer to the objection that political and professional life has a hardening effect upon the character—"that the world and its avocations render men selfish and unfeeling ; that the struggles, rivalries, and collisions of business and of politics make them harsh and unamiable ; that if half the species must be given up to these things, it is more necessary that the other half should be kept from them ; that to preserve women from the bad influences of the world, is the only chance of preventing men from being wholly given up to them"—the writer quotes another passage from the writings of the late Mrs. Mill, which is so apposite that we shall give it in full.

"There would have been plausibility in this argument when the world was still in the age of violence, when life was full of physical conflict, and every man had to redress his injuries by the sword or the strength of his arm. Women, like priests, by being exempted from such responsibilities, and from some part of the accompanying dangers, may have been enabled to exercise a beneficial influence. But in the present condition of human life we do not know where those hardening influences are to be found, to which men are subject and from which women are at present exempt. Individuals, now-a-days, are seldom called upon to fight hand in hand, even with peaceful weapons ; personal enmities and rivalries count for little in worldly transactions ; the general pressure of circumstance, not the adverse will of individuals, is the obstacle men have to make head against. That pressure, when excessive, breaks the spirits, cramps and sours the feelings, not less of women than of men, since they suffer certainly not less from its evils. There are still quarrels and dislikes, but the sources

of them are changed. The feudal chief once found his bitterest enemy in his powerful neighbour, the minister or courtier in his rival for place ; but opposition of interest in active life, as a cause of personal animosity, is out of date ; the enmities of the present day arise not from great things but small, from what people say of one another, more than from what they do ; and if there are hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, they are to be found among women fully as much as among men. In the present state of civilisation, the notion of guarding women from the hardening influences of the world, could only be realised by secluding them from society altogether. The common duties of common life, as at present constituted, are incompatible with any other softness in women than weakness. Surely weak minds in weak bodies must ere long cease to be even supposed to be either attractive or amiable."

The question whether women do or can * understand politics is ably dealt with, and a very conclusive answer is given to the difficulties raised by S. D. C. in a letter to the editor of the *Spectator*, which was reprinted in a previous number of this MAGAZINE, and it is further shown that it will require something more than dogmatic assertion to prove that what is generally admitted to have a humanising effect on man, to render him less wrapt up in his own affairs, and to enlarge the circle of his sympathies, will have a precisely opposite effect on women ; also, that our recent election disclosures have shown that she at present feels the demoralising part of local and party conflicts, while the higher and more ennobling influences are denied her.

The writer concludes the subject with a review of the difference of the training received by boys and girls, of the injury done to the latter by the false notions instilled, especially in connection with marriage, and, in spite of the unusual length to which this notice has already run, owing to the important nature of the subject treated, and its special reference to the interests of our readers, we must make one more extract.

* We could easily prove the very extraordinary capacity of women for politics. We should be willing to stake the whole controversy on that single issue. Without going as far back as Zenobia, we might adduce a long list of women, who, in every age and country, have had a large, often a pre-eminent, influence on national progress ; and an influence not arising out of intrigue, but entirely from political capacity. But our present object is to prove the capacity of women for exercising the suffrage. We are content, therefore, to point out the anomaly of her dependent position in this country, where a woman has parochial votes, where a woman is eligible to be Grand Constable, Grand Chamberlain, Champion of England, etc., etc. ; where a woman is the reigning sovereign, and where a woman was the greatest sovereign who ever sat on the English throne. A great living statesman says, "Queen Elizabeth is the greatest of English, perhaps of all modern sovereigns. In a period remarkable for long and sanguinary wars, she made her name respected abroad, without loss of blood or treasure ; and, in a time of great political ferment, she maintained the most absolute authority at home, without any loss of the affections of her people. She obtained glory without conquest, and unlimited power without odium."—"The English Government and Constitution," EARL RUSSELL.

"Meanwhile the girls are brought up with the one idea of 'marriage' continually dangled before their minds. The whole training is directed to fit them to become the wife of one of the 'nobler sex.' 'To endeavour,' we quote Mrs. Ellis, a popular and most amiable writer of the school of subserviency, 'to endeavour before every other earthly thing, and next to the salvation of her soul, to obtain and keep her husband's confidence,' (no mention being made of the corresponding duty of the husband) 'is to be the end-all and the be-all of a wife's life.'

"It is unquestionably the inalienable right of all men, whether ill or well, rich or poor, wise or foolish, to be treated with deference and made much of in their own homes.

"The love of woman appears to have been created solely to minister, that of man to be ministered unto.

"In the case of a highly gifted woman, even where there is an equal or superior degree of talent possessed by her husband, nothing can be more injudicious, or more fatal to her happiness, than an exhibition even of the least disposition to presume upon such gifts. Let her husband be once subjected to a feeling of jealousy of her importance, which, without the strictest watchfulness, will be liable to arise, and her force of mind and her free agency are alike destroyed for the remainder of her life.'

"What a picture of man's intense selfishness and egotism, drawn by one of his most enthusiastic devotees! Mrs. Ellis, however, when she subdues feeling, and looks at the facts before her, seems to be almost of our opinion:—

"Men who have been thus educated by foolish and indulgent mothers; who have been placed at public schools, where the influence, the character, and the very name of woman was a byword for contempt; who have been afterwards associated with sisters who were capricious, ignorant, and vain—such men are very unjustly blamed for being selfish, domineering, and tyrannical to the other sex. *In fact how should they be otherwise? It is a common thing to complain of the selfishness of men, but I have often thought, on looking candidly at their early lives, and reflecting how little cultivation of the heart is blended with what is popularly called the best education, the wonder should be that men are not more selfish still.*

"So, according to the testimony of a hostile witness, the present system, which the *Times* believes it would be fatal to upset, necessarily produces women who are weak and subservient, and men who are selfish and tyrannical."

And, lastly, the common assertion is repudiated that the equality of women is one man's crotchet, John Stuart Mill's, and it is shown that an opinion held by Plato, by Voltaire, by Burke, by Condorcet, Sydney Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Bentham, cannot with any justice be called one man's idea. Plato held that there was no natural difference between the sexes except in strength, and that they ought equally to participate in the government of the state. Dugald Stewart believed the intellectual and moral differences between the sexes to be entirely the result of education, using that word in its most extensive sense, to comprehend, not merely instruction, but habits of mind imposed by situation; and Sydney Smith, in a contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*, maintains that a "great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women, as if women were more quick and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the

understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive ; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without reference to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupation has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon ! ”

We shall leave this book to speak for itself, and rest content with having drawn attention to it by the above copious extracts, simply remarking that we could wish that more of the courageous outspoken reasoning contained in it, had been directed to the opening of universities, professions, and trades for women, and less to a subject which requires the most delicate handling and which is scarcely a practical subject for legislation.

New System of Treating and Fixing Artificial Teeth. By Frederick A. Eskell, Surgeon-Dentist, Hanover Square.—We recommend this clever little work on the teeth, which has now reached a sixth edition. Mr. Eskell, who is one of the most efficient dentists in England, has invented a splendid contrivance for fixing artificial teeth, and his vulcanite palates are highly recommended by medical men, as clean, light, and agreeable to the mouth, and altogether superior to gold and other metallic fittings. The reader will find much valuable information in Mr. Eskell's book respecting the preservation of the teeth.

The Tourist's Assistant. A Popular Guide to Watering Places in England and Wales, with a railway key to the Paris Exhibition. By Frank Foster. [John Snow & Co.]—For the expenditure of one shilling the intending tourist is furnished by the author with a brief notice of our chief watering places. The work is revised each year, so that each change and improvement is duly recorded.

Whom to Consult ; or, a Book of Reference for Invalids. [Aylott & Son.]—This is really a valuable book ; the first part contains a list of the “ills flesh is heir to,” and the second gives the names of the medical men most celebrated for their treatment of different diseases. It is, in short, a sort of Medical Directory, and is likely to be of real service, for the advice it contains is certainly, as far as we have been able to test it, most impartial and trustworthy.

THE
VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1867.

"A LANE SCENE."

A PICTURE BY N. O. LUPTON, EXHIBITED BY THE "SOCIETY OF BRITISH
ARTISTS," 1867.

"Soul-soothing art ! which morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry !"

WORDSWORTH.

I.

OH, for a summer dream in such a lane,
With those aspiring trees that seek the sky,
To form a dreamer's fitting canopy,
And with bird music that so lulls the brain
When the wind mingles with it, and those twain
Combine to make ethereal harmony !
One hour like this is worth a century
Of fevered cities and their dusty pain.

So fair a spot that cart is loth to quit,
And he who drives it, well may he abide
Idly awhile ; idly ?—Ah, many a hind
Oft feels as much as ever poet writ ;
I envy him, enjoying, or dim-eyed
To tree and sky—deaf to the bird and wind.

II.

Is it in *Harefield*—where my home has been,
And where my heart and memory linger still ?
Methinks it may be, though I miss the rill
Whose spring-time murmur gave the gentle scene
So dear a voice, and can no longer lean
On the rude plank, and gaze, and gaze my fill
On waters "wandering at their own sweet will,"
And meadows glorious in their gold and green,

It may—but then a charm so exquisite
Enriches every line, a peace so pure
O'er foliage, hedge, and roadway seems to brood,
All is so English and so true, that it
Makes each beholder, as he scans it, sure
That 'tis his best-loved lane's similitude.

J. WATSON DALBY.



ENGLISH GIPSIES.

BY VERNON S. MORWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

“ Hard-faring race,
 Their scanty fuel from the neighbouring wood,
 When kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.”

COWPER.

It was in mid-winter—that festive season of the year when hearts are made light and joyous with social intercourse, when friends, long-parted, meet to exchange congratulations, and sunny smiles beam in happy English homes—that the writer started one cold morning on a journey of twenty miles ; of course the greater distance was travelled by rail, but the remainder of the journey was traversed on foot, the residence of the clergyman he was about to visit lying in a cross-country direction. The scene around was gloomy, winter reigned supreme over Nature, and the earth, sensible of the sun’s diminished power, had put on robes of mourning and widowhood. The melody of the birds was hushed, as if the feathered choristers deemed their silence more consonant with the departed charms of Nature ; scudding clouds swept angrily by, the northwind was piercing, and on all sides were to be seen torpor, barrenness, and desolation.

In a bye-lane were pitched two or three dilapidated tents, whose tattered canvas flapped hither and thither in the wind. The men were away, but two women, a young girl and four boys, formed an interesting group. One of the women was suffering from contraction of the muscles of her leg, the result of a chill, “ caught,” she said, “ in the damp lanes ;” the other was pale and attenuated, with her head enveloped in a red kerchief, and she was sitting on the ground beside a few embers burning at the door of the tent. The children were scantily clad, and although presenting a rough and wild aspect, they exhibited a rollicking gaiety of heart, as they occasionally gave specimens of their gymnastic acquirements, which invariably ended with the appeal, “ Give us a penny, good gen’leman !” Within view of the encampment stood two or three village mansions, silently eloquent of architectural genius without—of light, plenty, and comfort within. One glance of the eye embraced a striking contrast—a mansion and a tent—one the abode of luxury, the other the habitation of indigence ; on one hand domestic

comfort, on the other dire privation ; but a little distance dividing the favoured possessors of education and refinement and the dark untutored children of nature.

Then, perhaps, more than at any other time, it became apparent to the beholder that the gipsies are a separate people—a race of men who, although dwelling amongst us, differ widely from ourselves in their origin and general habits ; they are constantly seen either strolling across our commons, encamping in our lanes, passing through our streets, standing at our doors selling minor domestic articles of their own manufacture, or imposing on the credulous by a pretended knowledge of the future. Careful must we be not to mistake for gipsies the professional tramp or wandering “casual.” With but few exceptions those who claim kindred with the pure remnants of the gipsy people may be easily known by certain physical peculiarities which that race everywhere presents.

Generally speaking the men are of middle stature, well made and muscular, remarkably upright and full-chested, while in walking their step is firm and quick. Some of the women in youth have very handsome features. Their hair, flowing in glossy tresses over their tawny but well-formed shoulders, their noses of Grecian type, their small, dark, and piercing eyes, their confident mode of address, and ready command of language, with other characteristics, furnish corroborative evidence that they are as distinct a people as the Jews.

A visit to the greenwood side, to the deep recesses of some wide-spread forest, to the bye-road, to the unfrequented lane with its thick shady hedge, and to the sheltering embankment under which is pitched the humble tent, where the smoke ascends in curling clouds from the wood fire, and where the “pot” sends forth a savoury steam, upon which the dark eyes of a tawny group are intently fixed, will at once convince us that the gipsies, perhaps voluntarily, yield to a feeling of separation from civilised society, and have but little desire to fraternise with other races. Reform has at no time seemed to inspire them, for they cling to habits and customs acquired in youth as tenaciously as to life itself. Time, which in its revolutions affects well nigh everything, which causes thrones to totter, and once mighty empires to pass away like a fleeting cloud, has scarcely left one mark of his progress on these mysterious tribes.

Although between three and four centuries have elapsed since the immigration of gipsies, they are almost as distinct a race now as they were then ; an erroneous notion prevails that they are nearly extinct, having, as some assert, amalgamated so much with other people as to render any effort for their improvement altogether needless. From the most correct statistical information obtainable we learn that on the continent and in England the gipsies are on the increase, the entire

race numbering about 900,000, of whom the majority are found in Europe.

The gipsies are known by various names; in Poland they are called "Zingani;" in Italy, "Zingari;" "Gitanos" in Spain, and "Bohemians" in France.

Referring to the appellation these people bear in England, Mr. S. H. Ward, who expresses the popular English notion of the subject, says—"The word gipsy is corrupted from the word Egyptian, for they were imagined to have come from Egypt." It is tolerably certain that when these people first came to this country they called themselves "Egyptians," but it is far more likely that the term gipsies was applied to them from the Greek word "gyps" (γύψ), a vulture (which Greek word is applied to an undergraduate's valet at Oxford and Cambridge) and as the gipsies have been in many cases deservedly stigmatised as plunderers and petty swindlers, it is probable that they were so denominated on this account.

The custom of dividing themselves into clans or companies, each clan appointing over it a presiding genius in the person of an experienced man or woman, to whom they submit with deference, affords further proof of their distinct nationality. Although with them the practice of electing a king or queen is on the decline, yet the distinction is sometimes conferred upon gipsies who can prove a legitimate claim to it. The following account of a gipsy coronation at Yetholm, about five or six years since, furnishes an illustration of this:—

"GIPSY CORONATION AT YETHOLM.—The coronation of Her Majesty, Queen Esther Faa* Blyth, which has been for a few weeks a subject of much discussion, took place last week. There were two candidates in the field for the vacant honour. It was decided to settle the matter by election; but on the day fixed for the purpose no opposition was offered, and she (Esther) was forthwith chosen Queen, and the coronation ceremony duly performed. The royal proclamation which she issued had the effect of calling together a goodly number of the tribe; but the weather became very unfavourable, and no doubt deterred many of the general public from witnessing the ceremony. On this interesting occasion, Esther was accompanied by princes and princesses of the royal blood—her brother, Prince Charles, and nephew of the same name and title; and two of the Princesses attended Her Majesty on horseback, some of Her Majesty's grandchildren also being present. The Queen, mounted upon her palfrey, proceeded to the Cross, where the ceremony of coronation was to be performed—the crown-bearer and crowner following behind. The procession having halted, the crowner stepped forward, and placed the coronet upon her head, a Scotch thistle being a very prominent object upon it. The crowner, from a roll of parchment, proclaimed that he, having crowned her deceased father, King Charles, from his inherent right of crowner, and from the fact of the late king dying intestate, now placed the crown upon the head of Esther, and with public proclamation at the Cross of her dominions, he proclaimed her Queen Esther Faa Blyth, 'Challenge who dare.' On the termination of the royal ceremony, her loyal subjects rent the air with

* "Faa," was the name of the first Gipsy King in England.

three times three cheers, and long life and happiness to Queen Esther was the general cry. The Queen, in a short and pathetic speech, thanked her subjects for the high honour they had conferred upon her in choosing her to occupy the throne of her ancestors, and expressed the hope that during her reign they would conduct themselves quietly and live at peace with all men. Afterwards, a congratulatory address was presented to Her Majesty on her happy accession to the throne, expressing a fervent wish that she might long worthily fulfil the duties of her royal house. A supply of genuine 'mountain dew' was handed round, and flowing bumpers quaffed to Her Majesty's health and happiness. The procession being again formed, the Queen's piper, riding his 'sprightly' charger, his wife Elizabeth acting as groom-in-waiting, attended by a whole host of followers, proceeded through the village, calling at the various inns, and refreshing her attendants, Her Majesty frequently recognising individuals of her acquaintance. After they had again returned to the Cross, the Queen in a short speech thanked her attendants and subjects for their attention, and seated on the chair of State, proposed that 'Lamed Jamie' and Her Majesty, with her sister-in-law and royal brother, should lead down the dance, which was done with spirit, but the slippery state of the green prevented the free use of the feet. After a while, however, the rain compelled them to retire under cover, where Her Majesty held a 'levee,' the royal princes and princesses and retinue only being admitted."—*Kelso Chronicle*.

Although the gipsies claim one common origin, and are similar in their dispositions, tastes, and habits, there is nevertheless amongst them an aristocracy who carry this feeling of distinction so far that some of the clans will form no matrimonial alliance with others whom they deem inferior to themselves.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

In the ancient cathedral I lingered,
 I stood by the column tall,
 I watched the last glow of sunlight
 Illumine the shadowy wall.

I stood in the gathering twilight
 Of that quiet, mystic hour ;
 And the peace of the holy temple
 Descended with gentle power.

And a vision of days departed
 Arose from the holy ground,
 I heard from the altar a tinkle
 Of bells, and a solemn sound

Of prayer in the darkening chancel,
 And then from the long-drawn nave
 A soft murmur of low responses
 From lips long stilled by the grave.

And the organ thrilled with a measure,
 A measure strange and grand ;
 It seemed like the angels' "Te Deum"
 From the far off heavenly land.

And then came forth a procession
 Of priests down the central aisle,
 And the acolytes swung the censers,
 And the organ was played the while.

They passed me close in the darkness,
 And their faces were pale and calm,
 While with clear and unearthly voices
 They chanted a low sweet psalm.

With aspect serene and steadfast
 The priests and choristers sang ;
 And the organ pleaded and struggled
 And the sweet bells constantly rang.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Then round the cathedral they glided
Back to the altar at last ;
And the voices died in a whisper,
And the vision faded and passed.

But still in the darkest shadows
Dim forms seemed to kneel and pray,
And I watched till the church was empty,
And they too had passed away.

Then I bowed in His awful presence,
To Whom they had sung their praise
And I left that vast cathedral
And that vision of other days.

A TRUE PYRENEAN GHOST STORY.

BY A. B. LE GEYT.

WE two friends were taking a summer holiday in the Pyrenees. We left the high roads, mostly frequented by our English countrymen, and we found ourselves located at Bagnères de Suchon, the most prettily situated of all the Pyrenean towns.

Certainly these mountains combine some of the most charming sites in Europe for the habitation of man; and this particular town is the one *par excellence*.

This is a fact that the foreigners have been hitherto more quick to find out than our own countrymen, for it is not quite so full of English as some other places. Although there are many beautiful snow-capped mountains and dangerous passes in the Pyrenees, yet the climate is warmer than that of the Alps, and the mountains are greenly wooded almost up to the snow. It is about one of these dangerous passes that I am going to relate a curious story, as it came to me from the lips of a man upon whose veracity I can quite rely. Lèon Fontaine was a quaint little Pyrenean of the better class of the *bourgeoisie*, and the son of the proprietor of our *châlet*. Of course he related the story to us in French, but I transcribe it as he told it, in the hope that it will interest some of my readers.

We were watching Lèon fishing by the side of a clear trout streamlet, and I suppose he thought we wanted something of a startling nature to enliven us that lazy July afternoon, so when I made some inquiries about a certain pass, called the Port de Venasque, over which the sun was then pouring down his rays, and gilding its peaks and domes of glittering snow, he began—

“Ah, Mesdames! I have a wonderful story to tell you about that pass over into Spain, which you, perhaps, may not believe when you hear it, but I can assure you before-hand that it is perfectly true.”

“Tell us then,” we said. “We are not so disbelieving as you think, Lèon.”

We settled ourselves comfortably in our seats on the green flowery sward, and professed ourselves to be all attention, our eyes fixed on the distant peaks of the pass about which we were to hear this wonderful story.

Lèon righted his fishing-tackle, and, seeing that we did not look incredulous, he began in real earnest.

“Eh bien, Mesdames, I had a friend—a very great friend, in this town of ours. We were like brothers. We told each other everything we thought, almost; and our friendship was a by-word amongst our

neighbours. Alas ! it is long since this happened, of which I am going to tell you ; but I have not ceased to regret my friend Bernardo."

Here Lèon paused, and seemed to be meditating on the perfections of the friend whom he had evidently lost. We were becoming impatient to have the promised story, but we respected his silence, and presently he resumed—

"Bernardo was an honest fellow, no honester could be found—upright and honourable. Everyone knew those qualities in him, and I best of all. Well, being such an honest fellow, he was chosen by one of our principal merchants to carry a large sum of money across the mountains into Spain, by the Port de Venasque, whose glittering peaks you see before you, Mesdames. Ay, but they were not then as they look now !

"It was the dead of winter, then ; but this money was important, and had to be carried over to Spain at once.

"Those peaks you see before you, now half crag, were then one mass of snow, and almost impassable ; but the brave Bernardo did not mind that, and willingly undertook the safe convoy of this large sum of money.

"He started—the money sewed into a leathern belt which he wore beneath his clothes. I accompanied him for a space on his perilous journey, but I could not go far, as I was required at home by a sick mother. I bade him 'God speed' when I parted from him, and retraced my steps homewards with sad forebodings in my heart about my friend. However, I shook those off, and now looked forward with impatience to his safe return.

"Alas ! would that he had never gone !"

Here Lèon paused again, and was so long wrapped in his sad meditations that we grew impatient, and asked—

"Well, Lèon ; we are very much interested in your story, and want to know what became of the brave Bernardo ?"

"Ah, Mesdames ! What became of him ? You shall hear, indeed ! He had a sad end, poor fellow. Many months went over, and it was long past the time when Bernardo ought to have returned, and reported himself to the merchant who had sent him with the money.

"It was now early spring, the snows were melting, and it was a dangerous time to be on the mountains. Torrents and avalanches were apt to obstruct the way ; and travellers have often been overwhelmed by these and heard of no more.

"The winter had been a peculiarly severe one ; and although I knew that my friend was a good and cautious mountaineer, yet you know, Mesdames, we cannot always prevent Madame Nature from doing us harm in some of her vagaries. If I had only been there, I would have prevented it !"

Léon switched his fishing-rod out of the water, and we were almost tempted to smile at his excited state of feeling with regard to the evolutions of nature. We doubted his powers of coping with her, amidst these dangerous crags and passes.

"Well, Mesdames," he exclaimed, "every one was beginning to cry out against Bernardo, and to accuse him of running away with the money. I was wearily watching for him day after day, and was thinking of crossing the Port de Venasque when the weather was better, to see if I could find out what had become of him. But while I was turning this over in my mind, one night I dreamt a curious dream. I dreamt that Bernardo came before me, his hair and clothes all dripping with water, and said distinctly—'Go to the left hand corner of the little lake of the Port de Venasque, near the path that runs by the edge, and you will find my body.' I woke up in a great fright, and could not go to sleep again, and next morning I related my vision to my family. They laughed at me and my fears, and told me my friend had doubtless gone off with the money, and was safe in some other land. But I could not shake off the impression that the vision had made upon me, and I went about all day like one in a dream. My sisters laughed at me for my gloom, so I said no more to them that day.

"Night came, and with it sleep. Mesdames, that second night I dreamt that I saw the exact spot where Bernardo had said he was lying drowned, and, would you believe it, Mesdames? his ghost came again, and seemed to point to the spot, and said—'There is where you will find my body; go!'

"I could not forbear telling my family of this again; and in spite of their still laughing at me, I exclaimed—'Well, I make a vow that if I dream this the third time, I shall go and see, and I know that I shall surely find my poor Bernardo.'

"'Nonsense, nonsense!' they exclaimed; 'you are mad; you will be lost in the avalanches! Bernardo is a thief, and has gone off with the money.'

"I was very angry with them for this, and retired to my room for the rest of the day, nor would I have anything more to say to them; don't you think I was justified in that, Mesdames?"

We replied that we thought he was. Satisfied of our sympathy, he went on—

"The third night I went to bed, and I dreamt the very same dream, only that this time Bernardo seemed to look reproachfully at me, as if he thought I ought not to have delayed so long. I rose with a firm determination in my mind. I did not say anything to my family, but they saw by my demeanour that something was in the wind. They asked me some questions, but I would not answer them; and they saw it was of no use to bother me.

"These visions were photographed on my mind as vividly as though the thing had already really happened to me ; and I felt quite sure of what the result would be.

"I packed up a wallet, and set off at an early hour. I said good-bye to my family without giving them any explanation, but they knew very well what was my destination. I had a long spell of flat ground before coming to the foot of the pass, and I was impatient to get over it.

"At last I began a toiling ascent over places where there was not a vestige of a path left. Everything had been destroyed by the torrents and avalanches, and it was fatiguing and dangerous work. But I did not mind that. A little hard work was pleasant to me in my feverish state of mind, and I got over the ground rapidly.

"I narrowly missed being overwhelmed by an avalanche at one period of my ascent ; but, ah ! Mesdames, I had my friend to find, and I cared little for the danger. I had now reached the little mountain lake.

"It was still frozen round the edges, and at a distance looked black. I gazed at it with a feeling of unaccountable dread—I knew what I should find there. Straight as an arrow I went to the spot I had seen in my dream. I knew the pass and the lake well, and I found the corner where the path ran close to the edge.

"Sitting down on the brink, I buried my face in my hands and tried to calm myself sufficiently to commence my search.

"I had to break the thin ice on the edge, and I feared to look down into the water beneath. The lake was as clear as crystal when you were near it, but at a distance it always looked black and wicked. Ah ! Mesdames, this makes me shudder even now, although many years have passed since it happened.

"Well, at length I summoned up the courage to look down into the water. I was standing at the very corner I had seen in my dream, and which Bernardo's ghost himself had pointed out to me. The lake there was about five feet deep. I looked down close—close—my eyes seemed to grow to the water's edge, as I gazed, fascinated by a piece of red colour that moved gently backwards and forwards at the bottom, evidently agitated by an under-current. I stood bent down, rooted to the spot. I knew perfectly well what that red colour was, and it could only have been seen by such an intent gazer as I was then. I knew it was the end of the red woollen sash that we all wear—like this," and he pointed to the scarlet woollen sort of waistband that he wore, passed twice round his waist.

"Well, Mesdames, I had brought with me a long pole with a hook on the end of it, and with a trembling hand I put this down into the water, and tried to catch at the piece of red colour. I felt that what the pole touched was not the stony bed of the lake." Here Léon's

voice subsided into a hoarse whisper, as he came up close to us, and said, "It was a human body, Mesdames ; I knew well enough whose it was ! I got a good hold of it, and hauled and hauled until the body was near to the water's edge. I could not look at it yet, though ! At last I felt that I must summon up courage to do so, if I meant to succeed in bringing it to land, so I did look, and—I recognised my poor Bernardo ! The icy cold of the water had prevented decomposition, and his body was only much swollen. He was perfectly recognisable, however, and I dragged the body up on the bank, and fell down beside it in an agony of grief. Yet I was not surprised. I knew I should find him there in that very spot. It was just as my dreams had told me. Now I daresay you do not believe me, Mesdames," he said, switching his rod again into the water, after a pause of a few moments, during which time we were digesting this curious story.

"Yes we do, Lèon," I answered ; "and now we want to know what you did with the poor fellow up there ?"

"I just covered him up with some snow, marked the spot, and then hastened back to Suchon, and told my adventure. The people would hardly believe me, but half-a-dozen fellows went back with me, and found it as I had said. We brought poor Bernardo's body back, and buried it in a cemetery yonder. You may see the tomb any day you like.

"But what proved the greatest comfort to me was, that the money with which Bernardo had been entrusted was found intact in the leathern belt around his waist. Not a *son* was missing, and thus his character was cleared, poor fellow, and we knew that it must have been by accident that he had fallen into the lake. Some people had thought at one time that he had been murdered by contrabandisti. We supposed that an avalanche had overwhelmed him, or that a snow-storm had come on, and that he had missed his way and fallen into the water. That was all we could imagine, and my family never laughed at me again, for they found that my dreams had come exactly true.

"Ah, that was but a poor triumph to me, for I had lost my friend. I often wondered whether or not I ought to have gone with him that time, and we two might have prospered better ; but then you see, Mesdames, I thought my duty was to remain with my sick mother."

Here Lèon gathered up his fishing-tackle and prepared to leave us. The raking up of these sad memories had evidently unfitted him for further enjoyment of his fishing.

We remained behind for half-an-hour longer, enjoying the cool mountain breeze, and watching the last pink rays of the setting sun die away, and the snow-capped peaks grow cold and weird in the fast gathering twilight. We had enough food for meditation on those peaks crowning the pass of the Port de Venasque, about which we had heard so sad and strange a story.

TWO SONNETS.

A DOUBT.

DEAREST ! a dreadful fear clouds my sad soul,
 A fear that I have striven to put away
 From me, and yet it grows from day to day.
 Hourly I hear a bell that seems to toll
 The knell of my great bliss. Over me roll
 Dark waves of terror. O God ! can it be
 That I, who with sweet tears have praised Thee
 For his deep love, have lured him to a shoal
 And wrecked his life ? I would not have thee waste
 Thy days, O dear one : I would have thee taste
 Life's cup of blessing ; for thou knowest well
 How little I can give thee : thou dost lose
 By love that brings thee sorrow ; therefore choose
 The fuller life, the joys that in it dwell.

AN ASSURANCE.

My love for thee, O loved one, is no waste
 Of life. Nay, only in that love I find
 My fullest, deepest life ; while far behind
 Lie lifeless days, which one by one did haste
 Away from me unused ; days all defaced
 With weakness and with folly, oft with sin :
 But when I met thee these dull days did win
 A novel glory ; they were then first graced
 By divine colouring ; their poisonous grey
 Was changed to a rich crimson by a ray
 Of God's light shining through thee. Unto Him
 I offer praise for ever, Who has given
 Thee unto me, with thee a present heaven,
 And a fair foresight of the seraphim.

J. ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THE WOMEN OF THE LATIN AND GERMANIC RACES.

BY MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA, AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN IN THE EAST," ETC., ETC.

(*Authorised Translation.*)

XII.

FRENCHWOMEN AND LABOUR.

The French Aristocracy—The Country Nobility—The Western Nobility—The Life of the Mistresses of the Chateaux—Curious provincial varieties—Painters of provincial life—Mesdames C. Reybaud and L. Figuiér—Hard Existence of the Peasant Women—The Nobility of the Towns—The *Parisiennes*—How to live "nobly"—The active existences of the Faubourg St. Germain—*Parisiennes* in the country and at the watering-places—Literary Women of the Aristocracy and of the *Bourgeoisie*—Dramatic Authoresses—Madame de Girardin—Madame d'Altenheim—Madame Ancelot—Madame G. Sand—Madame de Baur—Poetesses—Madame L. Colet—Madame Desbordes-Valmore—Madame Tastu—Historians—Madame D. Stern—Madlle. Bader—Madlle. de Marchef-Girard—Travels—Madame L. d'Aunet—Madame Hommaire de Hell—School Education—Madame Guizot—Madlle. Ulliac-Trémadeure—Madame Pape-Carpentier—Frenchwomen in Education—Examinations—The Corps of Teachers—Artists—Painters—Madame Lebrun—Madlle. Rosa Bonheur—Mesdames Juillerat, Brune, Debay, Rude, de Mirbel, Mutel, Herbelin—Sculptors—Marie d'Orléans—Madame Lefèvre-Decunier—Madlle. de Fauveau—Claude Vignon, Sculptor and Novelist—Novels—Music—Madlle. Bertin—Madame Lemoine—Dramatic Art—Philanthropy—Mesdames Miller and Mallet—Commerce—Women engaged in Business—Sad condition of the Workwomen.

ALTHOUGH the governments which succeeded the Republic have preserved the principle of equality in the eye of the law, the nobility, re-established by Napoleon, has not only not ceased to exist, but has seen its ranks recruited by a crowd of new members who are called the "nobility of the empire." The founder of the fourth dynasty has in this way realised the dream of M. Jourdain. The victor of Marengo, wishing to respect the repugnance which, from Molière's time, the *bourgeoisie* felt towards marquises and chevaliers, was satisfied with creating dukes, princes, counts, and barons. It is thus that we have seen regicides and terrorists—Fouché, for instance—replacing their red caps by a ducal crown.

Whatever may be the origin of the French nobility, their mode of existence, with the exception of slight differences, is the same. Obligated to struggle against the eminently equitable laws which maintain equality in the division of property, and recognize the daughter's right of inheritance, they are obliged either to lead a single life, or to seek for

marriageable girls amongst the bankers and rich manufacturers. I do not propose to examine whether unions in which "reason" predominates to this extent exalt the ideal of marriage, but shall confine myself to stating that these improvised countesses and baronesses are not a whit less proud of their armorial bearings than if their ancestors were in the Hall of the Crusades at Versailles, or than if a knight of their lineage had accompanied the son of Robert the Devil to the conquest of "merry England."

French aristocracy is divided into two categories—the country and the town nobility. The nobles living in the country, especially in the more distant provinces of the empire, have retained habits essentially patriarchal. You will easily form an idea of these habits by reading the account of the civil wars of the West during the French Revolution. Half peasants, half gentlemen, the *seigneurs* of the village had remained faithful, like the husbandmen in the midst of whom they lived, to the ideas of the middle ages. The individuals composing the suite of the Duchess de Berry and the Comte de Chambord at Venice, used to speak of the nobility of Poitou, Maine, Anjou, and Brittany as the flower of chivalry. It would seem that railways, the electric telegraph, the Code Napoléon, etc., have transformed these provinces, as they have ceased revolting for the Bourbons. At the epoch when the daughter-in-law of Charles X. undertook to overthrow Louis Philippe, men and women had preserved some remains of that warlike ardour which burns in the curious "*Mémoires de la Marquise de la Rochejacquelein*." When, disguised as a peasant woman, after having cut off her hair, the duchess threw herself into La Vendée, at the battle of Chêne, she was in a position to satisfy herself that the Vendéans had not lost the military spirit of their forefathers. But the recollections of the past had no longer their hold on the mass of the peasantry. After having attended to the wounded on the battle-field, it was solely to the horse which M. de Charette gave her, instead of her own, that Marie Caroline owed her safety. The west of France remaining unmoved, the duchess, accompanied by an old man and a young girl—M. de Menars and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec—was obliged to take refuge in Nantes, where Mesdemoiselles du Guigny had prepared an asylum for her. She entered the democratic city disguised as a villager, her feet naked and soiled with the mud of the roads. On that day there was an end to La Vendée.

At the present day it would be vain to seek such emotions in the chateaux. A few religious works, some books on heraldry, a legitimist paper, the *Union* or the *Gazette de France*, the visits of the neighbours, the conversation of the curé or of the "sister," are almost the only recreations of their lady inhabitants. The men generally have received a very insufficient education. They have the gross appetite, the crass

intellect of people who have spent their lives in sports of the field, or in the open air, superintending the cultivation of their land. Since the ranks in the army and navy have been open to competition, or are the reward of seniority, their existence has the monotony of the life of the peasants, from whom they are distinguished less by the extent of their enlightenment or their perception of progress than by the preservation of some traditions of the age of chivalry.

The habits of the ladies of the chateaux, like those of the female peasants, are naturally modified according to the origin of the provincial populations. The Iberians and Latins of the South have not the same customs as the Celts of the Centre or the Teutons of the East. Many writers of our sex have conceived the happy idea of painting the manners of their native provinces. Madame Sand has described the eminently Gallic provinces of the Centre; Madame L. Figuiér has painted the Iberian South; Madame Louise Reybaud the Greco-Latin South (Provençal); Mademoiselle Ulrique Trémadeure, authoress of "*Les Armoricaines*," the Celtic West. Amongst novelists, Balzac, one of the most eminent, is an unique painter of provincial life. Souvestre has described the Celts of Brittany, M. Ducorn the Gascons, etc.

Notwithstanding the differences of civilisation existing between the various provinces, the condition of the peasant women is generally far from satisfactory. It is in France, according to M. Michelet ("*La Femme*," XXII.), that we find the ideal of the "hardworked labourer" (*durus arator*). "In the fields," says he, "much hardwork. They give a little, for fear of incendiarism, but their families are allowed to die of hunger." And he compares the situation of the peasant women to that of negroes. Sometimes they are yoked with asses. The greater part die of phthisis, especially in the north. The French, who flatter themselves that they have nothing to envy their neighbours for, would do well to make a few excursions to the cantons of Vaud, Berne, and Zurich. They could thus convince themselves that it is quite possible to secure instruction and a satisfactory degree of comfort for the peasant women, without in the least giving way to any Socialist illusion.

The women of the town aristocracy, as well as their husbands, are much less strangers to the ideas of their age than those who live in the country. I shall speak to you specially of the Parisiennes, first because I know them best, and next on account of the influence which the manners of the capital exercise in a country so very much centralised as France.

I shall commence by remarking that the word "*Parisiennes*" is understood rather of those women who pass part of the dull season in Paris, than of those born in the great city. Parisiennes "*pur sang*" are rare enough, and would be found rather amongst the *bourgeoisie* than in the nobility. In studying the women of Paris, then, we may

form a just idea of the occasionally strange variety of provincial types. But whatever may be the diversity of character which the women of the aristocracy derive from their origin, their life in Paris approaches more or less to the same ideal. Now this ideal corresponds very well with the old saying "living nobly." Living nobly, means living without doing anything. Without doing anything, did I say? They pay visits in the morning. In the evening they go to balls, the theatre, or simply "into company." Once a week they hold receptions. Add to these occupations a few devotional practices on Sundays; matins; during Lent the sermons of the fashionable preacher; lectures exceedingly rare, and utterly destitute of meaning, and you have a tolerably exact idea of the existence of a Marchioness or Countess of the Faubourg St. Germain. However, you must not imagine that this void of ideas and occupations prevents their being agreeable and even witty. As they have much tact and shrewdness, they avoid with marvellous care every subject of conversation which might reveal the immense chasms in their education. Having hundreds of opportunities of seeing and hearing eminent men, they gather some "telling" phrases from their conversation, and they make such a skilful use of these that they would sometimes deceive superficial observers.

It is as difficult to reconcile this manner of living with the principles of philosophy, as with the doctrines of religion; "If any would not work, neither should he eat," the New Testament sternly says; the Old is not less clear; "Man is born to labour, as the bird to fly." Now no being can evade the laws of his constitution with impunity. What puerile fretfulness, ridiculous intrigues, and foolish passions, ascend from the frightful void which idleness leaves in the soul! "The wife, loaded with the gifts of fortune," admirably remarks M. E. de Girardin, "bends under the burden of an idleness which, in most cases, fevers and disorders her imagination." ("La Liberté dans le Mariage.") Physicians, as well as moralists, affirm that one of the greatest plague-spots of aristocratic society is the idleness by which it is consumed, and politicians will add that nothing renders it more incapable of playing a part worthy of its position, and so much estranges it from the multitudes who earn their bitter daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

Some women, especially on the approach of old age, endeavour to escape from this void, by trying to imagine that they have some occupation. Some mingle in intrigues, more or less diplomatic, like the "lady politician" with whom the Honourable Grosccassand (of the Gironde) becomes smitten in "L'Homme Sérieux" of the talented novelist, Charles de Bernard. ("Dugrail de la Villette.") Others—and these are the more numerous—devote themselves to the interests of the clergy, following the example of the Baroness Pfeffers, and M. Augier. In M. Sainte Beuve's charming description of Madame Swetchine's *salon*

("Nouvelles Causeries de Lundi,") you will find the ideal of certain houses where the most antagonistic elements are mingled, and which sometimes offer to the painter of manners pictures worthy of the immortal author of "Tartuffe."

On the approach of the fine season, the higher classes of Parisian society go to their estates, to the sea-side, or to the watering-places. The women, in general, have not much desire for country life, where they feel more their want of occupation, especially when they have to travel many miles to visit neighbours as much buried in the country as themselves. Besides, life at the watering-places gives such liberty that it allows them to resume the endless tales and stories of Parisian winters. The "Chronicle," a species of literature which has increased in France since the nation has withdrawn itself more from public affairs, finds inexhaustible aliment in the little dramas whereof Baden, Ems, Biarritz or Trouville are the theatre. Philosophers who desire to study the habits of French society may therein find the most useful observations.

If we consider the time at the disposal of Frenchwomen of the aristocracy, we might suppose that amongst them would be met the greatest number of females who cultivate literature. It is not so, however, by any means; and although amongst women of letters there are some individuals belonging to ducal families (Countess d'Haussonville, daughter of the Duc de Broglie, and Madame Amet, daughter of the Duc d'Abrantes); Countesses (Countess d'Agoult, Countess Dash, and Countess de Baur); Viscountesses (Madame Victor Hugo); and Baronesses (George Sand and the late Marie de l'Epinay), the *bourgeoises* are in the majority.

The women of the *bourgeoisie* are divided into two very distinct categories; the first participates, more or less, in the idle existence of the aristocracy; the second displays a very remarkable activity in literature, in education, in the arts and in commerce.

I do not mean to introduce all the French literary women to your notice. For instance, I shall not dwell on the novelists, French novels being well enough known. I shall speak to you especially of dramatic authoresses, poetesses, travellers, historians, and writers on educational subjects.

The daughter of a distinguished literary woman, Sophie Gay, the late Madame de Girardin—at the same time poetess, dramatic authoress, and journalist—is one of the most popular names of contemporary French literature. She commenced her career at the age of seventeen years by writing some patriotic poems. One of her first pieces in verse, the "Sœurs de Sainte Camille," obtained an extraordinary prize from the French Academy in 1822. In 1827 she took her place amongst the members of the Academy of the Tiber, who presented her with a wreath.

Her "Poésies Complètes" will give you an idea of the talent of the authoress of "Napoline."

In the theatre, she had need of greater perseverance to gain the suffrages of the public. When Rachel played Judith and Cleopatra, tragedy was already out of fashion, and the genius of the great artiste at the Théâtre Français was unable to triumph over the indifference of the public. In a less imposing style, Madame de Girardin was more successful. "C'est la Faute du Mari;" "Lady Tartuffe" (a satire on the false devotees of 1853); "La Joie fait Peur," "Le Chapeau de l'Horloger," were received much more favourably than her tragedies. If "La Joie fait Peur," excited powerful emotion, "Le Chapeau de l'Horloger," provoked inextinguishable laughter.

Madame de Girardin owes her reputation especially to the "Lettres Parisiennes," which first appeared in *La Presse* (1836-48), of which paper her husband was chief editor. The reputation of these gossipings, published under the pseudonym of Viscount de Launay, is attested by their numberless imitations by the "Chroniclers" of the present day. Unhappily, the atticism suited to this light style is too often wanting in the followers of the celebrated viscount. Truth is no longer safe from all kinds of attacks. One chronicler gives way to his spleen, another abandons himself to an incomprehensible enthusiasm. I have occasionally been amazed to see ugly women, whose intelligence was on a par with their charms, transformed into divinities. The necessity of being entertaining and witty, when events as well as thoughts are wanting, excuses, it must be acknowledged, much incoherence.

In Madame de Girardin we have found a type essentially Parisian. The style in which she has best succeeded—the "Chronicle"—can scarcely be developed except in a city where so many passions and ideas are in constant agitation, and which attracts the attention of the universe. Another poetess, equally a child of Paris, Madame d'Altenheim (Gabrielle Soumet) presents us, in her first attempts, with scenes essentially Parisian. Born in 1844, the young Gabrielle participated from her earliest youth in the intellectual movement of the great city. "She wrote verses," says M. Delaforêt, "almost as soon as she was able to write at all." Even while a child, she recited in company fragments of "Les Filiales," the title whereof sufficiently indicates the subject and the sentiments. The daughter of an epic poet and a tragic actor, Madame d'Altenheim could hardly help being attracted by serious subjects. Two of her pieces, written in conjunction with her father, "Le Gladiateur," and "Jane Grey," were played at the Théâtre Français in Louis Philippe's reign.

Madame Ancelot was born in Burgundy in 1792. The countries occupied by the Burgundians, at the epoch of the invasion by the barbarians, present the most curious result of the mixture of the Celtic

and Germanic races. Whilst the former, faithful to the Burgundian genius, carry their gravity to a degree of majesty which is occasionally exaggerated, and more Teutonic than French (Saint Bernard, Bossuet, Buffon, Lacordaire, J. J. Rousseau, Madame de Stael, M. de Lamartine), others (Piron, President de Brosses, B. de Lamouignon) are genuine representatives of Gallic irony. Madame Ancelot preferred a style more in accordance with the true literary traditions of France, to the emphatic manner of her countryman, the preacher Lacordaire. She was able to resist, even more successfully than the muse of the country, the desire to don the tragic buskin. Her greatest successes at the Théâtre Français—"Un Mariage Raisonnable" (1835); "Marie" 1836; and "Le Château de ma Nièce" (1837)—were also glorious triumphs for Mademoiselle Mars, one of the most celebrated actresses of the nineteenth century. The complete dramatic works of Madame Ancelot, published in 1848, comprise no less than twenty pieces, of which "Marie" is the most esteemed. Every one who would wish to become acquainted with Parisian life will read with interest her "Salons de Paris." Madame Ancelot practised painting, exhibiting "Une Lecture chez M. Ancelot," in 1828.

Two Frenchwomen who continue to take an active part in literature, Madame G. Sand and Madame D. Stern, have also written for the theatre. Since 1848, Madame Sand has had many of her pieces acted at the Odéon. "Cosima," "Le Roi Attend," "François le Champi," "Claudie," "Le Mariage de Victorine," "Les Vacances de Pandolphe," "Le Démon du Foyer," "Molière," "Le Pressoir," "Flaminia," "Maître Favilla," "Mauprat," "Le Marquis de Villemer," etc., while they display her usual talent as a writer, have nevertheless proved that novel writing was her proper vocation. "Le Marquis de Villemer," however, has had a success which, if renewed, would place Madame Sand in a very distinguished position amongst dramatic authors. Madame Stern's drama, "Jeanne d'Arc," was played at Turin, and the Italians recognised in it a personification of regenerated Italy. Madame Ségalas (Anaïs Ménard), authoress of several collections of poems—"La Femme," "Les Algerennes," "Les Enfantines," etc. Countess de Baur (Sophie de Champgrand), authoress of "L'Histoire de la Musique," of "Mes Souvenirs," and of the "Cours de Littérature Ancienne;" the late actress, Madame Royer (Eléonore Dore), authoress of "Les Confidences de Mademoiselle Mars;" and Mademoiselle Augustine Brohan, of the Théâtre Français, ought to be likewise reckoned amongst the dramatic authoresses. "Une suite d'un Bal Masqué," by the Countess de Baur, to whom we also are indebted for some very sprightly comedies—"Argent et Adresse," "Le Rival Obligeant," "L'Oncle Inconnu," "Le Double Stratagème"—is a stock play at the Théâtre Français. The countess might have remembered more than one comic incident in her own experience.

The Count de Saint-Simon, after having completed his youthful studies by travel, bethought himself of marrying that he might collect the representatives of literature and science in his *salon*. As he was in the canton of Vaud, he paid a visit to Coppet, where Madame de Stael was then residing. No sooner had he entered the baroness' drawing-room, than he made her a proposal of marriage, with this singular commencement—"Madame, you are the most extraordinary woman, as I am the most extraordinary man, in the world." Madame de Stael having declined to reduce the "principle of selection" to practice, Saint-Simon resigned himself to marry Sophie de Champgrand. The experiment succeeded badly enough, his wife, although she appeared to him worthy of his love, not being able "to rise superior to all conventionalities with him." Divorce was not interdicted at that time, and the deserted wife married a Russian officer, M. de Baur, who made her happy, but who met with a tragical end. He was run over by a carriage in 1812.

Amongst French poetesses, the foremost rank is now occupied by Madame Colet.

Madame Colet (Louise Révoil, 1810), is a native of a province where feelings are expressed with much more vivacity than in the capital of France or in the country of Madame Ancelot. Born at Aix in Provence, her first attempt was a collection of poems called "*Fleurs du Midi*." Three years later (1839), "*Le Musée de Versailles*" obtained the poetical prize of the French Academy; and in the following years (1839-1855), the "*Monument de Molière*," the "*Colonie de Mettray*," and the "*Acropole d'Athènes*," were also honoured with the approbation of that assembly. In Madame Colet's poems, as well as in her dramatic attempts and her prose works, we recognize a lively and praiseworthy feeling for the condition of the Frenchwoman, and great care to bring out in strong relief the part of our sex in the history of humanity. It suffices to mention the "*Poème de la Femme*" (the peasant woman, the female servant, and the nun), "*Charlotte Corday et Madame Roland*," "*Madame du Chastelet*," and "*L'Essai sur les Ecrits de Madame de Lambert*," which precede her works on morality.

The late Marceline Desbordes-Valmore was born in Flanders, (1786), a province which no more resembles Provence than Saxony resembles Italy. Thus we find in her poems rather the Germanic melancholy than the sentiments of the Southern races. Madame Ancelot remarks that all her writings have "the same character of simplicity, full of thoughtful tenderness and passionate bursts abounding in sadness." The names alone of Madame Desbordes' poems, "*Elégies*," "*Pleurs*," "*Pauvres Fleurs*," remind us of her origin, and of the "constant suffering," which, according to Madame Ancelot, effaced from her soul the ardent and mirthful impressions so easily experienced by the children of the South.

Madame Tastu (Sabine Voïart), born at Metz in 1795, belongs, like Madame Desbordes-Valmore, to German France. Her "Poésies" appeared in 1826. One of her biographers points out the predominance of "the elegiac and sentimental style," the stamp of her origin, in her "Poésies Nouvelles." "She loves," says he again, "to sing domestic joys"—another German trait. The heroes of German Switzerland, the liberators of the primitive cantons, have inspired her finest verses, "*La Liberté, ou le Serment des trois Suisses*" (1825).

"Ils étaient là tous trois. A travers les nuages,
La lune révélait sur leurs mâles visages
D'un héroïque espoir les presages vainqueurs ;
Sous leurs habits grossiers battaient de nobles cœurs.
Un serment généreux sort de leurs bouches pures,
Et l'écho menaçant par l'écho répété,
Redit de monts en monts, avec de sourds murmures ;
Liberté ! Liberté !"

Madame Tastu's "*L'Eloge de Madame de Sevigné*" received the prize of the French Academy in 1839. Since that time she has turned her attention to education and literary history. She lately accompanied her son, a French consul, to the East. Amongst poetesses must also be mentioned Madame Ackermann, Mademoiselle Ernestine Drouet—whose volume entitled "*Charitas*" received the prize of the Academy—the Baroness de Montaran, the late Madame d'Arbouville, and the Marchioness Blanche de Saffray.

History is cultivated more successfully than poetry in contemporary France. The names of Guizot, Thiers, Michelet, and Mignet, may rank with those of Macaulay, Grote, Mommsen, L. Ranke, and Gervinus. It was impossible that women should not yield to the impulse, easily understood, which urges the highest order of intellects in this direction. Of all Frenchwomen, Madame D. Stern has unquestionably succeeded the best in historical subjects. The "*Histoire de la Revolution de 1848*" (1851), and "*Vingt-cinq ans de l'Histoire des Pays-Bas*" (1863), attest that the authoress of the "*Pensées*" has devoted herself to serious studies ; they evidently tend to prove that women can approach other subjects besides those of a "secondary nature." Everything leads us to hope that we shall be able to say as much for Mademoiselle Bader.

The same year in which Madame D. Stern published "*Vingt-cinq ans de l'Histoire des Pays-Bas*," appeared the "*Femme dans l'Inde Antique*," by Mademoiselle Clarisse Bader, a member of the Asiatic Society of Paris at the age of twenty-two years. This book is a history of the Hindoo woman from the irruption of the Aryas into the Peninsula until the reign of Vikrama Ditya, a little before the Christian era. In following the footsteps of her sex in India, Mademoiselle Bader finds woman free and honoured when the sons of the noble

Aryan race made their descent on Septasindou ; and she leaves her in Maloua, a captive in the seraglio, having no other god and no other worship than her husband, become her master.

Mademoiselle Bader is not the only Frenchwoman who has understood how important to women are historical researches into the condition of their sex. Before her, Mademoiselle I. de Marchef-Girard, who now manages the society for the professional education of girls, in Paris, had brought out "*Les Femmes ; leur Passé, leur Présent, leur Avenir.*" M. Leon de Wailly, a distinguished critic and an eminently liberal spirit, prematurely removed from France, ingeniously remarked of this work, and of "*Les Femmes en Orient,*"—"When a work of emancipation begins to be understood by those who are to profit thereby, it is a good sign, for, *generally, it is they who cast the first stone at their liberators*, by virtue of that axiom of Vauvenargues, who says that slavery debases men—by men here are meant both sexes—even to hug their chains." The author of "*Angelica Kauffmann*" adds that Mademoiselle de Marchef, though she agrees with him in principles, is not always of his opinion as to means of execution. "Mademoiselle de Marchef," says he, "hesitates at divorce ; perhaps because her unmarried condition has given her less occasion to reflect thereupon." *

Travels contribute efficaciously to the progress of historical science by furnishing us every day with more exact information on the condition of our race. If France has no Ida Pfeiffer, she can nevertheless name Madame Léonie d'Aunet (Madame Biard), authoress of the "*Voyage d'une Femme au Spitzberg*" (1854), and Madame Hommaire de Hell, authoress of poems entitled, "*Rêveries d'un Voyageur,*" who has written part of the great work, "*Les Steppes de la Mer Caspienne,*" published by her husband in 1844-47, and who has assisted him in his "*Voyage en Perse et en Turquie.*"

Frenchwomen have long comprehended the importance of education. Under the empire we find Madame Campan, of whose theories my mother wrote a compendium in the Roumanian language ("*Pentru Educasia Kopülör,*" Bucharest, 1839). Madame Guizot (Pauline de Meulan), born in Paris, in 1773, also belongs to the Imperial epoch. A member of a family noted for its talents in finance, she resolved to use her pen for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of her relatives, who had been ruined by the revolution. The somewhat romantic history of her marriage with M. Guizot, younger than herself by fourteen years, is too well known for me to relate it. When she became acquainted with the celebrated historian, Mademoiselle de Meulan was writing in the *Publiciste*, edited by Suard. Even then she

* *Illustration of 10th December, 1856.*

professed opinions little compatible with the religion of "the majority of the French," and she remained faithful to her convictions to her last moment. She died with the composure of those ancient philosophers, who beheld their supreme hour approach with the serenity of minds free from all vain terror.

We may distinguish, in Madame Guizot's writings, one part devoted to theory and the other to application. The "*Lettres sur l'Education Domestique*" comprise the experience of a superior mind placed at the service of inexperienced parents. In other writings, as, for instance, in "*L'Ecolier*," the authoress, by employing the dramatic form, endeavours to make children understand the duties of men, and to give them an idea of the virtue which they ought to acquire. This work, which received the prize of the Academy, has become, with "*Les Enfants*" and "*Les Nouveaux Contes*," the model of a style much cultivated by Frenchwomen, especially by Mesdames Z. Canaud, de Baur, de Bassanville, de l'Epinay, Le Brun, Bernard, Surville (Balzac's sister), Woillez, and by Mademoiselles Belloc (of Irish extraction), Montgolfier, etc.

Madame Tastu, by writing "*L'Education Maternelle*" (1835), and Countess Drohojowska (*née* Simon de Latreiche), by publishing the work "*De l'Education des Jeunes Filles*" (1854), have continued Madame Guizot's educational labours; whilst a Breton lady, the late Mademoiselle Ulliac Trémadeure, conductress of the *Journal des Jeunes Personnes*, composed moral tales for the use of youth which twice gained her the Academy prize, and are well known all over France.

Madame Pape-Carpentier, born in the Département de la Sarthe, in 1815, belongs, like Mademoiselle Trémadeure, to the western provinces, and they must have been both sufficiently impressed with the ignorance in which those countries stagnated, so different from some of the eastern departments, to comprehend the necessity for popular education. Madame Pape, whose first work was a volume of poems, "*Les Préludes*" (1841), is now directress of the normal mothers' school in Paris, and she has there been able to satisfy herself that the Catholic clergy in the capital, as well as in the departments, are determined to allow no woman unconnected with the congregations to labour in the instruction of the people. Madame Pape had published her "*Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile*" (1845), her "*Enseignement Pratique dans les Ecoles Maternelles*" (1849), her "*Histoires et Leçons de Choses pour les Enfants*" (1859), for all of which she received the prize of the French Academy, when, in 1863, she was smitten by a decree of Rome which forbade anyone to read, keep, sell, or buy the "*Conseils*" under pain of excommunication.

No one being able to discover wherein Madame Pape had shown herself heretical, some wits have supposed that her name, formerly

borne by all bishops, and still by the Greek priests, had called down on her head "the thunders of the holy chair," as they say in France, and that Pius IX. was afraid of seeing a Pope Joan dogmatise on the banks of the Seine. A victim to the Chouans of the West who killed her father, the authoress of the "Conseils" has again been obliged to submit to the conquered of Castelfidardo, and to sign a humble recantation !

Madame Pape's biography attests that Frenchwomen do not confine themselves to writing on education, but that they can fill very high positions in the corps of teachers. These words, "corps of teachers," are not too ambitious ; as women now pass examinations at the Sorbonne, within those walls where, in the middle ages, the old University of Paris attracted so many students from every part of Europe, and where, in our days, have resounded the eloquent voices of such men as Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, and Jules Simon. "The grave, the masculine Sorbonne is vanquished !" said M. Legouvé.

In the month of August of every year those females who are candidates for diplomas appear before a tribunal composed of three professors of the Imperial University of France, the grand rabbi, two Catholic priests, a Protestant minister, and three lady inspectors. The severity of the examinations does not deter a great number of young girls from presenting themselves before this tribunal ; and last year (1863) some even obtained the bachelor's diploma in science and literature, to the great scandal of the ultramontane press.

Several careers are open to a young woman with a diploma. She can become assistant-mistress in a boarding school, mistress of a boarding or day-school, give private lessons, or undertake the duties of a governess.

From what Madame Romieu says, in a special work, "*Les Pensionnats de Jeunes Filles*," the position of assistant-mistresses is painful and precarious. It is not so, however, with the mistresses of *pensions* and *institutions*. The mistress of a *pension* must, it is true, be provided with a first-class diploma from the Sorbonne, and the mistress of an *institution* must pass an examination of the highest class at the Hotel de Ville, the most difficult examination which a woman desiring to keep a boarding-school can pass. But these formalities once accomplished the lot of the mistress is secured.

To become mistress of a boarding-school it is necessary to obtain a first-class diploma from the Sorbonne. The same profits cannot be expected in a day-school as in a boarding-school ; but the mistress has less responsibility, and she enjoys more liberty of action, her superintendence being confined to a limited number of hours.

The female professors, who are usually called mistresses *au cachet*, have still more independence. But their life is hard ; they have to

struggle with the active competition of men-teachers, and they obtain the preference only when they content themselves with an inferior rate of remuneration.

Governesses have a better material situation, although some of them do not earn more than 600 francs. As to the sufferings and disadvantages inseparable from their position, they have for some time attracted the attention of novelists. Eugène Sue's novel, "*L'Institutrice*," shows, it is true, but one side of the question, but other writers have described the trouble which the mother experiences in preventing the governess from becoming a rival in her authority, and the difficulty she has in retaining her daughters' affection and confidence. In such delicate situations it is evident that if the governess ought to be animated with an excellent spirit and possess the virtue of self-denial in the highest degree, no intelligent and prudent mother will ever believe herself dispensed from unremitting vigilance.

The lady inspectors of schools are real public officers, dependent only on the University of France. For boys' schools there are three classes of inspectors, corresponding to the three grades of instruction. But Frenchwomen receive no superior instruction, and they are even forbidden, in Paris, to attend the lectures at the Sorbonne, a singular prohibition, against which many Parisiennes justly protested (February, 1864), demanding, by a petition, that the Sorbonne should be opened to them, like the College of France and the Museum. The government replied (March, 1864) by organising, in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, lectures given by the Professors of the Sorbonne, the College of France, and the Polytechnic School, to which women are admitted. But this measure, although praiseworthy, not creating a superior education destined for our sex, there are only two categories of lady inspectors, those of the primary elementary schools, and those of the secondary schools (*pensionnats* and institutions).

The artist class comprises many varieties, from the composer to the actress of the minor theatres, and from the famous painter to the drawing-mistress.

It is much easier for a young Frenchwoman to devote herself to painting than to undertake literature. No prejudice besets her at the outset of her career; and relatives are by no means surprised to see a poor girl honourably maintaining herself by her pencil. The government, far from diverting our sex from this class of occupation, has opened a free school of design, conducted at present by Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, for young women without means. They can compete for the prizes at the exhibition; but even here again the principle of inequality exists. Had Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur belonged to the male sex, she would evidently long since have received the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Before the nineteenth century, Frenchwomen occupied themselves little with painting. However, one illustrious exception can be cited, Madame Le Brun (Elisabeth Vigée), born in Paris in 1755, a member of the old royal academy of painting, and of the principal academies of Europe. We are indebted to Madame Le Brun for many portraits of celebrated women, such as Marie Antoinette, Catherine II., Madame de Stael as Corinne, Madame Catalani, the too notorious Lady Hamilton as a bacchante and a sybil, etc. Her memoirs, entitled "*Souvenirs de Madame Le Brun*" will be read with pleasure by every one interested in the history of art.

In our days, Mademoiselle Rosalie or Rosa Bonheur unquestionably occupies the first rank amongst female artists. Born in 1822, at Bordeaux, she began by exhibiting two small pictures in the *salon* of 1841—"Chèvres et Moutons," and "Deux Lapins." Since then she has never ceased to exhibit, the subjects being almost always chosen from animal life. We may affirm without exaggeration that her "*Marché aux Chevaux*" was the most successful picture in the Exhibition of 1855. For this she obtained a first-class medal. Mademoiselle Bonheur has also sculptured groups of animals. The academy of painting would not have failed to receive her, but the academy of the fine arts, which is not more severe than the French academy to ciphers of the male sex, will take good care not to elect a woman whose European reputation places her far above most of its members.

Madame Juillerat (Clothilde Girard) comes from Lyons. She has almost exclusively turned her attention to portrait painting—the Marchioness de Castelbajac, for instance. She obtained a first-class medal in 1841. Madame Brune, a Parisienne, has not been dismayed at the difficulties presented by mythology and history. Apuleius, Longus, and the Bible have supplied her with her principal subjects—"Psyché enlevée par Zephyr," "Daphnis et Chloé," "Moïse sauvé des Eaux." In 1831 she gained a second-class medal.

The late Madame Debay and Madame Rude have practised *genre* painting with success. Madame Rude obtained a second-class medal in 1833.

Few miniature painters have excelled the late Madame de Mirbel. Her pupil, Madame Mutel, a native of Champagne, gained a first-class medal in 1845. Madame Herbelin, a daughter of General Baron Hubert, has earned almost every distinction with which an artist can be honoured. I need only mention that she obtained a first-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1855.

The Princess Marie d'Orleans, Mademoiselle de Fauveau, Madame Lefèvre-Deumier, and Claude Vignon, are the Frenchwomen who have most distinguished themselves in sculpture in our days.

A premature death removed the Princess Marie from the arts.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau, who now lives in Florence, took part in the expedition of the Duchess de Berry in La Vendée (1832). Madame Lefèvre-Deumier is a Norman, who was honourably mentioned at the Universal Exhibition of 1855. Claude Vignon (Noëmi Constant) is a "sculptress, novelist, and critic;" so says M. A. Pommier in the dedication of "*La Dame au Manteau Rouge*." Moreover, I must not forget that amongst the Frenchwomen of whom I have treated in this letter, while discoursing on history, travels, the theatre, etc., the greater number have written one or several novels. Thus Mesdames de Girardin, Ancelot, Louise Colet, Léonie d'Aunet, de Baur, D. Stern, Juliette Lamber, d'Arbouville, and de Montaran, ought to be considered also as novelists. We must place amongst this class of writers Mesdames Elisa Voïart, the Countess de Hautefeuille (under the pseudonym of Anna Marie) Josephine Amet, the late Baroness de Boucher (under the pseudonym of Marie de l'Épinan), Josephine Martin (under the pseudonym of Anna Prévost), Madame Berton, *née* Samson, etc.

Music occupies a great number of Frenchwomen, but more as a profession than as an art. It is not unusual to see persons of the upper class, obliged to earn their bread through reverses of fortune, giving lessons on the piano. Pianistes, although numerous, are generally well remunerated in Paris.

Up to the present time women have seldom devoted themselves to composition, and it would be impossible to name a composer of our sex who holds a position equal to Madame Sand's in novel writing, or to Mademoiselle Bonheur's in painting. Nevertheless, a poetess whose *Glances* obtained the prize of the French academy, Mademoiselle Bertin, sister of the conductor of the *Debats*, and belonging to a family in which the taste for the arts is hereditary, has composed several operas—"Guy Mannering," "Le Loup-Garou," "Fausto," and "Esmeralda." Madame Ancelot, though she praises "the graceful and vigorous melodies of these musical compositions," adds that "none of them have had decided success."

Several Frenchwomen have also composed ballads. We may mention Mesdames de Baur and Lemoine (Loïsa Puget). "*Le Soleil de ma Bretagne*," and other ballads of L. Puget's have enjoyed great popularity.

The lives of actresses are everywhere nearly the same. No condition presents greater contrasts—from the actress of the great Parisian theatres, whose celebrity is a theme for the entire press, and whose gains are considerable, to the young *première* in the provincial town, who must be satisfied with the most modest stipend, and with the verses of some fine wit of Brives-la-Gaillarde or Landerneau. Their habits vary as widely as their positions. If some actresses indulge in irregularities, "others," says Madame Romieu, "are transformed into honest

and contented *bourgeoises*," to the great advantage of morality, whose precepts are not always easy to reconcile with the interests of art.

But without desiring to approach questions of too serious a nature, or endeavouring to reconcile virtue and æsthetics, I am happy to be able to remark that, in the last two centuries, our sex has shone with the greatest lustre on the French stage, and that Mars, Contat, Clairon and Rachel, will bear a comparison with the actors of the greatest celebrity.

I should never have done, if, leaving the domain of arts and letters, I were to seek traces of Frenchwomen's activity in philanthropy, commerce, and manufactures; but I cannot pass over in silence the names of Madame Millet, who founded the infant schools, and Madame Mallet, authoress of "*Les Femmes en Prison*."

M. Michelet believes that the Frenchwoman, more than the English, more than the German, more than any other woman, can become for man not only a companion, but "his friend, his associate, his *alter ego*." If the decided personality of the Latin woman does not appear to him exempt from disadvantages, he here states its advantages. We cannot be supported by what does not resist. "With such a companion," says the author of the "*Prêtre*," "the house will prosper." He seems surprised at her skill in "bookkeeping." He need not be astonished at it. Driven by men from the employments which best suited them, women, with truly admirable patience and resignation, have learned to keep accounts "in the little glazed office of some gloomy shop," whilst the shopmen—"more women than men," says M. Michelet—unroll ribbons and handle lace. The spirit of order, economy, and vigilance, which Frenchwomen have revealed in commerce, has obliged the legislation to grant a liberty quite opposed to its customs, to those female merchants who carry on business in their own name. "The public commercial woman," says the Code Napoléon, "may, without the authorisation of her husband, bind herself in everything which concerns her business, and in the said business she also binds her husband, if there is community of property between them" (art. 220).

Working women are divided into two categories; those who labour in the field, and those in manufactories. When speaking of the peasant women I gave you an idea of the condition of the workwomen in the fields. The workwomen in factories are still more to be pitied. What could I add to the picture drawn by M. Jules Simon, in the noble book entitled "*L'Ouvrière*?" M. Michelet is no less explicit, and "*La Femme*" contains truly heartrending details on "the exhausting labour, and the intermingling of the sexes in factories." The illustrious historian considers that nothing is more calculated to show "the barbarism of the West," than the peasant woman "dying of hard work, and the factory girl of starvation." The sewing machine having suppressed

the needlewoman, and the spinning machine the spinner, the isolated workwoman, after struggling a long time between the terrible competition of the convents and the prisons, where they work for the government, waits, in profound anguish, the termination of an economical crisis all the more fatal to her, inasmuch as in the question of wages we again find a crying inequality. Madame Romieu affirms that there are occupations in which the Frenchwoman is paid no more than one-half or one-third of the amount a man receives, and where more labour is exacted from her. She even goes so far as to say that the woman who lives in the great towns cannot support herself by her labour, and the pictures she places before the eyes of her readers but too surely confirm these disheartening assertions. The information she gives on the rate of wages in different departments of the empire is not at all reassuring. It is only natural that the people should continually become poorer, in proportion as the monks and the nuns enrich themselves, and in proportion as standing armies day by day absorb a larger amount of capital.

(To be continued.)

ON PREMATURE INTERMENT.

BY CHARLES R. DRYSDALE, M.D.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON ; FELLOW OF THE
ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ENGLAND ; PHYSICIAN TO THE METROPOLITAN
FREE HOSPITAL.

ATTENTION has been called in the VICTORIA MAGAZINE by a correspondent, T. T., to the interesting and important question of Premature Interment. There is no doubt that the law on this subject in this country is most imperfect ; and, although it is most likely that such a distressing occurrence most rarely happens, still there can be no doubt that T. T. might do good by calling the attention of the public to the necessity of a much longer interval being rendered necessary between the moment of death and of burial.

Hufeland, in 1762, in Germany, and others writing before him, have struck terror into the hearts of all by their assertions as to the fallibility of the signs of death. Pliny long ago has pointed out the sad mistakes which have always occurred from time to time ; and Ambroise Paré preserved from burial two men who had been asphyxiated by the vapour of charcoal, and who were restored to life by his means. Rigandeaux saved a woman who, in the agonies of parturition, had twice been seized with convulsions and insensibility, and whom the assistants had twice carried to the tomb. It is related that a gentleman named François Civile was twice interred, and M. Michel Lévy relates another case of a man named Winslow, who was twice supposed to be dead (" Hygiene," Vol. II., p. 563).

The following interesting letter has been addressed to the editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE :—

"I have a history written by Lady Fanshawe, wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, in the time of Charles I. and II., which has been published very carelessly ; but the Lady Fanshawe who is said to have been interred while alive was the wife of Sir Henry Fanshawe. I remember having seen an account of the circumstance some years ago, either in *Household Words* or *Notes and Queries*, and it agreed with what I heard in my early days. That the lady was buried in a vault close to Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, where her husband resided. That the village sexton made the coffin and conducted the funeral, and his cupidity was excited by seeing a valuable ring left on the lady's finger ; to secure which he nailed down the lid of the coffin very lightly, and, having the keys of the church and vault, returned there late at night with a lantern. When he opened the vault he was horrified to see the ghost of the lady—as he thought. His guilty conscience smote him, and he fainted. The doors being open, the lady, who, on her recovery from her trance, had struggled to get free, kicked off the lid, and found herself imprisoned, until the clerk opened the doors, then made her way to her own home in her grave-clothes, and knocked at the door. Here her strength failed her, and she was found with brain fever. Still she recovered

in due time, and lived to have a large family afterwards. It is not a little remarkable that Lady Fanshawe, daughter-in-law of this lady, and wife of Sir Richard, author of the published memoir, speaks of her own mother barely escaping similar treatment. I copy an extract from this memoir in her own hand in case you may care for it. Speaking of her mother's death, she says—

“ Her funerall cost my father above a thousand pounds, and Doctor Howlsworth preached her funerall sermon, in which upon his own knowledge he told before many hundreds of people ye accident following—that my mother being sick to death of a feavour 3 months after I was borne, which was ye occasion she gave me suck too long, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance that she was ded, and so lay almost two days and a night, but Doctor Wraston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's chamber, and, looking earnestly in her face, sayd she was so handsome and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is ded, and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket and with it cut ye sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this he immediately caused her to be lain upon her bed again, and to be rubbed, and such mean, and so she came to life.’ ”

It was reported that the author of the well-known work, entitled “*Manon Lescaut*,” had come to life under the scalpel of the anatomist; but the researches of Dr. Bouchut have furnished no proof that this horrible mistake really occurred. The great physician, Troupeau, mentions two cases of catalepsy in which the patients were supposed to be dead.—“*Clinique Médicale*.”

The following case occurred so recently in France, that it should be easily verified if true. Thus, the *Journal de Pontarlier*, of June, 1867, relates a case of premature interment—

“ During the funeral, three days ago, of a young woman at Montflorin, who had apparently died of an epileptic fit, the gravedigger, after having thrown a spadeful of earth on the coffin, thought he heard a moaning from the tomb. The body was consequently exhumed, and a vein having been opened, yielded blood almost warm and liquid. Hopes were for a moment entertained that the young woman would recover from her lethargy, but she never did so entirely, and the next day life was found to be extinct.”—*Star*, July 3, 1867.

In order to prevent such catastrophes as these, although their number has of course been much exaggerated, it has been proposed to erect mortuary houses, like that erected at Weimar, by Hufeland; but the utility of such houses must entirely depend upon the skill and watchfulness of the attendants; and the question is, whether they, often ignorant men, possess sufficient knowledge to detect the signs of revivification. Would not custom cause them to become careless; and, in this case, what good could such houses do? In populous towns it would be necessary, too, to have a number of such houses. It appears that, in the mortuary houses of Mayence, the surgeon on guard of the third class has not had during the whole forty-five years that he has been attached to the house more than one notice of resurrection, and this was caused by the body of an old man, whose hands had fallen down beside his body, solely from the escape suddenly of a great quantity of liquid from the stomach.

There are several infallible signs of real death ; rigidity, the absence of all muscular contraction under the influence of electricity or galvanism, the cessation of the beating of the heart when the ear is applied to the chest, and decomposition ; the first of these signs passes away, the second requires to be examined with care, the last of them is more or less tardy. The most clear of all the signs of death, then, is the definitive cessation of the beating of the heart, and this furnishes an immediate and positive result. Bouchut, a French physician, observes that "life is extinct whenever the heart ceases to beat, and in all diseases which put on the appearance of death mistake is impossible, because the motion of this organ still continues." Rayer, another physician, remarked that, in listening with the ear at the region of the heart in dying persons, in the interval of the last-drawn respirations, the beating of the heart can always be distinguished ; and, when the breathing is finished, the beating is still heard by the ear applied to the chest, even although the pulses are not perceptible either in the arms, neck, or elsewhere. In the silence which follows the last breath-sound, the maximum of interval between the pulses of the heart appeared to Bouchut to be about six seconds ; and consequently he and Rayer have calculated that the absence of these pulsations, listened to carefully for five minutes at every spot where it is possible to detect them, and at each spot for five minutes, or thirty times the duration of the observed interval at death, can leave not the slightest doubt as to the presence of death. We do not, then, believe that there is any necessity for keeping back the inhumation of the dead until the appearance of the first results of putrefaction, if the ascertainment of the absolute cessation of the heart's sound were confided to persons of competent powers of observation ; and if this were made twice—viz., once at death, and once after an interval of twenty-four hours, which ought to be the legal interval, before which no inhumation should take place.

Both of these verifications should be used, since cases have been noticed by a physician, M. De Paul, and another, M. Josat, where a new-born infant and a cholera patient revived after the most careful auscultation of the heart had been unable to detect the slightest beating or motion of the heart, although several minutes were employed in listening to the organ. But, if additional preventions are required, the application of galvanism should be made use of, which may exhibit the non-contractibility of the muscular fibres ; or, again, the application of a white hot piece of iron, which on the living would disorganise the whole thickness of the skin, would scarcely produce on the dead anything more than a drying of the epidermis ; and this test may be used, as it is always obtainable.

Whatever may be the state of the case, and whether persons are

afraid or not, nevertheless it is impossible to say that the law in this country is careful enough about inhumations. Even in France, where these matters are far more thoroughly attended to than in our own island, the law only prescribes two conditions, viz., a delay of twenty-four hours before burial, and the verification of the death by an officer of the civil service. The delay is often, it appears, eluded, and it would be necessary, as is wisely done in some towns, to make it date from the moment of the declaration of the decease. Again, the civil officer does not verify anything, being quite incompetent, even when zealous. Again, a duration of twenty-four hours is insufficient in many cases ; such as those of sudden death, or deaths after nervous affections, such as hysteria, catalepsy, tetanus, syncope, etc. The laws of Vienna prescribe forty-eight hours, and those of Saxony and Prussia seventy-two ; and in Salzburg, physicians, entitled Canton-physicians, are appointed to ascertain the reality of death. Paris has imitated this ; and there are medical men appointed in each arrondissement or department of Paris to register in the declarations of decease, which they send to the *mairie* or session-house of each district, the names, sex, age, business, precise hour of death, and the name of the house and street in which the deceased lived. Some such measure ought to be imitated in London, which is full at the present moment of the most absurd anomalies, which result from the ignorance on all subjects regarding the science of medicine on the part of those who regulate public affairs.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s fifth letter.]

"THOUGH we were bent upon looking at nothing but articles of dress in the different stalls while Major Sedley was engaged in the Gallery of Machinery we could not help stopping now and then to admire other things that fixed our attention. Myra's fancy was especially caught by the exceeding beauty of some Enamelled Maiolica Tiles, exhibited by Maw, of the Benthill Works at Broseley, in Shropshire. The stall in which those tiles are shown is almost the only one where we found a competent person ready to explain to us the merits of the works under his care.

"For want of some such help visitors must pass by many things that would interest them if only they knew a little about their distinguishing qualities. It is much to be regretted that attendants more or less intelligent should be so rare in every department of the Exhibition.

"In Tiles that are intended for floors the most necessary qualities are extreme hardness and durability, and those shown to us are so hard as to resist the action of steel itself, and so strong that they can bear a great degree of pressure. But in Tiles which compose what is called Pictorial Mosaic, or decoration for walls, beauty of colouring and elegance of design are more essential than strength and hardness. In the patterns on all the samples exhibited the designs are not only graceful but they are artistically drawn in colours nearly as vivid as those to be seen on common painted porcelain; but brilliant yellows and tender pinks, as well as their compounds, are too delicate to stand the high degree of firing required for Maiolica ware. In some of the wall-tiles the design is in low relief, which adds to the effect by the slight shadow it produces.

"The art of making ornamented glazed tiles was carried to perfection by the Spanish Moors, and is, to this day, practised in Damascus and other places in the East. The lower part of some of the walls in the Alhambra was covered with squares of pure white Maiolica, decorated with fanciful Arabesque or Mauresque designs of exquisite scroll-work, interlaced with flowers, leaves, and fruit, the Moors being forbidden by the laws of the Koran to represent any living creature. The colours they usually employed for those fanciful designs were a deep blue and a peculiar sort of metallic-looking brown, which gave a golden ruby gleam when seen in certain lights.

"We should have enjoyed studying the several specimens of Mosaic-

work displayed in the stall of Enamelled Tiles had we not been irresistibly attracted by the sound of organ-playing at no great distance, and we went away fully resolved to return at some future time. But, as is too often the case, our intention remained unfulfilled, our thoughts were distracted, and we never again found ourselves in that part of the Palace.

"We made our way to the English Musical Court, where we beheld a very beautiful Gothic Organ about thirty feet high, with the front pipes and wood-work tastefully illuminated in colours and gold. In this organ the builders, Brycesson and Brothers, of London, have made a bold attempt to reproduce the old Gothic organ-cases so much in vogue during the latter years of the fifteenth century, and it must be pronounced a most decided success. The form is singularly elegant, and the colouring, for the most part, rich and harmonious. From its narrow and shallow dimensions at the base, eight feet wide by six feet deep or thereabouts, this organ can be placed near the choir in a chancel, which is a great recommendation.

"But it was the mellow clearness, the sweet stateliness of its tone that captivated us, though the instrument is heard to disadvantage where it now stands, the more delicate sounds, which in a church would produce such a delightful effect, being all but inaudible. The machinery does not appear to be at all cramped by the shape of the case. On the contrary, it works with perfect ease and freedom; and the gentleman who played for us said the touch was perfectly smooth. He told us, too, that the solemnity of tone which enchanted us arises probably from the English method of voicing organ pipes.

"By the side of that Gothic Mediæval Organ one of Bevington's Chancel Organs is exhibited. Though small in size and unpretending in appearance, for there is no outward decoration, it has six stops and an octave of German pedals. There is besides a Barrel that plays six tunes, and which can be annexed to the instrument when required. As far as it goes the tone is excellent in quality and uncommonly effective, even when heard in a building so ill adapted to do justice to musical sounds as the Palace of the Exhibition.

"In neither of these English organs could we trace the least sign of the roughness of tone that often prevails in foreign organs. We regretted that so few eminent English organ-builders should have thought it worth while to exhibit instruments, for it makes it next to impossible to classify the points of excellence that characterise them. Nevertheless, the two organs that the Music Court possesses serve to mark the difference of manner between the English and the Foreign style of organ-building, both of which show to advantage by the contrast.

"As for the French organs which we have had an opportunity of

hearing, I should say, that in power of tone they are more remarkable than for sweetness ; inasmuch as a certain amount of roughness of quality seems to be inherent to them. Still, in excellence of materials, skilful workmanship, neatness of mechanism with regard to key-boards and registers, and perfect taste in the general fitting up, they cannot be surpassed.

“One day, in the Exhibition, we heard a lady visitor playing on a German organ, which to our idea produced a most disagreeable effect. There seemed to be no regular supply of wind, and the tone was harsh, uncertain, and meagre in quality ; very different from the rich tones of the grand old organs we used to hear in Germany.

“The first glimmering of an organ in far back ages, consisted of a few hollow reeds of different lengths fastened together with wax, and played upon by blowing wind into them with the mouth, while the fingers stopped those intended to be silent. After many many centuries had passed away, it occurred to some ingenious person to make a certain number of holes in the top of a wooden chest, and to fix the reeds standing upright in them. At the back of the chest a small reed was introduced, through which wind could be blown with the mouth into the reeds from below, the fingers always stopping at the top those not meant to emit sound. The awkward position of the fingers in that part of the performance, suggested the use of valves or sliders to exclude the wind, as many reeds so many sliders. They were placed below the reeds in such a manner that they could be pulled out or pushed in at the back of the chest at pleasure. A long time after that improvement took place, wooden pipes were substituted for the reeds, and their number gradually increased, till the human mouth could no longer supply them with wind. Artificial means of blowing being required, bellows took the place of the single reed at the back of the chest, henceforth to be called the Wind-chest.

“Those rudely constructed organs must have been a source of infinite delight to all who heard them. As early as the time of Charlemagne, they were eagerly sought all over Europe, principally on account of their value in church music. In the eleventh century, sixteen wooden keys were fitted to the organ in Magdebourg Cathedral. Clumsy enough they were when compared with the delicate ivory pianoforte keys to which we are accustomed, and of which they were the modest ancestors. Each of them was an ell long and three inches wide. No fingers could possibly play upon them, so they had to be struck by the fist, or else by a hammer. It took a couple of centuries to reduce them to anything like their present size and shape.

“Owing to the invention of keys, the beautiful effect of certain sounds produced simultaneously was heard for the first time, and ultimately led to the discovery of the laws of harmony, hitherto

unknown, and which in their turn suggested still farther improvements in organ-building.

A hundred years later pedals were invented, by a German called Bernhardt, for the purpose of modifying and enriching the effect of the sounds called forth by the keys. Though pedals are now very generally used in other musical instruments as well as in organs, it was a long time before they were appreciated. I ought to add that I picked up what I have now told you by listening to Major Sedley giving an account of organs to Myra.

"The English stalls are very slightly separated from one another, so we wandered to and fro as chance led us to something beautiful. Wonderingly we admired Lady Dudley's diamonds, and the blaze of precious stones exhibited by Hancock and other leading London jewellers. At last our dazzled eyes were glad to find repose in looking at some lovely deep amethysts that lay like sleeping violets amongst the Jewels of Scotland, sent over from Marshall's well known house in Edinburgh. I must own to having longed for a spray of Scotch Thistles, with some of the heads composed of purple amethysts, and some of pale topazes or cairngorms, the leaves all of dull gold. The King of Prussia bought several of Marshall's handsomest ornaments made of the purest rock-crystal, engraved underneath, and mounted in richly enamelled silver.

"Of course you do not expect me to send you a descriptive catalogue of all the stalls, even of the English Section of the Exhibition. Were I to do so, you would find it as uninteresting to read as the list of court-dresses worn at a drawing-room. A few words about some of the works that we find worthy of particular attention will be quite sufficient to enable you to form a general idea of the nature of the Exhibition.

"Presently we found ourselves in the midst of stalls filled with a display of the most brilliant colourless glass lustres and table-services that can be imagined. At Powell's stall they showed us a block of glass half a yard thick, just as it was run out, and clear as the finest rock crystal, so clear that we could read small print through it quite easily. What we most admired in all the glass stalls were the engraved and cut ferns, branches of ivy and holly, and delicate natural flowers, which are so well drawn that they are in reality so many pictures. In Gardner's stall, the effect of shaded leaves on a ruby coloured water service is perfectly lovely. There we saw models of cut jewels of every colour, which have been purchased by the Kensington Museum, and a splendid dessert service with designs engraved from the Elgin Marbles, ordered by the Emperor. A wonderfully beautiful diamond-cut service is displayed by Defries in his stall, as sold to the Emperor. The gem of that stall seems to be a very showy gigantic candelabrum of cut white glass with coloured drops, and studded all over with imita-

tions of coloured jewels—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, and so on. It was made for an Indian Prince who is to pay ten thousand pounds for it. I cannot say that we liked the combination of coloured with white glass, of which the effect struck us as being tawdry and even disappointingly dull. In Copeland's stall, the transparency and beauty of form shown in a few narrow-necked vases and wide-mouthed Etruscan jugs, delighted us beyond measure.

“We then wandered into Minton's display of all kinds of Maiolica and porcelain, where the first thing we saw was a dinner-service for the Prince of Wales. The borders of the plates are perforated like old Dresden china, but the lines of gilding are so minute that a *café-au-lait* tone is given to them. The centres of the plates are decorated with flowers and gilding not extraordinary as to drawing and colouring. From Minton's English show we crossed the grand vestibule and entered the French section in search of Minton's Paris agent, Desiré Bourgeois. There we found some exquisite specimens of French porcelain flower-painting, quite equal, if not superior to any we saw in the manufactory at Sèvres. There was a charming tea-service there belonging to the Princess Mathilde, herself no common artist. The ground was pale green, with festoons of wild flowers tied with lilac ribbons, gay butterflies hovering above them. We also saw two large flower-pots, with brilliant dark blue ground to represent unglazed china, and garlands of white lilies evidently drawn from nature, which are to be sent to a Russian Grand-Duchess as soon as the Exhibition is over.

“And now a delicious aromatic scent came wafting towards us from a Perfumery stall, the presiding genius of which, under the guise of a smiling Frenchwoman, politely offered to pour some Eau de Mousse-line on our pocket-handkerchiefs, and held towards us a basket of curiously embossed paper Sachets or folded bags, some of them filled with what we fancied must be sandal-wood sawdust, some breathing the spicy odour of clove carnations, and others that will remind you of those precious little bottles of Otto of Roses from the East; for Myra made a selection on the spot which she hopes to present to you.

“Mrs. Sedley tells us that some thousands of acres at Adrianople are covered with rose-fields, in which the most fragrant kinds of rose are cultivated for the sake of the sweet-scented oil or *at-tar* which is obtained by distilling the petals. The Rose of Damascus or Damask Rose, the common Cabbage Rose, and Moss Roses are the best for that purpose. Small rose bushes are planted in rows, in those fields, after which they require but little cultivation. Cool spring weather, with abundant dew, is the most favourable to their growth, and the blossoms that open to the morning light ought to be gathered

before noon. Mrs. Sedley happened to be there once at the rose-gathering season, from April to June, and she says those fields looked like one immense rose-garden in full blow, the air all round embalmed with a delicious but never overpowering perfume. At sunrise hundreds of Bulgarian children begin to gather the freshest flowers, taking care to leave the buds for another day and, in the course of a few hours, they fill baskets and bags innumerable, after the manner of our own hop-pickers in the Kentish hop-grounds.

"The best Attar or Otto of Roses comes from the rose-gardens of Ghazeepore, in India. It is often sent through Smyrna and Constantinople, where the merchants dilute the odour with spikenard, oil of geranium, and oil of citron grass, so that pure Oil of Roses seldom reaches England. The Oriental sound of Otto of Roses reminds me that I have not yet told you of the Sultan's visit to Paris.

"Abdul-Aziz Khan, Sultan or Emperor of the Ottoman Empire, his eldest son who is about ten years old, and two nephews, with a suite of several persons, arrived at the Lyons Railway Station on Sunday, the last day of June. Preparations as nearly as possible like those which welcomed the Czar of Russia to Paris had been made in honour of the guests from the East. The Emperor Napoleon, wearing the Turkish order of the Medidjee, and all the proper authorities in full dress were in waiting for the train. On alighting the Sultan shook hands with the Emperor in the European fashion, and the two monarchs walked side by side to the waiting-room, the Sultan to the right as the place of honour, followed by the little son, the two nephews, Fuad Pacha the Grand Vizier or Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, chamberlains, secretaries, the court physician, and a crowd of tall Armenians in full Eastern costume. Ten state carriages, a squadron of graceful lancers and white-plumed cent-gardes, and a mass of curious spectators waited outside, and the Emperor drove off with his guests to the Tuilleries, where he presented them to the Empress Eugénie, and then escorted them through the Tuilleries gardens, the Place de la Concorde, and the Avenue Marigny, to the gate of the Palace of the Elysée. A guard of honour, comprised of Arabs, Egyptians, and Algerians in Zouave uniform and white turbans, lined the court.

"The Sultan is between thirty and forty years of age. He has a clear complexion, bright intelligent eyes, and a jet black beard. He is not tall, and is rather portly in person. He usually wears a blue frock-coat with gold embroidery on the front and sleeves, and on his head the never-failing red Fez—a sort of cap which has its name from the place where caps of that kind are made. His taste in dress is simple, and one of his first acts as Sultan was to suppress the diamond aigrette that used to ornament his cap. It is on state occasions only that he

wears jewels and flowing robes of embroidered silks. He was officially informed, some time before he left home, that as he was to be the guest of the Emperor Napoleon during his stay in France no presents could be accepted from him, but he answered, majestically—

“‘In munificence and grandeur the Ottoman court cannot be limited.’

“Accordingly, he selected eleven magnificent Arab horses as a gift to the Emperor, and ordered a model of his own kiosk at the Sweet Waters of Europe to be made forthwith in solid gold for the Empress. This beautiful toy is supposed to have cost more than sixty thousand pounds. The little tower over the gateway is covered with rubies ; the river that flows by the garden being represented by a stream of brilliants, and the trees on its banks are imitated in green enamel of different tints. But the most valuable present he brought to the Empress is an enormous uncut diamond, called the ‘shepherd’s needle,’ which has been in the Ottoman treasury more than three hundred years. The young Ottoman princes brought several beautiful gifts to the Prince Imperial, which are described to us as being resplendent specimens of Oriental bright colours.

“Mehemmed Mourad Effendi, the Sultan’s eldest nephew, is heir presumptive to the Ottoman throne, for in that Mahometan country the eldest relative takes precedence of the son of the late monarch. For that reason Abdul-Aziz succeeded to the throne of his brother.

“The Sultan likes to walk about incognito in the most busy streets of Paris, and seems carefully to observe Parisian workmanship in all the shops. He has always shown a mechanical turn, and when a very young man his delight was to steer with his own hand a steamer in the Bosphorous which his brother, then the Sultan, had given him. He also occupied himself a good deal with agriculture, and the farms of the hereditary Prince Aziz were noted in the Gulf of Ismith and along the coast of Anatolia for their excellent cultivation on the European system.

“On Monday, the first of July, the distribution of prizes or rewards to the exhibitors in the Exhibition to whom they had been adjudged, took place in the Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées. The weather was delightful, and the whole of the show succeeded most completely, and without a single drawback.

“The Imperial cortége left the Palace of the Tuileries at a quarter to two, in the following order :—A squadron of Lancers ; the Imperial Princes and Princesses in carriages drawn by six horses ; the state carriage of the Emperor drawn by eight magnificent horses, with a groom at the head of each, and preceded by six outriders, a tall groom in state livery leading six of the horses, or supposed to be so doing. The panels of the carriage are glazed and ornamented in red and

gold. It is the same that was used on the occasion of His Majesty's marriage and at the baptism of the Prince Imperial. In this carriage were the Emperor and the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and Prince Napoleon. On the right rode the Grand Equerry of the Emperor, the First Equerry, and the Equerry on duty, the Colonel commanding the Cent-Gardes, and an Orderly Officer of His Majesty : on the left the Emperor's Aide-de-Camp of the day, the First Equerry of the Empress, an Orderly Officer of the Emperor, and the Aide-de-Camp and Equerry of the Prince Imperial. The cortége was closed by two companies of the Cent-Gardes, followed at a little distance by a squadron of the Lancers of the Guard.

The Sultan left the Elysée ten minutes after the Emperor quitted the Tuileries. His Ottoman Majesty's cortege was composed as follows :—A squadron of Lancers of the Guard, their Lieutenant-Colonel in front, preceded by the trumpeters of the regiment and four grooms on horse-back ; three carriages, each drawn by six horses, containing the Sultan's officers in attendance, and the Emperor's Chamberlain, attached to the person of his Imperial Highness ; four outriders ; the Sultan's carriage drawn by eight beautiful bay horses with a groom on foot at the head of each and containing Abdul-Aziz, his son, and his nephews. On the right of the carriage rode the Aide-de-Camp, and the Equerry of the Emperor attached to the Sultan's service, and a Captain of the Cent-Gardes ; and on the left an Orderly Officer of the Emperor, and a Captain of the Lancers of the Guard.

“ At a few minutes past two the Imperial party entered the Palace of Industry amidst tremendous cheering from every part of the vast hall. The Emperor gave his arm to the Empress, followed immediately by the Sultan, and Youssouf-Izzeddin Effendi, his son, Mehemed-Murad-Effendi, and Abdul-Hamid-Effendi, his nephews. The Emperor, who was dressed as a general-officer, wore the Grand-Cordon of the Legion of Honour, as did the Eastern Sovereign. The shouts of ‘ Vive l'Empereur ! ’ ‘ Vive l'Impératrice ! ’ ‘ Vive le Sultan ! ’ were so loud and so reiterated that all three paused and saluted repeatedly.

“ Nothing could equal the perfection of all the arrangements in the Palace of Industry. Though places for about twenty thousand persons were provided, there was not the slightest confusion when they arrived, and everybody could see and be seen. The Emperor, Empress, and Sultan occupied three arm-chairs in the centre of a vast platform. Those who were invited to join the Imperial party sat on chairs at each side. The Empress wore a white satin dress, with necklace and diadem of diamonds, and a long white veil floated at the back of her head. Every one present was in full dress.

“ To the right of the Emperor and the Sultan sat the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Orange, the Prince of Saxony, the Prince Imperial, the

Grand-Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, the Duke d'Aosta, the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Mathilde, and Prince Teck. To the left of the Empress, the Prince of Prussia, the Princess of Saxony, the Prince Royal of Italy, the Crown Prince of the Ottoman Empire, the Princess Clotilde, the Duchess d'Aosta, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Napoleon, Prince Hermann of Saxony, and Prince Abdul Hamid.

"The names of the several countries that exhibited, were inscribed in golden letters round the building in the order in which they stand in the Exhibition, and ten trophies, setting forth the nature of the ten groups, were erected in the clear space in the centre. Immediately on the occupation of the platform, the orchestra commenced the Grand Hymn, composed for the occasion by Rossini.

"As soon as that was over Monsieur Rouher, Minister of State, and Vice-President of the Imperial Commission, read a very interesting report of the Exhibition, after which the Emperor made a speech, which was listened to with the deepest attention—

" 'Messieurs,' he said, 'après un intervalle de douze ans, je viens pour la seconde fois distribuer les récompenses à ceux qui se sont le plus distingués dans ces travaux qui enrichissent les nations, embellissent la vie et adoucissent les mœurs.

" 'Les poètes de l'antiquité célébraient avec éclat les jeux solennels où les différentes peuplades de la Grèce venaient se disputer le prix de la course. Que diraient-ils aujourd'hui, s'ils assistaient à ces jeux olympiques du monde entier, où tous les peuples, luttant par l'intelligence, semblent s'élancer à la fois dans la carrière infinie du progrès, vers un idéal dont on approche sans cesse, sans jamais pouvoir l'atteindre ?

" 'De tous les points de la terre, les représentants de la science, des arts et de l'industrie, sont accourus à l'envie, et l'on peut dire que peuples et rois sont venus honorer les efforts du travail, et par leur présence les couronner d'une idée de conciliation et de paix.

" 'En effet, dans ces grandes réunions qui paraissent n'avoir pour objet que des intérêts matériels, c'est toujours une pensée morale qui se dégage du concours des intelligences, pensée de concorde et de civilisation. Les nations, en se rapprochant, apprennent à se connaître et à s'estimer ; les haines s'éteignent, et cette vérité s'accrédite de plus en plus, que la prospérité de chaque pays contribue à la prospérité de tous.

" 'L'Exposition de 1867 peut, à juste titre, s'appeler "universelle ;" car elle réunit les éléments de toutes les richesses du globe. A côté des derniers perfectionnements de l'art moderne, apparaissent les produits des âges les plus reculés, de sorte qu'elle représente à la fois le génie de tous les siècles et de toutes les nations. Elle est universelle ; car, à côté des merveilles que le luxe enfante pour quelques-uns, elle s'est

préoccupée de ce que réclament les nécessités du plus grand nombre. Jamais les intérêts des classes laborieuses n'ont éveillé une plus vive sollicitude. Leurs besoins moraux et matériels, l'éducation, les conditions de l'existence à bon marché, les combinaisons les plus fécondes de l'association ont été l'objet de patientes recherches et de sérieuses études. Ainsi toutes les améliorations marchent de front. Si la science, en asservissant la matière, affranchit le travail, la culture de l'âme, en domptant les vices, les préjugés et les passions vulgaires, affranchit l'humanité.

“ ‘Félicitons-nous, Messieurs, d'avoir reçu parmi nous la plupart des Souverains et des princes de l'Europe et tant de visiteurs empressés. Soyons fiers aussi de leur avoir montré la France telle qu'elle est, grande, prospère et libre. Il faut être privé de toute foi patriotique pour douter de sa grandeur, fermer les yeux à l'évidence pour nier sa prospérité, méconnaître ses institutions, qui parfois tolèrent jusqu'à la licence, pour ne pas y voir la liberté.

“ ‘Les étrangers ont pu apprécier cette France jadis si inquiète et rejetant ses inquiétudes au delà de ses frontières, aujourd'hui laborieuse et calme, toujours féconde en idées généreuses, appropriant son génie aux merveilles les plus variées et ne se laissant jamais énerver par les jouissances matérielles.

“ ‘Les esprits attentifs auront deviné sans peine que, malgré le développement de la richesse, malgré l'entraînement vers le bien-être, la fibre nationale y est toujours prête à vibrer dès qu'il s'agit d'honneur et de patrie ; mais cette noble susceptibilité ne saurait être un sujet de crainte pour le repos du monde.

“ ‘Que ceux qui ont vécu quelques instants parmi nous rapportent chez eux une juste opinion de notre pays ; qu'ils soient persuadés des sentiments d'estime et de sympathie que nous entretenons pour les nations étrangères, et de notre sincère désir de vivre en paix avec elles.

“ ‘Je remercie la Commission impériale, les membres du Jury et les différents comités du zèle intelligent qu'ils ont déployé dans l'accomplissement de leur mission. Je les remercie aussi au nom du Prince Imperial, que j'ai été heureux d'associer malgré son jeune âge, à cette grande entreprise dont il gardera le souvenir.

“ ‘Le Exposition de 1867 marquera, je l'espère, une nouvelle ère de l'harmonie et de progrès. Assuré que la Providence bénit les efforts de tous ceux qui, comme nous, veulent le bien, je crois au triomphe définitif des grands principes de morale et de justice qui, en satisfaisant toutes les aspirations légitimes, peuvent seuls consolider les trônes, élever les peuples, et ennoblir l'humanité.'

“ When the Emperor's speech was finished those exhibitors to whom medals had been adjudged were invited to come forward to receive them

from the hands of the Emperor himself. When it came to the Emperor's own turn a difficulty arose as to the proper manner of offering him the grand prize for his model of workmen's houses, and some one suggested the Honorary President of the Exhibition as the fittest person. The Prince Imperial came at once from his place and carried it to his father, who, with the Empress, seemed to be greatly amused. The Imperial party then walked once round the Palace in front of the spectators, and the ceremony was over.

"Festivities like those which were held in honour of the Czar and the King of Prussia were prepared for the Sultan, but a notice appeared in the *Moniteur* the very next morning after the distribution of medals to announce that, in consequence of the sad reports respecting the Emperor Maximilian, the grand Review in the Bois de Boulogne, that was to have taken place on the 3rd, was unavoidably put off. Before many days were over news of his death arrived which filled every heart with sorrow. The Court went into mourning for a month, and the Sultan, with great good feeling, requested that everything else in preparation to do him honour should be immediately postponed. Two days before the Sultan's departure for Havre on his way to England, the Emperor reviewed forty thousand soldiers in the Champs Elysées, the line of troops presenting a length of nearly five miles in the form of a triangle. The Sultan was apparently much gratified by the military spectacle thus given on his account, and he rode as close as he could to the men in order to examine their accoutrements more narrowly. The military music, especially the trumpets, seemed to delight the Ottoman Princes and their suite."

(*To be continued.*) .

BEATRICE.

WE met and then were parted—thou and I ;
We met ; and through the darkness of my night
Thy star, so rich in beauty, calm and bright,
Rose on my sad horizon ; with a sigh
I watched it flood the melancholy sky
With tender glory ; but too soon it sank
Beneath the verge, and left a nameless blank,
A void on which I gaze with aching eye.

O Beatrice ! beloved one ! day by day
I wait thy re-appearing ! O my star !
Shine out again upon my weary way !
And as, upon the Magi from afar,
Christ's leading light shone down, ever I pray
That thou may'st lead me where all virtues are.

J. ASHCROFT NOBLE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the Correspondence.]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—Yes; I am a young lady; I have the misfortune to be, if you will, a ball-room butterfly, a High Church votary, a worshipper of curates, a deviser of flowery intricacies in Berlin wool—in short, I am one of those frivolous beings so remorselessly pursued by the *Saturday Review*. I confess to being tolerably sentimental; I own to having read novels occasionally before twelve o'clock A.M., and to taking a wicked interest in Tennyson's poetry. But I read something else the other day which was neither exactly a novel or a poem. I took upon me—ambitious task!—to unfold the ample pages of the *Times*, and to dive into the awful depths of Parliamentary debate. And I found therein—it is quite true, oh bearded cynic of “review” notoriety—(I always picture the author of those caustic remarks in a certain weekly journal as having a yellow beard and blue spectacles, which perhaps accounts for his seeing all things in the mournful light of what Shakespeare describes as a “green” melancholy) something which interested me more than the fabled distresses of Leonora or Blanche, or the world-weary sighings of poetic fervour; for I read these remarkable words, “Women and the Franchise.” Straightway I devoured Mr. John Stuart Mill's speech, and learned that I should be a nobler and a better being if I did vote, and perused Mr. Somebody-else's discourse and found that I should be a nobler and a better being if I didn't vote; and after all my pains I had the doubtful gratification of observing that in all probability Reform did not mean “Women and the Franchise.” With that the realm of politics waned shadowy and faint, and seemed to recede once more into perspective. But like the infidel who coming “to scoff remained to pray,” my interest was trebled in a subject which involves countless collateral considerations of the deepest interest to womanhood. Half-a-century ago such a notion would not have been brought forward. A few years since it would not have obtained a patient hearing. The whole thing even now is supposed to assume such different relations when discussed with reference to women that we may consider the patience and time devoted to it in a certain “august assembly,” as constituting in themselves evident elements of progress, as “stepping-stones to higher things.” As long as the question remains one of simple argument, Mr. Mill enjoys a triumph. He has given us in his able and spirited speech an exhaustive statement of all the most cogent reasons why the extension of the suffrage should embrace the votes of women. He has sketched it in outline, but the fundamental facts are all there, arrayed in their logical best, brilliant with the crystal clearness of a sound philosophy, and it is but the task of others to present facts illustrated and theory experimentalised. But the question is not permitted to remain in the more severe regions of justice and expediency. It is shifted to the grounds of poetry and sentiment; and here is the central point of interest for women, voting or non-voting, queen on her throne, or peasant in her cottage. This poetry or sentiment, true or false, is the stronghold of persons who style themselves “practical men.”

Time will produce all those ingredients in the popular mind which are necessary for the adoption of a suggestion which has obtained the sanction of one of the deepest thinkers of our day. That it is in itself a pre-eminently practical one, and by no means the Utopian dream some would declare it who oppose their fancied superior

practical wisdom to philosophical reveries, is no argument for its adoption from the other position of poetical fitness. But "practice" and "precept" are confused. The misapprehension of their mutual relations and relative value, involves a palpable derangement of ideas and a contradiction of terms; for if philosophy be not highest wisdom, and of such a kind as to stand all tests of experiment and outward life, it is more than doubtful if it be entitled to the dignity of philosophy at all. Philosophy is often undeveloped history; it should be always, under probable and desirable circumstances, capable of development. So-called "practical men," "men of the world," "men of business," will be found as a rule more liable to rest content with superficialities and immediate utilitarianism, than the men whose speculations point to development and growths, as yet unheard-of in the world's history. "Practical men" live for the present; philosophers for the future. "Practical" sagacity often operates by a system of "makeshifts," which is content to adapt its own ends to circumstances; philosophy is never satisfied till it adapts circumstances, in all in which those circumstances are susceptible of improvement, to its own ends. It would rise superior to social conventionalities; it would create and combine, as well as control. In short, the one follows, and the other leads, and it must therefore be obvious that till practical wisdom, or, more properly, theory in actual use and motion, recognised activity, and approved and endorsed by experience, has reached a certain point, the most splendid triumphs of the purely mental order, the most lofty visions of untrammelled thought, appear but as the wild chimeras of a distorted imagination—beyond the demands, without the pale, of daily life.

Mr. Mill, Mr. Hare, and others, have advanced to a stage in reform which, chiefly in point of novelty, but also much from its misconception, is distasteful to the tenacious prejudices and unripe experiences of English minds. They have reached the *ultima Thule* of ideal representation, and their schemes are so far from being supported by the illustrative and confirmatory experiments of common use and custom, that at the present moment, not only women, but several portions of the male sex among the working classes are excluded from proper participation in the elective vote. Till popular thought has been sufficiently educated in a broader and more liberal channel, and rendered capable of perceiving calmly the real merits of this and similar social questions, apart from preconceived associations of "use and wont," they will, except by the few, be neither seriously entertained nor warmly advocated, and, it is needless to add, are utterly powerless to expand into active or general operation.

But not the less on these grounds should truth be stated, and in the case before us, of the disabilities and incapacities of woman as an elector, should the subject be minutely and carefully examined. The whole thing amounts to this—woman is avowed poetically unfit to vote. We point to admitted moral, intellectual, social qualifications; the glamour of a misplaced sentiment obscures them all. The popular ideal of womanhood has much of truth and beauty in it as well as fallacy; but in poetry, as well as most other mental and moral creations, the axiom holds true, that "highest is best," and conceptions of womanhood in its utmost loveliness must as far surpass the ordinary ideas and experience of its character as the sculptured athlete does the average man. That such perfections are almost unattainable in a world where interests conflict as well as approach and unite with each other, is no reason why all that is possible cannot be ceded to bring them as much as may be into the region of facts and common life. Ideals of the highest order should be as much beyond existing circumstances as aspirations are beyond existing capabilities, or it is not to be presumed their inspiring influence will exercise its full power. The more the standard of excellence be raised, the more sincere and devout will be the belief in its truth; the higher the banner be lifted the more inspired will be the conflict, the more complete and sure the ultimate victory. Only here and there, however, are

such ideals found. Popular ideals wear a tinsel and glitter with a brilliancy that proclaims rather the false than the true.

Womanhood has thus been often falsely painted, though it is just to allow that the fallacies argue rather a misconception than an undervaluation of her true worth, and point to restrictions in extent more than errors in direction. Here, for man's as well as for woman's sake, that standard of ideal excellence never can be placed too high, and for the joint necessities of both no effort can be too great to enable her to progress as far as may be in a clear and distinct pathway towards it. As it is, in innumerable instances, an ocean flows between the pilgrim and the promised land. Crowns may be cast at the feet of a man who never "battled for the true, the just"—who never knew a noble thought; but crowns thus easily won are not often befittingly worn, and, alas that it should be so! the poet's visions of gentle womanhood are often as far from being realised in common life as Arcadia is removed from the tropic wilds of central Soudan. Of the women of our own century, not to examine the more legible records of a past history, who have ranked among the most tender, gentle, and true to all the noble attributes of her sex? Many, whom circumstances have for a time rendered more or less independent of male companionship. Does she fail from her womanly nature, even when separated from the company of men, and thrown entirely upon her own resources, for perhaps the obtaining of her daily bread? Never. In all the higher and more noble types of feminine goodness and beauty—

"The praise her equal courage wins
Counts tenfold through her tenderness."

Too often are not those angelic attributes of woman, even when truly depicted, less her own fair possessions than wrung and wrested from her by force either for the gratification or at the caprice of man? Which is the hero, he who has sword thrust in his hand and obeys to the letter and no more the commands of his captain, or he who exercises in time of need a private judgment, and thrusts himself unbidden into the breach, and so wins the day? The first may be a good soldier, the second is a great man. So, if woman were to be all that angels are, without the wings, and her virtues the outgrowths of necessity and chance rather than the productions of will and responsible act and thought, they are to a certain extent, and more especially as she herself is concerned, of a morally useless character. The sense, too, of incapacity and irresponsibility will, in the end, either in male or female human nature, crush all the finer attributes of the mind and heart; the very virtues so cherished are apt to become vices. Of the two kinds of virtue thus considered apart from each other, I imagine we prefer and truly acknowledge only its right to be called by such lofty name, not that which is the accident of circumstances, but that which is the careful growth of a right appreciation of self, of duty, and of personal position.

A perfect character probably comprehends the best moral qualities of either sex; in man, masculine characteristics predominating; in woman, womanly. As long as woman is regarded as being simply the complement, or forming an agreeable contrast and foil to man, we may be sure the choicer excellences of human nature will have been so appropriated by him, that for her exaggeration will be necessary to varnish, and flattery to hide, the defects which in more serious or sterner moments man himself is the first to smile at or despise. If man is to be noble, woman must be noble too. You cannot make her that lovely thing, in its better and higher sense, that poetry sometimes depicts, by withholding all the ingredients which, by the very laws of a fallen world, are alone powerful to produce loftiness of mind and character. Seclude her from all contact with the things which should interest, and most deeply, the very souls of men, and concern, in the widest sense, all humanity, and you do but make her passive and indifferent. She is more weak, maybe, not more womanly. Man's

strength asserted too strongly only assures women's weakness. When he takes it as a right, and for granted, that she should be a helpless, clinging creature, whose whole existence he appropriates for his own special gratification, and imagines, moreover, that he alone is capable of supplying all those ingredients of moral and intellectual activity which no one can enjoy by proxy, but which each must either altogether forego or experience for himself, he then inflicts a wrong on a character which, however essentially feminine in any sense in which the world may misunderstand it, does still possess many elements corresponding in kind, differing only in degree from those qualities of mind which are the vaunted virtues of her male companion. She is repressed, enervated, inevitably dwarfed in growth. She loses individuality, and experiences often positive retrogression in intellectual vigour. She becomes frivolous because all larger sympathies are shut out from her; she is amused with trifles—"the sports of children satisfy the child." Her heart never beats with the nobler emotions of humanity; her soul is never stirred from out its cruel apathy to feel the majesty of right, or the terribleness of wrong. Why? Because she is removed by custom, by usages of society, and by conventionalities of the most powerful description, from all those personal influences which can alone arouse them. History to her is so many volumes by such an author; war, yes raging war, bloody with a score of battles, and her own countrymen dead and dying on the field, is but a newspaper column or a Reuter's telegram. Are the four walls of her home a prison or a "sphere?" Do angels guard them, or slothful, indifferent, and very ordinary human beings stagnate as only women and particularly young women can stagnate, within these boasted Edens! Some deem it strange that women should be so ready to rush into "sanctities," and "spend and be spent," not for religion but delusion, "labouring for a bread that perisheth;" raising an altar of which she is the unconscious victim. I do not think it strange. It is the one thing which supplies an infinite want in a true woman's life. Here, if her mind—possibly trained in all follies—may not penetrate, her soul can expand. Here the finer instincts and yearnings after immortal truth, common to all that is worthy of the name of human nature, meet with a not unkind response. She falls devoted at the foot of some ecclesiastical shrine, worships with a morbidness and intensity of feeling which is often as utterly devoid of reasonable grounds as it is pure and deep, and serves to point the jester's wit, or inspire the satirist's pen.

Unexpressed though it be, there is a feeling even yet, which under the specious cloak of a dislike to "strong-mindedness," is opposed to those qualities which alone can render women fitted to be companions, counsellors, and friends, and which is repelled rather than attracted by the observation of them. "Queen" and "seraph" though she be, her lover or husband regards her for all serious offices of life as prettiest of playthings, most darling of toys. Her follies do but serve to please his selfish heart; her emptiness and ignorance fail utterly to sadden him. When the first fascinations of misdirected affection die, he marvels at her new-found faults, and she who has consented as many women do—"for love they pick much oakum"—to be less than God made her, that he might seem more, finds herself in the end only roughly thrust aside; and gradually taking up the new but less agreeable situation of an admirable household machine, patented by nature to pour out so many cups of tea, mend so many shirts without getting out of order, and be thankful in general for small mercies. Is this a true phase of society in the present century? Let those who think "the mirror is not held up to nature" search the matter themselves. This is not the "diversity" which makes men and women mutually so dear, and crowns their wedded life with highest happiness. Such a man takes from woman, that, small in nature, he may appear to increase in stature. But he makes himself not a greater, but her a lesser creature; he adds false sentiment to his own life, and throws prosaic dregs into hers. If her love, as only woman's can, gilds selfishness, and magnifies

weakness into strength, not the less is he guilty of crushing out all that is elevated and lovely in her. Of this, too, it may be said, and yet in another sense—

“ Ah wasteful woman ! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay
How has she cheapen'd Paradise.
How giv'n for naught her priceless gift ;
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine
Which spent with due respective thrift
Had made brutes men, and men divine.”

Nor does the position implied in such toy-like attitude exactly coincide with the “ministering angel” theory, in which man is represented as a grovelling penitent, and woman the sinless and innocent guardian of his fate and conscience. Here, again, we discern that exaggeration has been admitted into the picture of mutual relations ; that imagination has been powerful but not faithful, fancifully adorned with flowery images which do but serve to obscure the chaste beauty of simple truth. Perhaps no poet has done more justice to a certain section of womanhood in its simplest aspect and most feminine type than Coventry Patmore, in a poem which, already quoted from in a pre-eminently beautiful passage, is singularly free from those fanciful virtues or unjust undervaluations with which men are wont either to deck or degrade the other sex. While every debt which is due to poetry and idealised womanhood is paid, Honoria herself, the heroine of the simple tale, remains an average woman, neither transcendantly gifted in heart or brain. Not the least merit attached to the composition resides in the fact that while she possesses in the most marked degree every womanly virtue and “sweet attractive grace,” not one of them is so obliquely represented as to awake a sense of incongruity, though we associate them with the deepest thoughtfulness and most elevated resolves. I can imagine Felix and Honoria talking—yes, oh reader—on politics together, exchanging thoughts on this and that desired perfection, and arriving mutually at noblest conclusions ; finally, the latter—is the truth too prosaic ?—registering with her own delicate fingers the vote which gives at once substance to thought, and value to judgment. Is there anything anomalous in the picture ? If there is, the fault will be found in the too aerially drawn surroundings of Honoria, which refuse, as more or less is always the case, to assimilate in one's own mind with everyday occupations, to descend from the classic region of poetry to common life ; and we should perceive precisely the same difficulty, if not a greater one, in imagining her engaged in struggling with obstinate holes in stockings, or pointing the paths of rectitude to youth by means of that short and easy gateway to improvement known as “the corner.” True womanhood wields a power like that of the philosopher's stone, which turned all it touched into gold. It should possess a refinement which can purify, a goodness which can exalt, an inner worthiness which ever selects the best and leaves the worst.

It is little less than an insult—I use a strong word—to the women of England to suppose that the grant of any great privilege, recognising them as individuals, and capable of forming independent judgment on questions which are most deeply implicated with their own nearest interests, and which in acknowledged justice should be conferred upon them, could subtract one iota from their refinement, their devotion to domestic duties, their warmth of affection, or their gentleness and tenderness of disposition. That women were as a majority content to forego their acknowledged right would be no proof that in abstaining from the exercise of it they suffer no wrong. A century ago many among them might be found who would have recoiled from the

extensive programme of education which is now presented to the female mind. The very name of a "local examination" for girls would have been considered as a synonym for all that was unfeminine, and that unhappy mixture of truth and fiction implied in the epithet "strong-minded."

The sweet pictures of womanly beauty, brought before us by the poet's peerless art, are only true in their largest sense, of the highest morally, and to some extent intellectually of her sex. More lovely, more womanly, sweeter and better is she when permitted to stand a little by herself, "free to give or take," to grow and progress, than when hedged round by social factions and conventionalities—

"Parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down."

For purposes of illustration, let us grant, as we should only be too proud to grant, a woman possesses every grace of mind and virtue of character, combined with unutterable loveliness and gentleness of presence; that, in short, by virtue of character and force of situation she is so truly, so thoroughly womanly that no pictured attributes of pen or pencil could do them more than justice, and that no praises could be sounded in excess. What then? What is there, or is supposed to be, in that excellence which is antagonistic to the exercise of a political privilege not denied to the humblest, simplest, least educated among men? The deterioration of such qualities into weakness alone supplies the point at which incongruity commences.

Of course the extension of the suffrage to women has, too, been mixed up with other questions. It is obviously powerless to remedy various evils of the lives of many women; such as purposelessness, inadequacy of employment to energy of mind, or necessity of circumstances. But it has an indirect influence on each of these. By placing her in a truer position it enables man, when so disposed, more powerfully to aid her in an unmarried state, in utilising her own opportunities, in spending to the greatest advantage her own talents.

Woman has been educated as a rational being; she would occupy the position of a responsible one. Educate a man, and you supply new fields of interest to him; you make him a superior and, almost inevitably, a more ambitious creature. He is conscious of new possessions, and of the power to utilise them, and if these be only directed into suitable and kindly channels, he will become a better member of society than he could possibly have been in a state of useful servitude. We observe the same process in woman. You have given her more education; she would have more freedom. Not lawless liberty, which in asserting its own rights overwhelms and destroys those of all others, but a wise, a right, and a noble freedom, such as women may receive, and men do well to bestow. She will but in the end be true to "her own sweet self." All that is forced from her is "empty, and void, and waste," a shadow without a substance, a phantasy, a dream. The thoughtlessness of men may expend itself in sneers at the most simple and elementary form of aspiration as "strong-minded notions." Alas, they know not what they condemn! At the best they do but make her—

"Impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known."

Purest feelings are involved in them, goodness radiates from them. The epithets of "blue-stocking" and "strong-minded" have been too often thrust in the faces of many of the most refined and modest of women, whose higher natures instinctively followed a law to which more frivolous or ill-trained minds were strangers, but which preserving the outward semblance of womanly goodness, passed muster when those

others were censured and discouraged. The most capable, the most intellectual among women have ranked among the gentlest, kindest, most devoted of wives and mothers. The larger the view allowed to her, the more clearly she discerns her true sphere, her noblest mission. I know of no argument more cogent than that of the right to grow. It ranks above all others, it is mighty for all time. I think I do not overstate a conviction founded on observation and a calm though deep-rooted interest in the subject, when I say, I think it is impossible for woman to be "too intellectual." I think she cannot be too highly educated. Though she were charged with the knowledge of all the world, she would be "woman" still. Knowledge may be won with modesty, and worn with grace. It may go through subtlest chemistry of woman-nature, in which sympathies of heart enlarge and co-operate with thoughtfulness of head. The first will lack none of its power because it has a store-house behind; the last will lack none of its strength because it is king over a realm of feeling. So in other things. We should "vote." And we should vote, not because we would become, as an object, politicians, or because we would struggle with men for posts of honour or offices of power, but because we experience a thousand thoughts, feelings, and sympathies in common with the other sex, and because we would possess the charters inseparable from the recognition of any as an individual and a capable human being, and each one of us, in the fullest sense of the word, not a child, but a woman.

Truth is humbly stated here. But truth, like a rock of granite, is eternal, and if the fragile shell with its delicately folded inhabitant but cleave firm and fast enough to its iron sides, it shall, all powerless and defenceless though it be, draw thence a portion of that mighty strength which defies the wildest storms of ocean, and live and grow and fulfil its appointed end.

Yours very truly,
HENRIETTA.

MISCELLANEA.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The first gold medal given by Her Majesty the Queen, to be competed for annually by the students of the Female School of Art, 43, Queen Square, has been awarded to Miss Alice Manly, for three groups of flowers painted in tempora from nature. The adjudicators were Mr. Westmacott, R.A., Mr. Cope, R.A., and Miss Mutrie. Miss Manly is also this year the successful competitor for a national silver medal given by the Science and Art Department.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—These examinations having been extended to girls by a Grace of the Senate in 1865, the scheme has now been in operation for two years, and though it may still be considered in some sense on its trial, sufficient experience has been gained to give a fair idea of its working. As there is reason to believe that it is still comparatively little known, and some misapprehensions as to its character are prevalent, it may be useful to state briefly the manner in which the examinations are carried on, and the advantages which may be expected from them.

At each local centre at which girls are to be examined, the arrangements are placed under the direction of a committee of ladies, who are responsible to the university for their efficiency. This committee is expected to find suitable accommodation for the candidates and proper superintendence. On the part of the university, a conducting examiner is present, who gives out printed papers of questions and receives the written answers, which are subsequently forwarded to Cambridge. Except reading aloud, no part of the examination is oral, and no one has a right to enter the examination-room, except the conducting examiner, and one or more of the ladies of the committee. A waiting-room is provided for the friends and attendants of the students. It will be seen, therefore, that the term "public," as applied to these examinations, is appropriate in so far as that they are instituted by a public body, of recognised authority, but no farther. They are in fact much less public than the annual examinations held in ladies' schools, in the presence of the parents and friends of the pupils.

The benefits of the examinations apply respectively to the students, their teachers, their parents, and the general public. For the students they serve as a stimulus to steady industry and a criterion of excellence. They are valuable to teachers, as furnishing them with a fixed standard and aim, and as testing and attesting the quality of their work—sometimes revealing weak points hitherto dimly suspected, sometimes encouraging perseverance in methods justified by success. By parents,

the advantage is gained of a means of distinguishing between various schools, of whose merits they often find it impossible to judge for themselves. For, after making all due allowance for the defectiveness of the examination test, it cannot be denied that, as a rule, a school of which the pupils year after year pass with credit in these examinations, is likely to be a good school. Even if but a small number of candidates is sent in, it is at least proved that for such girls as are willing to learn, good teaching is provided, and this is no trifling advantage. Schools which are not submitted to an external test may be, and no doubt often are, ably conducted. Schools which sustain the test must be. These advantages are shared to some extent, though indirectly, by the general public. There may be mentioned, moreover, as a matter of common concern, the influence of these examinations in encouraging those subjects of instruction which bring in little glory to the individual student, but on which it is important that stress should be laid, namely, arithmetic, and the other branches of a sound elementary English education. A certain proficiency in these humble subjects, which both teachers and pupils are often tempted to neglect, is made an essential condition of success. The manner in which this feature of the scheme works is strikingly shown in the results of two examinations, held respectively in 1863 and 1865. In the first (a tentative examination, held by permission of the Syndicate before the extension of the scheme had been authorised) of the senior candidates 90 per cent. failed in elementary arithmetic. In the second, out of the whole number, only three failed to pass in this subject.

The fears entertained by some persons that these advantages may be too dearly bought by the injury to health and to the moral tone consequent upon over-excitement, are not justified by experience. Those who have seen the girls under examination have been forcibly struck by the quiet cheerfulness of their demeanour. There is no appearance of unhealthy excitement or fatigue, and after much inquiry among teachers and parents, it may be confidently asserted that where due discretion is practised the candidates do not suffer in the smallest degree from over exertion, either before or after the examination. It is no doubt possible to overwork, either for this or any other examination, or without any examination at all. But such overwork is likely to defeat its own object, and wise parents and teachers will not forego the use of a valuable educational auxiliary, because unwise persons may, by misuse, turn it into a hindrance.

A COLLEGE PROPOSAL.—During the last few years an increasing desire has been manifested by young women of the upper and middle classes to carry on their education beyond the period usually assigned to it. Whether this may be traceable to increased wealth, bringing with

it increased leisure, or to the changes in domestic habits consequent upon the adaptation of machinery to domestic uses, or to whatever other causes, there can be little doubt of the fact. Attempts have been made to meet the desire, in some cases by prolonging the time spent at school, in others by casual attendance at lectures, and by home study with the aid of masters. Neither of these expedients has been found satisfactory. With regard to the former, it is alleged by the persons most competent to judge, namely, by heads of schools, that the elder pupils, after passing through the school course and distancing their companions in study, would, to say the least, gain much more by removal to a place of higher education, where both the teaching and the companionship are of a more advanced character, than they can by remaining at the same school. On the other hand, it is for the most part impossible to carry on serious study at home. The frequent interruptions—the difficulty and expense of obtaining teaching of a high character, especially in the country—the want of direction and guidance—and the absence of a standard by which to measure the progress of attainment—constitute together so great a discouragement that except where the circumstances are more than ordinarily favourable, the carrying on at home of the studies begun in the school-room, is generally, after a few months of effort, given up in despair.

As a stimulus to study and a test of attainment, the local examinations now extended to girls by the University of Cambridge, have been found most valuable. But they do not go beyond school. The age is strictly limited to eighteen, and though many applications for admission to the examinations have been made by young persons above that age, the Syndicate have not thought fit to relax the rule. Nor, indeed, would such a standard as is offered by this scheme meet the requirements of the case. Those young women who have passed with credit the local examinations are among those who most desire to submit themselves to a farther test.

In the hope of supplying the want which has been indicated, it is proposed to establish a college, in which the instruction and discipline will be expressly adapted to advanced students, and the results tested by sufficiently stringent examinations. It is intended to place the college in a healthy locality, about equidistant between London and Cambridge, thus putting it within reach of the best teaching in all the subjects of the college course. The religious instruction will be in accordance with the principles of the Church of England ; but in cases where conscientious objections are entertained, such instruction will not be obligatory. There will be university examinations of an advanced character, open to, but not enforced upon, all students. There will also be annual examinations in all the subjects taught in the college. Briefly, the projected institution is designed to be, in relation to the

higher class of girls' schools and home teaching, what the universities are to the public schools for boys.

FRENCH TRAINING FOR GIRLS.—From the first part of the new "Paris Guide" recently published by Lacroix, Verboeckhoven, et Cie., we extract the following article on Industrial Schools for Girls (*vide* pp. 269-270):—

"At Paris, as elsewhere throughout France, the education of girls is far from being as well provided for as that of boys. . . .

"There exists at Paris a special school for girls, called the School of Design (*l'école Spéciale de Dessin*) of the Rue Dupuytren, under the superintendence of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, where the different *genres* of drawing are taught in gratuitous classes held every day except Sundays.

"Girls who intend going on the stage, or devoting themselves to music or singing, are admitted into the appropriate classes of the *Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation*, Rue du Faubourg-Poissonière; in a different line a school of midwifery (*Ecole d'Accouchement*) is annexed to the Maternity Hospital, Rue Port-Royal.

"In default of the State and the City private enterprise undertook the task of establishing Industrial Schools for women.

"A woman of great intelligence and a generous heart, Madame Lemonnier by name, having been appointed, in 1848, to superintend the workshops for women, had been impressed by the goodwill of the workwomen, and as much so by their profound ignorance. From that moment she cogitated about finding the means for spreading instruction among women, and teaching them a profession which should render them independent, even at their own homes, of the means of their fathers or husbands. It was not until 1862 that Madame Lemonnier succeeded in establishing a Society for the Industrial Training of Women, and in founding, in the Rue de la Perle, a school which was subsequently transferred to the Rue Turenne, 23, to which girls are admitted from eight in the morning until six in the evening. Two years later (in 1864), a second school was organised at No. 72, Rue Rochechouart. As if she had only waited for this consecration of her good work, Madame Lemonnier died shortly afterwards, on June 5th, 1865.

"The Society for the Industrial Training of Women proposes to give to girls both a general and a special course of instruction, and gradually to extend the circle of the professions reserved for women.

"The programme of the two schools is identical.

"General course for three years, followed by all the pupils, and comprising—the French language, arithmetic, history, geography, elementary notions of natural history, of physics, of chemistry, and of hygiene, lineal and ornamental drawing, writing, and vocal music.

"Special course—commerce, bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, elements of commercial law, the English language, and industrial drawing.

"To this theoretical instruction is added practical instruction, given in workshops for sewing and millinery (*couture et confection*), engraving on wood, and painting on porcelain.

"The general course occupies the forenoon; the special course and the workshops divide the afternoon between them.

"Every pupil pays a monthly fee of ten francs. Scholarships have been founded for the aid of families who could not cover the monthly payments.

"The school in the Rue Turenne, directed by Mdlle. Marchef-Girard, has more

than two hundred pupils; that of the Rue Rochecouart, directed by Madame Sauvestre, has about eighty.

"The Society contemplates establishing a third school in the Popincourt Quarter.

"At the conclusion of the whole course of study, a committee of patrons interests itself for the pupils, and either gets them situations or procures them work.

"In addition to these two schools the Society has instituted, at several places in Paris, evening classes for adult young women."

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—To the Editor of the *Spectator*.—Sir, as it is very important to female physicians that the credentials of every woman assuming their office shall be clearly known and thoroughly proved, I think it right to forward to you the enclosed statement, made by order of the Surgeon-General of the United States' army, respecting the alleged services of Mary E. Walker, whose proceedings in London will be most deplored by those who most earnestly desire to see medicine recognised as a profession for women :—

"Surgeon-General's Office, Washington City,

"January 2, 1867.

"In the winter of 1863 Mary E. Walker was furnished with transportation to Louisville, Kentucky, to report to Assistant Surgeon-General Wood, who stated he could give her employment as a nurse. She was sent by him to Medical-Director Perin, who ordered an examination as to her professional qualifications, and reported her incompetent for any higher position than female nurse. She was subsequently put on duty with the wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to Richmond, and released, receiving the pay of a contract-physician from the time of her capture until her release.

"By order of the Surgeon-General,

"C. H. CRANE, Assistant Surgeon-General,

"United States' Army.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Boston, Massachusetts.

DR. MARY E. WALKER.—To the Editor of the *Spectator*.—Sir,—The statement contained in your last issue purporting to be a document signed by Assistant-Surgeon Crane, by order of the Surgeon-General of the United States, is false. I was not in Georgia, Tennessee, or Kentucky at the time stated, and was never examined by Medical Director Perin, and never saw him; nor was I ever examined by any board that he had appointed. I had a regular contract from the United States in the year 1864 as A.A. Surgeon in the regular Army. There were about 300 Surgeons that had contracts similar to mine. At the close of the war,—I quote from the *Washington Republican*,—"President Johnson, carrying out the purposes of his predecessor, President Lincoln, and acting upon such high authority as Major-General Sherman, General

Thomas, and General McCook, has been pleased to issue an order in favour of Dr. Mary E. Walker. It is handsomely inscribed on parchment, and is given to her for faithful services as Contract Surgeon in the United States' Army. The document was signed November 11, 1865." I took the degree of M.D. in New York in 1855, and at the close of the war upon my contract is written, "Annulled at her own request."

MARY E. WALKER, M.D.

To the Editor of the *Spectator*.—Sir,—The letter and statement purporting to be from a "Medical Student" in Boston, Massachusetts, in reference to Dr. Mary E. Walker's proceedings in London being calculated to injure that lady in the opinion of the British public, will you allow me to say that Dr. Mary has taken the best means of making the public of Great Britain acquainted with her life and abilities, and it would be fortunate for many a "Medical Student" if he could exhibit equal talent, courage, and nerve. There are many persons better qualified to judge than a "Medical Student" can possibly be of the means proper for vindicating the propriety and the right of women to educate themselves for the Medical profession; and who are better entitled to write in the name of those who most earnestly desire to "see Medicine recognised as a profession for women" than your Boston correspondent, and who thoroughly approve of Dr. Mary Walker's "proceedings in London."—I am, etc.,

A SCOTSMAN.

WORK FOR WOMEN.—To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—Sir,—In deprecating the admission of women to any share of the educational privileges of our national institutions for education, you remark that "the strongest reason for believing that the functions of men and women ought not to be confounded is that no one proposes to enable men to take upon themselves feminine duties, and surely this suggests reciprocity."

Without doing more than suggesting that perhaps a solid education, under the best teachers the country can afford, may be the most fitting preparation for the most exclusively feminine functions, I venture to say that no single instance can be brought forward of a feminine function that is well paid, and that men are physically capable of performing, which men do not take upon themselves. Not only do men compete with women in the most effeminate and domestic functions—cooking, sewing, domestic service, etc.—but as men-milliners, men-hairdressers, and men-midwives, they drive women out of work wherever they can, and there is money to be gained by doing so; while as physicians they boldly assert that they, and not women, are the only fit persons to cross-question our wives and daughters, and advise them on matters on which many women prefer death to their advice. Almost all medical

men, and nearly all medical literature, can bear witness to the persevering and benevolent (I speak seriously) efforts of the medical profession to overcome the repugnance to consult medical men which ruins the health of hundreds of women, precisely because men *do* take upon themselves feminine duties in medical matters.

On the other hand, there is no work so laborious or so offensive that men, and Englishmen too, will not permit women to do (if only it is poorly paid), from the most laborious and unseemly agricultural work (as witness your own statements on the gang system) to sweeping the mud of our crossings.

The truth seems to be that men are, generally speaking, only struck with the unsuitability of work for women where it may lead to profit and honour, and with the unsuitability of work to themselves when there is nothing much worth having to be got by it. This point of view is very natural, but there are many women, and men too, to whom it does not seem reasonable, and among them, your obedient servant,

H. T.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."—Sir,—Social reforms in England always originate in some case of special misery. Working philanthropists have, perhaps, for years recognized and denounced an evil, and the public at large has been made vaguely aware of its existence; but it is only when one out of the many tragedies it has wrought happens to take the shape which brings it into the coroner's court or the columns of the newspapers that the nation's sympathy rises from the passive state to the active, and a blow is fairly struck at the root of the mischief. "There lived many" paupers before Gibson and Daly, but their—no less miserable—lot awoke pity only in the hearts of a few powerless workhouse visitors, till those sad inquests were published, and then all England talked of the "disclosures," till the almost revolutionary Metropolitan Poor Bill was passed through Parliament well nigh without opposition. The hapless girls whose fate suggested Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and "Bridge of Sighs" were martyrs who suffered for all their tribe; and, in like manner, the poor young woman who died three years ago at a fashionable milliner's served many hundreds of her fellow-workers by arousing the care of ladies for their sanitary and moral condition—a care which did not stop even when it became known that in her special case disease, and not hardship, was the cause of death.

It was a good work those ladies then undertook. Two years have since elapsed, and the third report of the "London Dressmaking Company," which they established, is before me. The directors are justified in boasting that "the object for which the company was started—namely, the improvement of the condition of the workwomen of London—has been kept steadily in view; the limitation of the hours of

work has been strictly observed, and the system adopted by this company is being gradually carried out by the best houses in the west-end trade." In other words, a sort of normal shop has been set up, whereby it has been demonstrated that well-made bonnets have no inevitable connexion with pulmonary consumption, nor graceful ball dresses with rapid decline, and that the principles of commerce and humanity are not severed beyond reconciliation. A good deal of misunderstanding has existed about this institution, and perhaps a little not unnatural jealousy where its objects and scope have been mistaken. Permit me to give a brief account of what I have seen and heard, and thereby, if possible, help to place the undertaking in a true light for all.

A good large house, No. 18, Clifford-street, situate in the centre of those "happy hunting grounds" of fair dames which are bounded by Marshall and Snelgrove's on the north, and Howell and James on the south, with Bond-street and Regent-street to the east and west. Fair-sized showrooms on the first floor, with the usual amount of those pomps and vanities in silk, velvet, and lace, which, thanks to their godfathers and godmothers, the ladies of Mayfair and Belgravia have so utterly renounced. Upstairs, second-floor, large plain workrooms, with the brightest possible fires (the day of my visit was cold), and some 30 girls and young women distributed about, performing those occult processes of hemming, stitching, goring, pinking, fitting, sloping, and all the rest of it.

How far these various tasks, from the high art of fitting a bodice to the humble mechanism of hemming a seam, were adequately fulfilled I shall not presume to decide, but one remark I may fearlessly make. The young workers looked as healthy as so many country girls, and were certainly chattering as cheerfully as so many magpies. The peculiar physiognomy which some experience of overworked girls has taught me to associate with needlewomen, the large bright eye, the thickened skin, a certain degeneration of nose and upper lip, were nowhere to be seen. There were no tokens of sitting 14 hours a day at a task which, from its nature, can give neither play to the muscles nor thought to the brain, only monotonous irritation of nerves and ruinous wearing out of eyesight. The young women in Clifford-street were visibly leading a life as healthy (perhaps a good deal healthier) than that of the ladies whose robes they were manufacturing. I was assured they never work after 8 of an evening or before 8 30 of a morning, and that they have an hour and a half of leisure for the wholesome meals of the day, and, of course, the Sunday for exercise and rest. In the spare time so secured, their friends, the directors of the company, and the cheerful, kindly superintendent, have provided for them, at their option, several healthful amusements—singing classes, calisthenic lessons, and abundance of pleasant books.

Above the workrooms I saw the bedrooms of the girls, clean and airy chambers of reasonable size, with white curtains dividing each of the four or five beds, with their dressing tables, one from another.

Assuredly it must be admitted that, compared with what has been too commonly the lot of milliners' apprentices hitherto, the unventilated, half-poisonous rooms, the midnight work, the nerve-destroying green tea and coffee in lieu of wholesome food (and even these fatal stimulants taken at the worktable without a moment for rest)—compared with this lot, the destiny of the young women of the Dressmakers' Company is fortunate indeed.

But, it will be said, "It is all very well and right to secure these indulgences and conditions of health for these girls; no one doubts that it is desirable, and if the benevolent ladies of London were to choose to put all the young women in the metropolis in happy homes and support them there, we should only rejoice to hear of it." The real difficulty is not affected by any statements about the girls' wellbeing. The problem to be solved is, "Can such a system pay?" In the long run the sturdiest benevolence falls to the ground when it sets itself to oppose economic laws. People may keep a shop, or a town, or a province for one year, or for ten years, from pure "enthusiasm of humanity," but that "charity which never faileth" is produced by nothing short of a dividend of 5 per cent.

Such questions do not quite touch the purpose of the institution I am considering. It will have done much, very much, if it has merely served for a short time as a model for millinery establishments generally and a refuge to many young girls whose lives might before now have been imperilled.

It will have done enough if (as the directors say) "this system, adopted by the company, is being gradually carried out by the best houses in the trade, and there is good reason for believing this change to be in a great measure owing to the establishment of the company."

Of course, however, it is very desirable that these benefits should be continued, the work enlarged, and the whole concern proved to be not only a moral, but a commercial example of success. I rejoice, therefore, to see from the report that already some profit is making, and that another year will probably bring a fair return to the shareholders. It is to be remembered that while the benefit of the workwomen was the purpose of the whole undertaking, no attempt has ever been made to undersell the regular trade or compete with it unfairly in any way. So careful were the directors, indeed, on this point that the only complaint was from the general public that their prices were too high for all save wealthy customers, though not disproportioned to the character of the work for which *artistes* of the first class are brought as superintendents from Paris.

There is, however, now no ground for such complaint, as the prices are fixed in proportion to the style of work required, and orders may be given according to a moderate tariff, which may be had on application.

When ladies order their dresses at an ordinary milliner's establishment they do so knowing it is at least possible that the task of making up their pretty silks and gauzes will cost some poor girl several hours of natural rest—several grains of sand of the few which are allotted to mortality.

In employing the Clifford-street Company they will at least have the assurance that this sorrow will never lie at their door, and that they are aiding in a measure to make the lives of all young women similarly employed more healthy and necessarily more happy.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

Hereford-square.

FRANCES COPPE.

LADY OVERSEERS.—To the Editor of the *Times*.—Sir, I do hope you will exercise your powerful pen in favour of us unfortunate lady parish officers. I was overseer of the poor all last year, and, with every rate-payer trying to force me to continue in this unpleasant office, have just been let off by favour of the magistrates, to whom I appealed in vain in 1866.

This is a most unpleasant office where there is no assistant-overseer, and nearly 1,000 inhabitants.

I reside in the midland counties, where, if a widow or single woman chooses for amusement and occupation to farm a little of her own land, and does so successfully, everything is done and said to annoy her and force her to let her farm and leave the place. In my case, a new rate was made, and my rates and those of my tenant nearly doubled. Then I was put on as overseer, only to annoy me. They persecute us in a manner you would hardly credit, and I think for this reason:—Most tenant farmers start with borrowed money—rent money, as they term it—of country attorneys and land surveyors, who get a high percentage, and can at any time distrain on their stock, and generally get £50 or £100 for putting them into a farm, which is placed in a bank as their own money, to satisfy the owners. In our rich feeding pastures, and wheat and barley lands yielding from five to ten quarters per acre, they soon, if provident, pay off their debts and make fortunes, but naturally enough hate and dread us who find out the secrets of the prison-house and spoil their craft.

If we are not to have votes, this is a time when women may hope to be freed from these liabilities; and as our laws, so unjust to us, give us none of the advantages of freeholders, surely it would be poetical justice to let us off all or half our rates and taxes, especially income-tax, and bachelors might pay double, as they very properly used to do.

Your constant reader,

A LADY OVERSEER.

PROPOSED PLAN FOR DOMICILIARY SANITARY INSPECTION.—The following appeared in the *John Bull*.—"Your columns are always open to suggestions that are calculated to be of service to the public. I hope, therefore, that you will afford me space for the purpose of making known a plan which, if generally adopted by the heads of families would, I think, tend very greatly to promote the health of households and of the localities wherever the idea might be practically carried out. I refer to the appointment of female sanitary inspectors, whose duty it would be to visit the premises occasionally in order to make a survey—especially of the basement floor—with a view to the maintenance of all sanitary conditions.

"No matter how admirably a house may be designed and constructed, in the way of drainage, ventilation, and so on—likewise possessing all the necessary appliances for the purposes of cleanliness and health—yet these advantages may be perfectly useless in the hands of careless, indolent servants. Now a lady cannot in her own house pry into the state of such things as sinks, drains, dustbins, and the like ; and house-keepers of the ordinary stamp are not good overlookers in matters of the kind. It is, then, obvious that the work of inspection and supervision can be best performed by such extraneous aid as that which has just been indicated.

"The protracted cold weather has doubtless had a most beneficial effect in retarding any fresh outbreak of cholera ; but however late the usual symptoms of a coming summer may have been, it may even now overtake us before we adopt precautionary measures against those maladies which are incident to a high temperature, and which prove more or less serious in proportion as we are, individually and collectively, ill or well prepared to meet them. Let each and all, then, attend at once to the health of the household ; we may leave to professional and public men the discussion of the theory as to the 'relation of impure water to cholera,' an important question, no doubt ; but while not omitting to secure good water for drinking, and not only an abundant supply, but a plentiful use of it, for household purposes, let us at the same time give attention to various other matters of not less importance—such as wholesome food, good cooking, ventilation of sleeping apartments, cleansing of dustbins, clearing of sinks, and so forth.

"By the adoption of the plan which I propose, another object, besides the principal one, would be promoted ; it would give employment to a class of persons who are in need of remunerative occupation, to whom a new and suitable vocation would indeed be a boon. A large number of applications have been made for this appointment of sanitary inspector, from officers' widows and retired governesses, down to house-keepers and cooks past service ; the last named, I need not say, would

be, from their former associations, unsuitable for the duties. I mention the attractive nature of the post in order to point out the facility with which it might be filled, in cases where householders feel inclined to adopt the idea.

"Before concluding, I would just point out another feature in the proposed plan. As the appointment would be quite voluntary on the part of heads of households, it would be free from any feeling of inquisitorial intrusion with which the idea of official inspection is too generally associated; I am far from excusing such a feeling, which must be regarded as a very absurd trait in the English character, and most detrimental to the public interests. The 'Englishman's castle' is often a huge stumbling-block in the way of sanitary reform; and *John Bull* would do well to remember that while he is barring his doors against the friendly visits of the sanitary inspector, the enemy may be advancing in the rear and gain access stealthily by means of some unobserved aperture. Disease, the agent of death, is ever busy, and employs many little imp-like emissaries to prepare for the reception of the ghastly monster; they take up their abode in cellars and underground places, making merry after their own grim fashion. A watchful eye and a determined hand are necessary to rout them from their ambush.

"As the inspection in each case need not occupy more than an hour once or twice a week, one person could undertake several engagements of the same kind, and yet have time at her disposal for other occupations at her own home. I am sure you will agree with me in considering the last a very important point in any plan for promoting the industrial employment of the better educated class of women.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

M. A. B."

TRADES' UNIONS AND THE PRINTING TRADE.—We have received the following letter in the form of a pamphlet addressed to master printers :—
 "It must be a delightful thing to belong to a thorough-going trade association! The liberty of assertion, the complete conviction of one's being absolutely right, and of everybody else being wrong, the power given of using abuse, and of disregarding logic, all these things must be very charming to the man who has given himself up to the 'rights of labour,' more especially if he is at all affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is possible, however, to overstep the bounds of patience, and even those who are so unfortunate as not to be enrolled in one or other of these happy associations, will sometimes wince when a more than usually strong castigation is administered. Possibly it may be known that there is such a trade as the 'printing trade'—many of its members call it a profession, but surely trade is the more correct designation. The printing trade has (and perhaps this fact is not so well

known) several journals which of late years have been unusually active, each claiming more than the other to represent the wants and feelings of the trade. It is from a leading article (!) in No. 60 of the *Printer's Journal* for the past month that the following few notes are taken. The heading is 'Turnoverism.' Many will look in vain in Johnson and other dictionaries for this formidable word. It must, therefore, be explained that 'turnovers' seem to be a class of workmen who are neither apprentices nor regular journeymen printers, and that these 'turnovers' appear to have taken to themselves the horrible liberty of working at less wages than those which the 'trade regulations' allow. No wonder the writer of our leader is virtuously indignant at them; they are composed, he says, 'of runaway apprentices, of precocious reading and errand boys . . . and are at full liberty to hawk their limited skill about the trade any time they think fit, and this, too, with an audacity and independence that would be astounding did we not know that as a rule they can always command remunerative situations, which is more than can be said of journeymen, whatever sacrifice they may have made, or however skilful they may be.' Surely here is something wrong; how is it that the master printers will employ these ragamuffins of such limited skill in preference to the journeymen of such superior attainments? But our writer explains 'they receive one half the amount they earn, calculated at journeymen's prices;' in other words, they are content to work for one half the price charged by the skilled journeyman. Of course this is very wrong of them, and our writer proceeds to show that it is to be expected, by stating that 'they squander their money in the most profligate manner, and by the time their majority is attained, are older in debauchery and better versed in the ways of the world than thousands when they reach threescore years and ten.' What a dreadful set they must be, surely; and our writer gives an instance of one whose wages averaged £2 2s. a week, while the earnings of the journeymen in the same office did not average more than £1 10s. ! Surely logic is again at fault here, for if this misguided turnover could, at half wages, earn £2 2s., the journeymen should have earned four. Now £4 4s. a week is rather beyond what is usual, so that we are driven to conclude either that these desperate turnovers are very good workmen, or that the 'trade regulation' wages are excessively high, or that the regulations are framed to prevent the men from doing above a very small amount of work. Our writer adds, oddly enough, as to the turnover, 'he studied his own interests simply, and is not so much to blame as the system that permits such conduct.' What conduct? That of working as hard and earning as much as he could? As to 'those who employ him,' says our writer, they 'gain by the transaction, and are, of course, nowise anxious that a change should be made.' If then the employer and employed are satisfied, the latter

getting £2 2s. a week, why complain ? Does our writer imagine that any amount of abuse, of striking and intimidation, will force wages up to double that amount ? Need it be a matter of surprise that so many journeymen are unemployed ?

"But our writer sums up :—'(1) That no one gains by the system but those who employ it.' (He has just shown that the turnover gains 10s. a week over the journeyman, turnovers, moreover, being able to command situations while journeymen are unemployed.) '(2) That it swarms the trade with useless incompetent workmen.' (Why, then, are they so sought after, and how can they be incompetent if they can earn at half price more than the journeyman at full wages ?) '(3 and 4) That it is contrary to the trade rules, and tends to reduce prices.' Perfectly true ; as these rules, if carried out, would, according to this writer's showing, force prices up to a point which could not be maintained. '(5) That it undermines the course of legitimate competition.' Logic would teach us the reverse, but our writer pooh-poohs 'such fusty rules.' He concludes with a set of recommendations partaking of the nature of the intimidation practised or attempted to be practised by trade societies, and finally ends by a suggestion that those who judge for themselves as to whom they should employ should be treated as 'pirates.'

"It needs but to give a hasty skim through the remaining pages of this No. 60 of the *Journal* to show the effect of these trade restrictions. Stagnation of the printing trade in London ; work constantly sent to the country ; master printers unable to make improvements ; while, on the contrary, both in machinery and type-founding the foreigners are approaching, if not excelling us,* and, untrammelled by our trade restrictions, will soon enter the field with us for work on terms with which we shall have no chance of competing. And this is now becoming the case with all trades. We are in the hands of the workmen, or rather (for we would not mind being in the hands of really intelligent men) we are in the hands of those by whom the workmen, with some few exceptions, are led by the nose.† It is possible that at

"* On page 282 of this same No. 60, it is stated that England exhibits no printing machinery at the French Exhibition, with one exception, and that manufactured in London by a foreigner ; and it is asked, is England afraid to compete ? Truly it may be answered, yes ! England is afraid to compete while her workmen are fettered by 'trade regulations ;' the competition would be most unfair. But at the same time foreign engineers obtain the orders, and more English journeymen have to be supported by the union.

"† It is a gratifying fact that at many of our chief printing offices no union men will be admitted, while the rate of wages is not less than at others, and the harmony of the establishment is considerably greater. Numbers of men would have nothing to do with the unions but for fear, knowing well that they are useless to the really skilful and well-conducted man, and only of advantage to the careless and ignorant.

one time trades' unions were of benefit to the men ; that time has long passed, they are carried on now for the benefit of the ' Union.' What they can come to may be learned from the terrible Sheffield revelations of the present day. Until the time returns when a man shall have a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour, but neither more nor less, and according to supply or demand, not according to 'trade regulations,' until that time returns the trade of England will languish, and the number of unemployed men will surely increase.

"FAIR PLAY."

THE INVITATION has gone out to every Englishman to take a house, pay his rates, and acquire a footing on the first step of the British Constitution. "Seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," is to be the rule of political progress. But if a due appreciation of power, as shown in the passion for it, and the determination to use it thoroughly, be the new test of electoral fitness, how is it possible to exclude women ? So asks Mr. Mill, far more consistent than some others better versed in the manufacture of measures and the command of majorities. If he gave way before Easter to a more intrusive discussion, it was not from any passing qualm as to the object of his political chivalry. He is loyal to his principles wherever they lead him. He does not stick to them as a bad servant does to a generous master—till he has feathered his nest, which, in the case of a political philosopher, is a neat little theory, perfectly plausible and utterly rotten. He sticks to his principles for better, for worse—if on this subject a matrimonial allusion may be permitted—even if they land him on what vulgar mortals think an astounding impossibility. He goes back to the very beginning of things, and moves the "previous question" to every possible social controversy. In the only extant narrative of the creation of man it is written—"Male and female created He them," and not even a South African bishop has had the courage to dispute the fact. The human race is divided into men and women, and it is the unanimous opinion of all who have given their attention to the subject that there is, or ought to be, a difference of character between what are called the two sexes. It is generally felt that each sex has its own nature, its own feelings, its own powers, its own place, its own sphere, and its own duties, and that the duties are best done by those who recognise these differences. A man, it is commonly felt, ought to be a man, and a woman a woman. It is observed that, as a general rule, men prefer to marry women—that is, those who are really women, and that women, as a general rule, prefer to marry men—that is, those that are really men. The woman looks for a lord and master, and the man looks for a helpmate, a guardian angel, or something, whatever it be called, which the best man in the world can never be to him.

Bachelors, especially good fellows, think it a very selfish act in one of their fraternity to marry ; and if the marriage turns out happily they find they have reason to complain, and that one woman will in her place be worth a good many men. It is only when men become philosophers and women what used to be called "blue-stockings," or what is now called "strong-minded," that they rebel against the primeval law and invent the philosophic neutralities of mannish women and womanish men.

It is for ulterior as well as present purposes that Mr. Mill wishes to invest women with male attributes. He thinks their interests are not duly represented in Parliament, and that a House in the composition of which they have a direct voice would secure their rights better, and protect them more from masculine fraud and oppression. Well, if women had by nature the powers which Mr. Mill wants to give them by Act of Parliament, there could be little objection to raising their political to a correspondence with their physical and social status. In that case, and armed with the proper political powers, they would combine for women's rights, for equal rights of inheritance, for separate rights of property against husbands, and, we suppose, too, for the right to hold public offices, from the lowest to the highest, the right to sit in Parliament, the right to orders and consecration, and, in the case of gifted individuals, to command fleets and armies, to represent their Sovereign at foreign courts, and do whatever heroines and demi-goddesses did in earth's golden prime. The female suffrage leads to all this, and takes it for granted ; for it must be exercised in the interest of women, and that interest admits of continual development. If it is simply to enlarge the constituency and bring "new blood" into it, then there is no use in Mr. Mill's female suffrage, for it must tell as much on one side as on the other. But women are to have votes in order that they may have their special representatives, may forward their special interests, and raise their sex in the political scale, to the abatement of male tyranny and usurpation. There is to be a general rise, resulting in a new proportion and in new relations between the sexes—indeed, in the nearest possible equality, if it is to stop there. Of course, this is conceivable. Christianity has raised woman in the scale. The Roman woman was a much higher being than the Greek, who, in her turn, was higher than the Oriental. To this day there is a vast difference between East and West, between civilised and savage, in this matter ; and, proud as we may be of our own chivalry, the Americans flatter themselves they have given the sex another step of promotion. This last example has not been adduced—at least, it has not been much insisted on—but it proves that something may still be done, and that there is no such finality in the present relation of the sexes as vain man might imagine. There is still room for a Reform

Bill, and, this once granted, no one knows how much more may be gained. It is conceivable, indeed, that women may one day get the upper hand altogether, and in their turn exclude men from the Legislature, from the franchise, from office, from personal rights, from we know not what. It is said that the Equator was once under the Polestar, that Albert and Victoria Nyanzas were full of white bears and icebergs, while crocodiles and tigers disported themselves in the Arctic Circle. By some like mighty progression, in the course of ages, women, duly enfranchised, trained to command, used to public work, and inspired with self-confidence, may develop into the superior sex, and leave men in the draggling rear of growth and progress. The puny creature may atone for his long career of cruelties and villanies by equal ages of subjection, we will hope, to a more merciful mistress. As we, long ere that, shall be fossils or bones in the drift, this mighty change does not concern us. We only observe that the movement is progressive, and that it affects the entire position of the sex. The prospect, therefore, only brings us back to the question whether or not it is really in woman thus to turn the tables on her former master, and whether she is qualified for even the comparatively slight promotion and easy task Mr. Mill demands for her.

It is always better to be frank with women—that is, women as they now are, unenfranchised women, women in no political party, plotting in no “caucus.” As things are now, they like frankness, and think it manly—that is, something slightly distinguishable from the treatment they rather expect from a good number of their own sex. To be frank, then, we fear they would find the burden Mr. Mill wishes to lay on their shoulders a little above their strength, and not suited to their form and shape. If they have not the natural qualification for the use of the political weapon, they had better not aspire to handle it, for a weapon—it is an old saying—is very apt to find itself soon in the hands of the stronger of the combatants. We don't like to see women dig or carry heavy burdens, as they do in France and Germany. We don't like to hear of them in mines and coalpits. We also doubt their capacity for carrying and handling the suffrage. They would find themselves out of their own ground, within which they are omnipotent, and would be at the mercy of every knave, not to say ruffian. In matters of business it is too well known that women, by their very credulity and by their admiration of a specious sort of manliness, are apt to be miserably mistaken or grossly practised on. The mother's darling, when she has one—and she often has—is generally the worst of her sons, and the one who uses his influence with her to ruin the whole family. A woman is womanly in her own sphere and in her own even and regular round of duties; she is only womanish and weak when she goes out of her sphere by usurping the place of her husband or meddling with public affairs.

That a man does not mend himself when he takes his wife's place we all know ; but that is not the present question. It is the woman who now asks a helping hand towards the regeneration or emancipation of her sex. She had much better try to make the best of her present indirect opportunities. The French saying is that under a King the women govern—under a Queen the men. We suspect this admits of a wider application, and that a woman's vote would be quite as often at the command of a man as men's votes are now actually found in the keeping of the softer sex.

ON MONDAY evening the ladies had their turn in the House of Commons. This sounds a rather curious announcement, and certainly it is a rare thing for any portion of the time of that august assembly to be devoted to the consideration of what is due to the other sex. Perhaps to a thoughtful mind this singularity may of itself be an argument of some weight in favour of Mr. Mill's proposal. To the frivolous and conventional, singularity is almost equivalent to insanity. Among the questions asked on Monday evening in the House of Commons was one put by Colonel Knox respecting the sanity of an Irish professor who had expressed an opinion contrary to that of the honourable gentleman that the Fenians had some grievances which ought to prevent them from being regarded as altogether unworthy of sympathy. Thus it always appears to small and narrow minds that any views with which they are not themselves perfectly familiar are the offspring of a diseased brain. To say that a thing is amounts to saying that it ought to be ; to say that it is not amounts to saying that it ought not to be. To bring in a proposition of a totally new kind is to secure for it at once ridicule and rejection. But surely a moment's reflection will show that the novelty of this proposition is not so much an argument for its contemptuous rejection as for its serious consideration. It has probably hardly occurred to most minds to inquire how much attention the rights of women, the larger and certainly not the less important part of the community, have ever received at the hands of the legislature ; and if, on reflection, our readers should arrive at the conclusion that the female sex have not been sufficiently considered, that their rights and their interests have been constantly overlooked, does not the question fairly arise whether their exclusion from the register of voters is just, whether their insertion on the register might not, for the first time, put them in an equitable social position, and whether they might not, if thus enfranchised, obtain the redress of many practical grievances by which they are at present oppressed ? It is all very well for men to say that they have no practical grievances, and that they are sufficiently represented by the votes of their male relatives. This is an argument always advanced against the enfranchisement of any new

class. Last year we were constantly told that the working classes were sufficiently represented, because there were persons in the House who would always advocate their interests! So now we are told that the women are sufficiently represented because they have champions in Mr. Mill and a few other earnest friends of justice and equality. But, in fact, the mere absence of questions relating to women in the discussions of the House of Commons is sufficient answer on this point. Nor can anybody look at the facts quoted by Mr. Mill on Monday night without seeing that, as yet, justice has not been meted out to the female sex by a legislature entirely chosen by male electors. It would be interesting, said the Member for Westminster, to have a return of the women beaten or persecuted to death every year by their male protectors! In other columns might be arranged the degree of punishment with which, in cases where they did not escape prosecution altogether, these ruffians were visited, and over against it the amount of property stolen, which in the eye of the law, subjected the thief to the same measure of penalty. In this manner we might be furnished with a test of the value which a male legislature has set upon the rights and happiness of the female sex. Is it no grievance that a woman's property becomes her husband's at the moment of her marriage, that he may squander it in debauchery which makes her life wretched, that he may then leave her to toil for the support of herself and family, and that if, by almost superhuman exertions, she succeeds in saving a small pittance, he may once more swoop down upon it, and leave her and her children to starvation and beggary? The upper and middle classes, of whom our legislators consist, feel this to be a monstrous injustice, and guard against it in the cases of their own daughters, by the device of marriage settlements. Being thus able to ward the injustice off from themselves, they have never thought it worth while to consider how it could be averted from the daughters of the shopkeeper or the artisan, who, from the greater vicissitudes of their lives, stand in far more need of such a protection. Perhaps the most humbling and startling revelation on this subject is in that remarkable chapter of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America," in which he shows that the tenant of an Eastern harem enjoys protection both for person and property far superior to that accorded by British law to the female sex, and that the doctrine of the Koran, debasing as it is to women in some particulars, assigns them a far higher social position, and gives them far greater individual rights than that feudal system on which our own law with respect to the female sex is entirely based. We need hardly say that among the virtuous part of society, women are better treated in Christian than in Moslem communities, but Mr. Dixon's argument refers simply to their legal rights. It may be fairly urged that if their practical position is so much better than their legal position, the law ought

and readily might be brought more into accordance with the social code admitted to prevail, and there is no way in which this could be so effectually accomplished as by admitting women to the exercise of the franchise on the same terms as men.

We decline to enter into the silly jokes with which it is customary to treat this subject. The question is a grave one, of great practical importance, and deserves serious consideration, just as much as any other, indeed, far more than the majority of subjects which occupy the attention of the House of Commons. Mr. Mill's argument was embarrassed by the flimsy character of the objections which he had to meet. As he justly observed, nothing is so difficult to answer as an interjection. It is not a fair objection to say that women will want to be generals, legislators, ministers of State, or will aspire to other offices of this sort. It may not be easy to define in all cases how far the political equality of the sexes ought to extend, but there is clearly the broadest distinction between the private act of recording a vote and the public act of speaking in the legislature, or taking any other of the public positions to which Mr. Laing alluded. In other matters we readily admit this distinction. Hundreds of fathers who would be very glad to see their daughters singing at a private party or taking part in a charade, would be scandalised at the thought of their singing or playing before a public audience on the stage of an opera or theatre. Multitudes who rejoice to see young ladies devoting their time and talents to the comparatively quiet work of teaching in a Sunday school, would feel the strongest aversion to see any woman stand up before a large audience to preach the Gospel. Nobody has the smallest difficulty in apprehending the nature of this distinction, though probably few could say where the line was to be drawn, or at what point such engagements ceased to be private and merged into publicity. It is said, indeed, that women's duties are chiefly domestic, and certainly not political. But, as Mr. Mill observed, men's duties are not political any more than women's. The man has his shop or his mill, his trade or his profession, just as much as the woman has the care of the household. If it is only meant that women do not make a business of politics, this is no more reason for excluding them than for excluding almost the whole of the male community. Indeed the essence of our constitutional system was well defined by Mr. Mill, in his singularly able and lucid speech, as the control of those who do make a business of politics by those who do not. A better or more philosophical definition of the system of representative government was perhaps never given. But if it is contended that women have nothing whatever to do with politics, that it is out of their sphere altogether, we have a right to ask, by what law? Are we to have a Salic law for everything except the throne? Are not women just as much interested as men in good government—nay, does not the

interest of the individual in good laws rather increase with the weakness and helplessness which makes a person less capable of self-assertion and self-protection? And will any man in his senses contend that women are intellectually incapable of discerning the differences between good and bad laws or of mastering questions of a political character? Well, then, if women are just as much interested in good government, and just as capable of forming an opinion about what good government is as the rest of the community, why should they be excluded, when they fulfil the necessary conditions as occupiers and tax-payers, from the rights freely bestowed on all others under the same circumstances? The very principle of our constitution is that representation and taxation ought to go together. Married women are not in general taxed, but unmarried women occupying houses or living in lodgings are taxed just the same as the rest of the community. It would be in accordance with strict constitutional principles, therefore, that they should have votes exactly the same as men. It is true that, as Mr. Mill has said, they have much indirect power without votes. But so have the rich, so have people with a title—and yet who dreams of depriving them of direct power because they have indirect? If women have power at all it is well to make that power responsible, and direct power is responsible, while indirect power is notoriously irresponsible. These are only a few of the arguments by which Mr. Mill's amendment was so admirably sustained. That it should have succeeded on its first introduction was what not even the most sanguine could expect. That it should have gained as many as seventy-three votes was a triumph which augurs well for future success.—*Leeds Mercury*.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

ST. JAMES' THEATRE.—“LES IDEES DE MADAME AUBRAY” has as a piece been so extensively and minutely criticised, that we should fancy all has been said that it is possible for either side of the question to advance. To judge the general sentiment from the applause of the audience, the partisans of “LES IDEES DE MADAME AUBRAY” may be counted singly without much difficulty, while those of “Les Idées de M. Baratin” are legion. All, however, unite in admiration of the acting; yet we have not before us a company of first-rate French performers, so that even the most enthusiastic believer in the natural talent and peculiar adaptibility of the French for the stage, must acknowledge it is very hard no London theatre can boast of three such actresses as those we saw the other night at St. James'. It must unfortunately be too evident to every one that our English actresses are not only inferior to the French, but also, as a rule, very much below par compared to English actors. There are, we believe, several causes for this, and we fancy we can indicate one. Our stage is too exclusive, and positively rejects and discourages many who would, if permitted, do much to redeem its very decided and humiliating inferiority. It is generally admitted that education, both as regards instruction and a knowledge of the usages of society, is much more complete in the middle classes abroad, than it is at home; consequently, if you take your actresses from the same class in both countries, it is evident on which side the advantage must lie. A French *soubrette* really gives us a good copy of the original; where do we ever see one in England, except when in amateur theatricals the part is played by a lady? Of all the waiting-maids we see on the stage, do any of us know one such off it? And if we were unfortunate enough to meet in real life a specimen of the stage lady's-maid, how long do we suppose we, or anyone else, would retain her in our service? Go behind the scenes, take the pretty *soubrette*, and try to instil into her a clear idea of the maid who really attends to the toilet and reigns over the wardrobe of Mrs. — or Lady —, and you will find you might just as well sermonise the footlights. In the first place, she will be utterly unable to realise your picture, and in the second she will be quite convinced it is marvellously inferior to her own impersonation; and in fact, though the character you depict may be natural as you say it is, and as she has never had an opportunity of judging, she, if very candid, will own she cannot contradict you, but she will declare it is not at all suited to the stage, and would “not do!” She has been “taught her business,”

and hopes she by this time understands it ! The worst of the matter is that this is the very sort of actress managers like to engage. If her whole experience of life is bounded by the stage-door, so much the better ; if from childhood she has nightly been in the habit of gazing at and admiring some excruciatingly stagey actress, again, so much the better ; she is sure to be up in a great deal of stage business, and, *selon ces messieurs*, will in a short time become a very useful performer. Perhaps those who have never heard a whisper of what passes behind the scenes will scarcely credit that if a well-educated girl accustomed to good society—one, in fact, who moves, speaks, and acts like a lady, wishes to adopt the theatrical profession, preferring it to the drudgery of a governess, she will be told by any plain-speaking initiated individual—"You will have the greatest difficulty in persuading any manager to take you, even at the lowest possible salary, and if, spite of rebuffs, you persevere until you obtain an engagement, the impediments thrown in your way will be so numerous that in the course of a few months you will probably be driven to abandon the attempt in despair. If you were the daughter, niece, or cousin of a stage-carpenter, of a wardrobe-keeper, or a scene-shifter, it would be very different, you would be accepted at once, and your path made easy to you ; if you had talent it would be encouraged, and if you had none you would, at all events, be sure to be tolerated." One consequence of this state of things is to entirely close the stage to educated girls, and encourage others totally uneducated to enter on it, who take to it as the readiest way of earning so much a-week, and would be infinitely more at home behind a counter or in domestic service. With these materials how are our *grandes dames* to be appropriately represented ? Do duchesses drop the *h* ? One of our best actresses does, and fancies she can queen it to the life. Did pages at any period walk about the palace and speak to their sovereign with their hats on ? It is a fact that we have seen an actress go through an entire play, and constantly address royalty without uncovering, because, forsooth, the cap and plume were so becoming, and completed the costume so charmingly !

This very winter we witnessed in one of our best theatres a scene between a high-born lady and a very gentlemanly officer, which was simply absurdly impossible : it is true this was the fault of the author, but any well-educated actress, with a proper idea of the fitness of things, would have remonstrated at the absurdity and had the scene remodelled, but the lady we saw went through it blissfully unconscious of any incongruity, and though the time was supposed to be a reign when curtsies were elaborate and dignified, finally took leave of the gentleman with several grotesque gestures it is really impossible to call them curtsies, and retired quite satisfied that she made her exit in a perfectly correct manner. Of course it never even entered her head (how should it ?) that

certain epochs, to be properly represented, demand a peculiar manner as well as a peculiar dress. We have still some actresses who hold the mirror up to nature, but they are the lamentably few exceptions. Unfortunately in England we have now no public who really care about the matter, no *habitués* such as the French theatres possess whether the coolness and indifference of the audience is owing to the decline of acting, or the decline of acting to the indifference and coolness of the audience, who can say? It is, we believe, hopeless to dream that the public will ever exert itself sufficiently to effect a change; people are now content to be silent in a theatre, or applaud the scenery, and afterwards say to their friends—"Oh yes, by all means go and see the new piece, it really is not ill-written, and So-and-so is very good; it is a pity all the rest are so bad, but Miss So-and-so looked uncommonly pretty, and the scenery is something splendid!" and so our theatres attract plenty of sight-seers but can boast no *habitués*. A company of let us say second-rate French artistes come to London and in one week, nay in a single night, compel us to *baisser pavillon* and own ourselves utterly and ignominiously inferior. If managers object to educated ladies for actresses, why do they not make the best of what they have by at least engaging, as stage managers, men thoroughly *au fait* in the ordinary usages of society; there are many who would be glad to be so usefully and lucratively employed. We hope some of our stage managers witnessed the French plays, and at least realised that sitting is often preferable to standing, and that for a piece to conclude naturally, it is not necessary for the actors to stand in that everlasting half-circle; as we should be most thankful to see even such comparatively slight improvements as those adopted on the English stage.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—An excellent little comedy by Mr. Horace Wigan is being played, called "THE BEST WAY," followed by "THE LIAR," which is rendered so attractive by the admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, that it has been repeated for more than a hundred nights. We predict an equally good "run" for "WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME," in which Mrs. Frank Matthews resumes her clever representation of *Mrs. Colonel Carver*. Mrs. Frank Matthews' easy and natural acting renders her part thoroughly effective. Charles Matthews retains his original character of the husband *Woodcock*, and Mrs. Charles Matthews does full justice to the lively character of *Mrs. Christopher Larkins*. Altogether the acting of this brisk little piece is likely to make it a great favourite. We cannot give a good report of the extravaganza entitled "OLYMPIC GAMES;" and coming at the end of such an excellent evening's entertainment its shortcomings are peculiarly apparent.

THE STRAND THEATRE.—This charming little theatre is richly deserving of the patronage it receives. Nothing can be more delightful than the spirit and *ensemble* which pervade the performances; every one is quite at home in his or her part, and enters into it *con amore*. Whatever is attempted is *well* done, and the farces and burlesques are rattled through with a life and a vivacity we have not seen equalled elsewhere. We must compliment all concerned in “OUR DOMESTICS” and “PYGMALION;” the acting, the dancing, the dress are all first-rate. Even those who have *very* small parts act as naturally as the more prominent characters, instead of, as is too often the case, wandering on in a sort of aimless manner which unmistakably proclaims to the merest novice of a playgoer, “I am simply a utility, and know my place; so though I am here to represent an honoured guest, you see I keep in the background, and take care to look as if I had nothing whatever to do with the piece.” We really cannot award the palm to any one individual; each in their degree do their best, and that best is very good. The only thing we can possibly quarrel with is the very overdone manner in which one young lady thinks fit to get up her eyes, thereby completely spoiling them.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—The fair manageress caters well, and as a natural consequence ensures an overflowing audience. All must find something to their liking in the entertainment, for the pieces are in such opposite styles, that however diverse tastes may be, they cannot fail to be suited. For our own part, holding the opinion that burlesque is beneath the talent of actresses who are fit for anything better, we decidedly prefer “MEG’S DIVERSIONS” to “Black-Eyed Susan,” charming as Miss Oliver makes the latter; and while we are glad to own that the dancing is totally free from the vulgarity which so often offends us in burlesque, we must say we think two such actresses as Miss Oliver and Miss Carlotta Addison are worthy of much better things. It is with anything but pleasure that we recognise *Meg* in the guise of *Snodgrass*; the costume is in the best taste, and the actress looks as piquante as can well be imagined, but she must forgive us if we admired her too much as *Meg* to like her as *Snodgrass*. Miss Addison is charmingly natural and unaffected. Acting more totally free from staginess it is impossible to desire. “MEG’S DIVERSIONS” is the best piece we have for some time witnessed; it is written with an object, and we can all appreciate the lesson it conveys. Miss Collinson deserves praise for the manner in which she performs the part of the youthful widow, but it is much to be regretted that she, as well as the rest of the actresses, are not more artistic in their make up; this is to be wondered at, as they have constantly before their eyes two ladies who make up so delicately and perfectly, that we are sure no novice in such matters would on

seeing them, ever suspect that their bloom was not all owing to nature. Mr. Shore's *Sir Ashley Merton* and Mr. Dewar's *Roland Pigeon* are very good. The piece concludes, we think, too rapidly; this is a fault on the right side, but it entails too sudden a change in *Meg's* sentiments; we can fancy her love for *Roland* dying in a moment, but she does not leave us quite satisfied as regards her feelings for *Jasper*. Mr. Craven acts *Jasper* with a perfection which does not prevent his convulsing us afterwards as *Dame Hetley*. In the latter rôle, his immovable gravity while provoking shouts of laughter from all present, is something to be wondered at. Miss Oliver's dancing and singing is, in one scene especially, such a decided and deserved success, that if her strength would allow her to respond to the encores till the audience are satisfied, we fancy it would be daylight ere she ceased her exertions.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED.—“A Dream in Venice” is the new form of this excellent entertainment, in which Mr. and Mrs. Reed are supported by Mr. John Parry and Miss Susan Galton. The songs are excellent, the dialogue is very well sustained and spirited, and we advise those who have not lately paid a visit to the Gallery of Illustration to take the very first opportunity of seeing for themselves the improvements we are to expect two hundred years hence, when everything will be done by machinery. The scene of the Rialto has been admirably painted by Mr. O'Connor, and the Piazzetta of St. Mark by Mr. Telbin. Mr. Parry is as delightful in the “Merry-making or Birthday Festivities,” as he was in “Colonel Roseleaf's Tea Party.” His introduction of the old farmer shows that his curious power over the lines of expression in his face goes far deeper than mere conventional affectation, and his imitation of the Village Choir is the best thing of its kind we ever heard.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The grand Annual Matinée took place on the 3rd instant at St. James' Hall, and was as near perfection, both as regards the selection of music and its performance, as it could well be. Mr. Ella is a true musician, and possesses a thorough appreciation of what music is in its highest sphere. He has proved himself an able director, as well by his programmes and manner of conducting as by entrusting the wonderful and delicious compositions of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart of the old school, and of Mendelssohn, Schumann, etc., of the modern, to the ablest artists only. Rubinstein has certainly been the attraction this year; his matchless pair of hands are charming in their own right, with their delicate sensitive finger-points, and in their power to produce music quite indescribable. On this last day of the twenty-third season of this Society, Rubinstein shone forth as a sun in all its strength, and brightened, and gilded, and shed loveliness over

every passage he touched. The way in which he turned Schubert's favourite "Erl King" into life, was absolutely astonishing. Whilst he played we were on a German mountain, and heard in its forest the roaring tempest, the growl of the wolf, and most distinctly the voices of father and child. Rubinstein is perfectly overflowing with originality and genius; whilst he equals Madame Schumann as an executant, he also shares her intellectual appreciation of music, and takes his listeners into "Dreamland." We are glad to think that Rubinstein's interpretation of Robert Schumann's music will give the English people a fresh chance of learning to appreciate works which, if sometimes crude, are always noble in conception, splendid in colour, strong, tender and passionate; and eloquent at times with the purest melody. Vieuxtemps delighted the audience with his solo of Bohémienne airs; he seemed to us then to come closer than at other times to that "Prince of Violinists," Joachim; for he appeared absorbed in the music, and forgetful of himself as its interpreter—which Joachim always is. "Qui parle deux langues est deux fois homme;" and the musician, remarks Mr. Ella, "who combines in an eminent degree the creative with the executive genius, may justly be said to be *deux fois artiste*." This enviable faculty is largely shared by Vieuxtemps and Rubinstein, whose creations for their respective instruments alone, will hand down their names to a grateful posterity.

Mr. Ella deserves our best thanks for the excellent concerts he has provided this season. How much this Society, under his guidance, contributes to the advancement of the musical art no one can fail to see, and it is unnecessary to remark upon the exceptionally moderate subscription for such exceptionally good music. Two guineas for eight of the best performances that we ever listened to, is certainly an inducement which few lovers of music will refrain from benefiting by, and we congratulate Mr. Ella on the general aspect of the Society, and the proofs it has given of working out the high ambitions with which it began its career.

MADAME ROUBAND DE COURNAND'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—At this concert we were glad to have an opportunity of forming an opinion as to Mademoiselle Marie Rouband's talent; it is incontestably a very fine one, and she ought to do much with it. It is almost impossible to speak positively without hearing her in a larger room, but we should say her voice is far too good to be confined to concert singing. The lower notes are full and round, the upper ones clear, sweet, and strong; the middle notes are the least perfect, but with a year's conscientious study, we should imagine she would prove a great acquisition to the opera. Mademoiselle Rouband has her voice so perfectly under control, it is evident her instructors must have been first-rate. Her quiet and

dignified self-possession is very pleasing, rendering it impossible for anyone to experience that nervous sensation for the singer, which too often distresses us when the performer by her diffidence makes us feel she fears she is attempting that which she may fail to accomplish. We doubt if it be possible to render more exquisitely the cavatina from "La Lucia" with which Mademoiselle Rouband especially charmed us. Madame Rouband de Cournand is a magnificent pianiste, as all who listened to her playing in Mendelssohn's concerto must acknowledge. How the same small hands can at once possess so much power and such extreme lightness is, we confess, to us a mystery. The last piece Madame Rouband played displayed her talent as a composer as well as her brilliancy as a musician. The rest of the performers were amateurs, and most effectually aided these ladies in affording us a singularly delightful entertainment.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Tripping through the Meadows. Song. Written by Tom Hood. Music by J. L. Molloy.

Clochette. Song. Words by Arthur Sketchley. Composed by J. L. Molloy. [Boosey & Co.]—Two charming ballads; the words and music simple, sweet, and well suited. Both destined, we feel sure, to become favourites in every drawing-room; and all we can say is the oftener we hear them the better pleased shall we be.

Something Telling. *Evening Star.* *Daisy.* Songs written and composed by Louisa Gray. [Metzler & Co.]—These songs unconsciously recal to our mind airs heard or known long ago. But perhaps there is nothing quite original or new under the sun. The melodies are certainly pretty and simple, the words well matched. We think Miss Gray can and will do far better things.

Bonnie Bessie Lee. For the Pianoforte. By Brinley Richards. [Metzler & Co.]—A very good and pretty piece for juvenile performers.

Entre Nous. Morceau de Salon, par Wilhelm Kloss. [Metzler & Co.]—Reminds us faintly of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." It is to be hoped that it may become as great a favourite in young pianistes' *répertoires*.

Chopin's Mazurka Op. 7: Chopin's Nocturne. Duets for Piano and Harmonium. By L. F. A. Frelou. These are not difficult pieces, and are full of music, capable of affording equal enjoyment to players as to listeners,

LITERATURE.

Friendly Recollections of Maximilian II., King of Bavaria. By the Vicomte de Vaublanc.—We have received the following interesting account of Maximilian II., which we translate *verbatim*:—

“Maximilian II. was born November 28, 1811, and on the abdication of his father received the crown of Bavaria, March 2, 1848. His high and open forehead, thin hair, well-made slightly-arched nose, with rather wide nostrils, pleasing mouth, full lips, oval face, thick, but not too heavy, moustache and whiskers, set off by a clear, rather pale complexion, formed altogether a fine and agreeable countenance. To these advantages must be added, in his youth, and before he grew thin, a splendid figure. A keen penetrating glance would often vary his usually dreamy expression, and when deep in thought his light blue eyes would, at times, assume a fierce look, and his brows an almost savage frown, though the mild and gentle expression of his mouth would plainly show that frown was but a mere muscular contraction. Careful in his dress, Englishwomen pronounced his appearance to be ‘perfectly gentlemanly,’ while diplomatists declared he was ‘a prince to the very tips of his fingers.’

“Sprung from an electoral branch of a Palatine family, his German origin never strongly betrayed itself. It is true his accent would, at times, be a little harsh, but his pronunciation was always peculiarly distinct, as, on account of a slight tendency to stammer, he secretly paid great attention to it. Of a rather full and bilious habit, he was inclined to melancholy; dreamy, but with excitable mind and nerves, he inherited from the Altenburgs the undecided and phlegmatic portion of his disposition. With great muscular vigour, but a sluggish circulation, he suffered much from neuralgic pains in the head; at once strong and weak, by turns impetuous and slow, he early exhibited that taste for locomotion which is after all but the enjoyment of repose in motion, and which seems to develop itself in princes as the natural consequence of their style of education. His short-sight caused him a timidity he was always most anxious to conceal; his walk was firm, but his carriage rather stiff; he was aware of this defect, and constantly strove to correct it, though he never succeeded in attaining perfect ease of manner, save in extreme intimacy, or when riding or dancing, in which latter exercise he was a proficient, and in those days dancing was dancing. Of a delicate, sensitive nature, and full of tact, he was

rather prone to fancy himself slighted, expecting from all the help and kindness, and the free open-hearted exchange of thought and feeling he was always ready to bestow. The joys of others became his own, and he gladly reflected a cheerfulness he did not feel, thus, by instinct, seeking a remedy for that melancholy unfortunately too common to eminent men, and which springs from their isolation in the crowd, satiety, and disinclination to enjoy all that they possess. Two marked traits in his character were a vivid imagination, and a strong conscientiousness. Imagination caused him to be in love with glory, refinement, nature, and art, conscience rendered him a Christian philosopher, and inspired him with a sincere craving for perfection. From conscience came his scrupulous fulfilment of his religious duties, his rigid daily self-examination, his fondness for philosophical and moral discussions, his esteem for the doctrine of Schelling, for the lights of Dollinger and De Reindl, for all written guides of life, such as the works of Bishop Sailer, the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius, a treatise by J. Droz, the French academician, and even for a little manuscript essay which he caused to be copied and illustrated with vignettes. In his youth the University of Goettingue instructed him in philosophy and the knowledge of mankind. The splendid landscapes of Berchtesgaden and Tegernsee imbued him with the love of nature, a taste for those travels that enlarge the mind, and a longing for distant countries, where a prince, without ceasing to be a prince, may be free from state cares, and allowed leisure to observe and enjoy. He visited successively Athens, Constantinople, Rome, Palermo, Vienna, Hamburgh, Berlin, London, and Paris. To his imagination must also be attributed his youthful poems, his innate and very German taste for wonderful stories, and his chivalrous and magic-like restoration of the ruins of Hohenschwaugan, a mere description of which would fill a volume. Hohenschwaugan is situated on the edge of an immense plain, with battlemented towers rising above two lakes, guarding, like redoubtable giants of a round table romance, the entrance to the high mountains of the Bavarian Tyrol. The recollections evoked by this Gothic fortress, which had witnessed the adieu of the unfortunate Conradin and his mother, inspired its young lord with the idea of erecting in Naples itself a statue to the touching victim of Charles of Anjou. To Thorwaldsen was confided the execution of this idea. Then followed the restoration of Maxburgh to the Palatine, interrupted by the revolution of 1848, that of the castle of Berg, and not far from Berg that little paradise, 'Rose Island,' so coquettishly glassing itself in the waters of Wurmsee, and lastly that of the villa Verchlesgaden, seated opposite the snowy summits of the Watzman.

"The poetical bent of his imagination explains the welcome he gave to a work entitled 'Kallibiotiki' (the art of embellishing life), and his

love for pleasure grounds and fine views. To his great delight in gardening was due the transformation of a swamp into the well-wooded park of Hohenschwangan, the beautiful trees lining the banks of the Feldafing, and the enlargement of the park of Munich by plantations, which completely metamorphosed the abrupt heights of the Isar. To the same taste must be attributed the erection of a hanging winter garden, like those of yore designed by Semiramis at Babylon. This garden, at the height of a first-floor, between the theatre and the palace, was on a level with the antichamber and reception saloons; there in the midst of palm trees, resinous plants, and gigantic heaths, while the wind raged and shrieked outside, one might revel in summer, and forget the snow with which every roof of the city was laden. Shoals of gold and silver fish disported in the waters of a marble bason, rippled by the vapoury spray of a fountain, which in falling refreshed the velvety grass, while canaried and tropical birds fluttered amongst the masses of flowers and chased each other under the hanging ivy and clematis, disputing for crumbs fallen from the royal table. Not far from the winter garden, but in the highest story of the palace, the king's private study still shows the impress of his fine mind. The polished stucco walls are covered with sentences and historical busts, and ornamented by a painting representing the good and just sovereign, admitted after his death to the celestial dwellings. The love of nature, refined in him by education and art, did not exclude the love of wild and savage scenery; on the contrary, he passionately loved it. Oh, how he loved the grand panoramas of Alpine countries, with what delight at the close of day would he contemplate the long chain of Bavarian mountains, and watch their rose-tinged sides gradually change to such a transparent cobalt blue! When night fell he would gaze on their dark summits, cut out against the sky, till the moon, at first shyly rising behind the loftiest peaks of rocks, and between the towering stems of the dark pines, quietly floated higher and higher, till at last she boldly illuminated the forests, and flooded with her opal rays the sleeping lakes in the bosom of the valleys below. Or if some fine day he set out to scale some mountain, with what enjoyment would he slowly and in a gentle reverie follow one of the thousand paths he had opened in the woods of Hohenschwangan, or wander till he lost himself in the steep ravines leading to the borders of the king of lakes, the majestic, the solemn Konigsee. How eagerly he welcomed all that his companions pointed out; if some charming detail had escaped him, a radiant flower, a perfumed breeze, an harmonious sound, an unexpected effect of light and shade, he added the discoveries of others to his own, and made of them, as it were, a trophy of his happy walk, true festival of his eyes and soul; and, penetrated with the grandeur of the works of God, the ineffable wisdom of His views in presence of the great kingdom of nature, he forgot the

thorns of his crown. The example of King Louis, his father, who, like so many superior natures, drew from the perusal of the annals of the past, aspirations to an historical immortality, lighted in his young soul the desire of fame, that brilliant dream of the imagination so seldom realised. He found pleasure in recalling the last lines of the stanzas Lamartine addressed to him in 1833.

“ ‘Quand l'homme obscur finit son court pèlerinage
Sous l'herbe du cercueil il dort impunément ;
Mais la terre de vous demande témoignage,
Et la tombe d'un roi doit être un monument.’

“ Thus he had the praiseworthy ambition to be great, both personally and in his deeds, as, according to him, the power of a second-rate state was too limited for political distinction. The king, his father, seeming to found his title to fame on the monuments he erected, Maximilian sought his in science. It is from this determination we find professors and literary men summoned to his court, medals and prizes distributed, scientific missions set on foot, symposia or literary meetings taking place in the palace, and the creation of the Order of Maximilian in favour of poets, artists, and learned men—from this the large sums granted with the same object for all kinds of researches in German law and history—from this again the ‘Bavarian Plutarch,’ the popular calendar, etc.

“ We cannot here enumerate all the intellectual notabilities the sovereign of Bavaria drew to his capital ; Baron Liebig, most eminent of all by his European fame, Liebold, Carrière, Giebel, Heyse, H. Lingg, Bodenstidt, Bluntschli, Löhr, Pfeuffer, Sybel, Dinglestedt, etc. ; all those whose scientific or artistic works he stimulated or encouraged, such as Seidel, Scudtner, Knapp, Gumbel, Giesebrecht, Pettenkofer, Hormayr, Steinheil, Fr. de Kobel, M. de Schack, L. Quaglio, Schwind, Halbig, Baron d'Aretin, Burcklein, E. Riedel ; the painters he chose to decorate the Maximilianeum, Kaulbach, Piloty, Kreling, etc. ; all these, without mentioning the other learned and literary men whose names are inscribed on the registers of the Order of Maximilian. If art did not enjoy a marked preference under this reign, at least it was never disdained. A journey to Paris suggested the idea of the magnificent collection in the National Museum, one of the principal edifices in Maximilian Street, and that of a gallery of family portraits in the Castle of Schleissheim. Immense orders for frescoes, and the lively but useless wish to evolve a new style of architecture, which should date from the history of this reign, are to be traced in the buildings of Maximilian Street.

“ To the piety and charity of the king must be attributed the erection of a house of refuge for the daughters of government and other clerks.

Having the disposal of but a diminished revenue he became parsimonious, and turning from present and positive requirements and services, devoted his finances to glorious scientific and philanthropical enterprises.

"The Maximilian Institution had, however, a prosaic tendency ; it was intended to remedy, by a superior education, the incontestable scarcity of clever ministers and diplomatists. This establishment, endowed out of the royal savings, was founded in a large edifice crowning the high banks of the Tsar ; beyond the special course of study followed in this institution, two important conditions for eventually obtaining the wished-for result seem to have been missing. The most promising pupils ought on leaving this nursery to have been watched, protected, and employed, after a severe practical training in a sort of exterior school. Man's mind is best formed by early competition, and then enlarged by being placed in a favourable position. To instruct and then dismiss a pupil, simply telling him to work, was not enough.

"In politics an enlightened conservative and a prudent liberal, King Maximilian recognised the necessity of acquiescing in the successive changes time brings, and practically adopting the improvements likely to benefit humanity. He acted in accordance with his convictions, without, however, compromising the basis of sovereign power, and the principle of legitimacy, which are the safeguards of European society. On all occasions he rigidly observed the Constitution he had sworn to respect. Spite of his personal repugnance to the measure, when a ministry once became momentarily impossible in face of an excited majority, he resigned himself to their dismissal with those memorable words often recalled since—' I will be at peace with my people.'

"Parliament rendered him full justice when, in an address to his son, the reigning king, they enumerated the glorious acts of Maximilian, and said—' Not only did he maintain the Bavarian Constitution perfectly intact, but he raised it till it was more in accordance with the dignity of human nature.'—April 11, 1865. We may safely affirm that under his government Bavaria attained the full development of a representative constitution, and yet—strange fact which proves the obstinacy of prejudices based upon ignorance—foreign writers, spite of all, persisted in speaking of Bavaria as a benighted country ruled by an absolute monarchy.

"In reply to these criticisms, Bavaria could boast of the liberty of her press and of her parliament, the development of her parochial system, the general spread of education, the absolute inviolability of property, the independence of the ministry, the lowness of the taxes, and the flourishing state of her finances, all of which valuable acquisitions, some of them still unenjoyed by other countries, had, in the course of a few

years, been inaugurated and gradually developed in Bavaria, without the slightest social revolution.

"Without a very clear idea of, or decided taste in art, King Maximilian loved and studied it under all its forms. Literature he delighted in, and was familiar with the works of the greatest minds of all nations. During the whole of his life he was peculiarly fond of study. On his travels his favourite books accompanied him, and each evening were placed ready to his hand; they accompanied him out hunting, and even in those magnificent chamois hunts for which a Tyrolian costume of great elegance was adopted. His first steps in political science resulted in the editorship of a voluminous unpublished work, to which, on a pre-arranged plan, many distinguished men contributed. Of modern languages he made a constant study, and might have been heard to speak in one hour English, French, modern Greek, and Italian. Always anxious to learn or discover something new, he liked to converse, especially if the conversation took an instructive turn. Rare combination of qualities, he was a good listener, and could, without losing his temper, thoroughly discuss a subject in all its bearings; always desirous of perfectly understanding both facts and ideas, he avoided positive contradiction himself, but tolerated it from others. Learning in him was allied to unaffected modesty, and to an incessant craving for moral and physical perfection.

"Like Frederick the Great, like Goëthe, and A. de Humboldt, like his grandmother, the amiable Queen Caroline, like all great and lofty spirits, he had no national prejudices. Humane, and at the same time patriotic, the Gospel and philosophy had taught him that though distinct populations exist under different zones, there is on the globe but one nation—the whole human race.

"He esteemed the English, liked the French, associated much with Italians; his particular taste for France was inherited from his grandfather, King Max Joseph, that charming companion of the Count d'Artois' youth.

"To women his graceful manner was tinged with tenderness and refined gallantry; he preferred the company of those whose cheerfulness, like the rays of the sun, lightened his preoccupied mind, and refreshed him from his cares. With men he was always affable, never despising anyone, or wounding their feelings, being of the opinion of Alfred de Vigny, whom he had known, and whose works he esteemed, 'No man has a right to despise another.'

"His public speeches and improvised replies prove that he possessed some real eloquence. He conscientiously envisaged and scrupulously performed all the duties imposed on him as head and father of a family, and husband of a noble princess who had brought such peace and self-devotion to the royal hearth. The kind-heartedness he inherited from

his mother, Queen Theresa, neutralised a certain tendency to selfishness too natural to high rank, and with which one can scarcely reproach princes if one considers the bent of their education, and the position they occupy in the world, where they are the centre from which so many interests radiate. Unless for very weighty reasons, he never dismissed those he had chosen and placed in any office of the state or about his person. His great wish for personal improvement and ideal excellence in all things, may explain the indecision with which he has been reproached. Like all artistic geniuses, never satisfied with himself, his indulgence toward others increased as he advanced in life, and acquired a deeper knowledge of the imperfections and weaknesses of human nature. Towards the last, his indulgence to all around him visibly increased, while his easy goodnature became much more apparent. His friendly and sociable disposition caused him to be liked and affectionately welcomed by sovereigns of very opposite tempers.

"The exiled Charles X., Frederick William IV., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III., and the reigning Queen of Prussia, all appreciated his happily endowed character, his sympathetic nature, always aspiring to the good and the beautiful but interesting itself in all, and his intelligence, never wearied of its efforts to solve the dark problem of human life, and of the future of nations. Willing a great deal, accomplishing less than he willed, in the midst at first of very stormy surroundings, and later in calmer times, his will was sufficiently effective to win him the esteem of his people and of posterity. The voice of the nation bore witness to him that 'he has left traces of his handiwork in all departments of public life, and considerably contributed to the increase of the general welfare' (address of April, 1865). In a larger kingdom, with greater resources and more varied instruments, he would have accomplished great things. The notion of the divine right of kings was strongly implanted in his mind; from it he took courage in 1848, and by his energetically expressed convictions succeeded in council in raising the failing spirit of his alarmed ministry; he was revolted at the idea of the vassalship, even in the future, of the crown of Bavaria, and his vigilance and political distrust helped him to sweep from his path this danger which was already making itself felt. It is probable, also, that the high ties he had formed in Prussia and in France were useful to Bavaria in the struggle which followed the rupture of the German confederation. These ties exist no more, but our faith is unshaken in the future of the beautiful kingdom of Wittelsbach. Munich—transformed by two successive reigns into an active centre of civilisation and intellectual light—can never cease to be a capital; for the abasement of this German Athens would delay social progress, and inflict an immense injury on Europe. Besides the works of intellectual culture already mentioned, Maximilian's reign saw a number of active reforms

either commenced or completed. The remodelling of the law courts, the suppression of lotteries, the introduction of attorneys and trial by jury, and the adoption of a new code of German commerce. We are not writing the history of this sixteen years' reign, or passing in review the acts of Maximilian's government, many other pens will do that. As to his youth, his own hand has left us a sketch of it, now known to but a few, and which will probably not always remain unpublished. Some of those brilliant hours known to most kings and princes destined to a throne, fell to his share; we must not forget those flattering sovereign visits to Hohenschwangau, let us recall his first stay in Greece with his dearly loved brother, his journey in the palatinate after his marriage, his progress through his domains in 1848, his entry into Frankfort in 1863, the influential part he there enacted when it was a question of raising Bavaria to a third-rate power, and his return to his capital after this congress. Even after his last sojourn in Italy, December, 1863, there were still flowers to crown the royal car that brought him back to his palace—but they were the last of his life; scarcely had they faded, ere others were gathered to strew his tomb. At the first signs of that political storm, forerunner of that fearful tempest from which we have hardly recovered, his people, taking alarm, eagerly implored his return. Conscientious, as usual, he telegraphed from Rome, where he found himself at that moment, 'he knew his duties as king,' left Italy, where he was in the enjoyment of a repose become essential to him, returned home and gave to his people what remained to him of life. Two months and twenty days elapsed after the return of King Maximilian to Munich, he was entering on his fifty-second year, serious questions were being discussed between him and the Archduke Albert, the Austrian envoy, when he began to complain of feeling unwell. On the evening of Monday, March 7, 1864, he appeared at a party in the queen's rooms, but retired early. The 9th, he was confined to his room, and on the following day the crown prince alone presided at a dinner to which the Archduke Albert had been invited. The rapid increase of an indisposition become in a few hours a serious illness surprised everyone, but the hidden root of the malady dated from afar. The public were only informed of his danger by the sudden closing of the theatre, on Wednesday evening, the 9th of March.

"The queen never left his bedside; the princes of the royal family, the princesses, the Archbishop of Munich, the ministers of state, the king's personal attendants, the doctors, perpetually consulting but powerless and discouraged, all watched in tears and deep anxiety; and at last, the fatal news spreading as the illness gained ground, a crowd of citizens, of all ages and ranks, gradually filled the vast halls of the palace. The long corridors, the stairs, the waiting rooms, the offices

were all thrown open ; no watchword for the guards and sentinels, no uniform for the suite, nothing was to be seen but quiet-coloured garments presaging the approaching mourning, hurried steps, and pale faces.

“ The yawning gates of the palace were closed neither night nor day—all day and all night, while the last sands of the royal life were painfully running out, a despairing multitude, poor and rich, foreigners and Bavarians, the lowest of the people, and the highest of the nation, crushed to within a short distance of that couch of suffering, and begged with touching love and respect for news of the state of their king, for a little hope, for a short reprieve ; but the pitiless malady, a failing of the functions of the heart, relentlessly pursued its course, extinguishing life, though without pain or depriving the king of his presence of mind, and entire submission to the will of God. Towards the middle of the night religion administered its divine consolations, and strengthened him for the last struggle.

“ Too soon the tolling of the church bells announced that the dying hour was come. Priests prayed, and the royal family knelt around, when the hand of his eldest son piously closed his eyes. This prince inherited the crown, and was solemnly proclaimed king the same day.

“ Thursday, March 10, before mid-day, the marshal of the court appeared in the first saloon, and announced that all was over. In a moment the crowd spontaneously fell on their knees, as one family, and prayed for the soul of him who had been their father, and for the future of the kingdom. Access to the royal bed was freely yielded to all, so that each might once more contemplate that noble face, serene and reposing in eternal calm from the miseries and troubles of life. At last the multitude slowly retired, several amongst them unable to realise this sudden death summons, and vainly retaining, at the bottom of their hearts, something that was almost hope. Ah, it was easy to see he was a good king, and had reigned over a grateful people. The separation of monarch and subjects at the doors of eternity was bathed in tears, and when the coffin was finally closed a loyal and silent veneration of his dear memory was awakened in many hearts.

“ May these lines, traced by a hand King Max has more than once deigned to press, be read by some of those who knew, served, and loved him. They form but a faint and insufficient sketch of a beautiful life, but we will recall for King Max's friends words worth more than any we have been able to say. They reveal to us all his heart, and are an extract from his will (December 16, 1851)—‘ To all those who have loved and been faithful to me I tender my warmest and sincerest thanks. From the depths of my soul I pardon all those who, either willingly or unwillingly, have failed in these respects towards me. May all those who may have had cause to complain of me be willing also to

pardon me—with all my heart I implore that pardon. May the Almighty for the future and for ever take into His sacred care my beloved, my brave, my good Bavarian people, and give them His richest and greatest blessing. From my youth I have faithfully loved them, they were the object of my labours, my cares, my sorrows, and my joys; their happiness was mine. My greatest, my most ardent efforts were, and always will be, directed with all my strength towards the welfare of my country, and to secure to Bavaria the rank that her position and old and glorious annals give her a right to claim among nations. My love for my country will outlast my life. For my people I will act and I will pray so long as action and prayer are allowed me.' The motto chosen by King Maximilian sums up his noble thoughts—'God and my people.'

Thoughts on Men and Things. By Angelina Gushington. [Rivingtons.]—A series of very amusing essays reprinted from the Cambridge magazine, the *Light Blue*, which make a pleasant portable book, and one we can recommend from practical experience as an excellent travelling companion. Miss Gushington has observations to make upon all sorts of subjects, from croquet to ritualism, from catching husbands to bishops, and the finer feelings of our nature. The readers of the VICTORIA will doubtless take a special interest in Miss Gushington's views upon the franchise question, which will be found in the essay entitled, "Philosophers and Practical Philosophy," which we will give in Miss Gushington's own words, lest we should deprive her remarks of any of their freshness and originality.

"Our philosophic friend has indulged in a new vagary. What do you suppose Mr. Mill wishes to do now? Why, to give the franchise to women."

"I did not make any remark upon this, for I thought I should like to know what the franchise was first, as I have never any objection to being given anything, that is to say, if it is worth having. Presently papa continued, and said what folly it was, and how silly people must be to imagine it would do women any good to give them a vote; so then I knew that a vote and the franchise were the same, and I must say I do not agree with papa. Why should not women have a vote as well as men? It is, I think, quite a redeeming feature in Mr. Mill's character that, of his own accord, he should exert himself to procure something for us for which we never so much as asked, or, as far as most of us are concerned, never so much as thought of. Now, however, that the question has been forced upon our notice, I plainly see to what a condition of degradation the self-styled lords of the creation have reduced our sex by depriving them of the estimable privilege of voting for Members of Parliament. It is worse than slavery, I positively declare, and I for one shall never be satisfied until the odious restriction is removed. How useful, too, the privilege would be to us when we did get it! They say that at the next election young Topsawyer, Sir Thomas Topsawyer's eldest son, will come forward and contest the county upon conservative principles. Only fancy, if such were to be the case, what an advantage it would be to me to have a vote! 'Miss Gushington, I am come to solicit your

vote and interest, may I depend upon your support at the coming election?' There, that is what he would say, or something similar. Of course, I should simper and hesitate, and declare that I had not made up my mind; that my views were certainly conservative, and that I should wish to support a conservative candidate, but the fact of the matter was, I was not quite satisfied as to the soundness of his principles—would he kindly state what they were a little more fully? Whereupon we should have a most interesting tête-à-tête, entirely confidential, the upshot of which would be that I should allow him to go away with the impression that I was a girl who knew how to appreciate a man of sense, and was only hindered by conscientious scruples from at once promising to vote for him. Well, a few days after such an interview I should expect to receive, from a perfectly unknown source, a magnificent solitaire, or a handsome bracelet, emeralds and diamonds—I am so fond of emeralds—which I should accept, of course, since not knowing whence it came I could not return it. Then, a short time before the day of election, young Topsawyer would come and canvass me again, and I would tell him cordially that I had made up my mind to support him, on condition that he would pledge his word to bring in with all convenient speed a Bill for the better Observance of Leap Year, and also give his vote in favour of the immediate Abolition of Old Bachelors, or, at all events, for the establishment by the Government of a Joint Asylum for them and for Old Maids; and when he had agreed to these conditions I would promise him my vote."

Miss Gushington, however, does not confine her remarks to philosophy and the "finer feelings of our nature;" she has much to say, for instance, upon dancing, and the different styles of dancing which gentlemen adopt. As a rule, she informs us, her partners might be placed in three classes, under the following heads—namely, the "go-ahead," the "teetotum," and the "wobbler."

"The go-ahead is all for pace, and rushes round the room in a series of bounding steps, too often utterly regardless of other couples. Sometimes the go-ahead partner has a good ear, and knows how to make his way without coming into collision with anyone, even in a crowded room. When this is the case, he is by no means an unpleasant dancer, as he whirls you along without any effort on your part, and while he tires himself, leaves you as fresh at the conclusion as you were at the commencement. When, however, he does make a false step, or a miscalculation as to distance, one is pretty certain, as you say in your University slang, to go a 'howler,' or come to utter grief. But no misadventure of this kind ever seems to abash the go-ahead partner. No sooner have you recovered from the shock of a terrific collision than he is for starting off again in the same reckless manner, and your only consolation consists in hoping that at the pace he is going he is more likely to knock other people down than to be knocked down himself.

"The teetotum is a complete opposite to the last-named, for I am convinced that a first-rate dancer of this class could execute the fastest galop on a space no larger than that occupied by an ordinary drawing-room table. The teetotum is always tall, and generally dances very well, and his grand principles are to rotate upon his own axis as quickly as possible, and to keep out of other peoples' way. To this end he never scampers along round the room with the general ruck of dancers; and if he does join them, it is only for a moment or two, or to thread dexterously between the couples. As a rule, he prefers the centre of the room, where he and a few others of the same class perform a variety of manœuvres without ever coming into contact with one another. The only objection I have to a teetotum partner is, that he frequently

omits the galopade across the room at the beginning of the dance. Now I miss this, for with a partner who trots you out well one often makes a fine show at such a time; besides, I think you get into your paces better after a preliminary galop. The teetotum starts in the quietest manner possible, and you find yourself, insensibly as it were, revolving before you are aware that he intends to begin. With this class of partner you ought to take a number of quick and short steps, and to dance evenly as he does, or you will infallibly put him out. You require also to have a pretty good head before you engage yourself to a teetotum, otherwise the continual rotation on your own axis, combined with the revolution round another axis situated somewhere between you and your partner, and that in a limited space, will be almost certain to turn you giddy.

"As the teetotum partner has been so named by me because he revolves with the case and steadiness of a well-known toy when at full spin, so may the actions of the wobbler, or uncertain partner, be said to resemble in a general way the struggles and irregular gyrations exhibited by that same toy when on its last legs (or, more correctly speaking, when on its last leg). The wobbler is, to use an expressive but slang word, a 'caution;' for although, from the outbursts of recklessness which occasionally possess him, an unpractised eye might be inclined to class him with the go-a-head dancer, his feebleness of purpose and want of dash emphatically demand that he should be placed in a class by himself—the third class. To begin with, the wobbler holds you in a loose and weak manner, so that you feel his hand slipping from your waist as you proceed. Now if there is one thing more necessary than another, to my thinking, it is that one's partner should hold one firmly, tight in fact, the tighter the better, so that both may move in unison. Then having no ear for music, the wobbler almost invariably makes a false start, gets out of time, and has to stop before he has been half way round, or else persists in dragging you along, an unwilling victim, to no time or tune at all. As for making his way in a crowded ball-room—what you would call steering, I suppose—he has no notion of what such a thing means; yet he will frequently make grand preparations to start when the coast is clear, as often miss his opportunity, keep you jigging up and down in one corner of the room to be ready when the next opportunity presents itself; and when it does, and after several unavailing attempts he finally gets off, the chances are that he will be bumped by a go-ahead before he is well under weigh. The wobbler is far too anxiously engaged in maintaining his balance to keep up anything like a connected conversation during a dance; and should he tread upon your toes—an occurrence, by-the-bye, that happens on an average once in every round—it is quite an effort for him to gasp out, 'I beg your pardon;' indeed it is ten to one that he will get out of step in making the observation. Sometimes a wobbler is aware of his deficiencies (in a general way members of this class pride themselves upon dancing well!) in which case he will ingeniously endeavour to hide them by hinting that you are tired, when indeed you are not, and that you would like to rest a little, or that you find the room oppressively hot; or he will disparagingly remark that the place is far too crowded for real enjoyment, and that you should have been at the hunt ball, the week before last, in the Assembly Rooms; and after keeping you standing still for the greater part of the dance, he will at last suggest that perhaps you would like to take another turn round (as if you and he had been dancing like mad all the while), and before you are fairly off the band stops playing, and you look as foolish as you well can."

We can indulge in no more extracts, but must refer our readers to the book itself; they will find that we have by no means despoiled the essays of their best bits; from several we could not attempt to extract

at all—from the one on “Bishops,” for example, which is excellent from the first line to the last. “The Reading Party” and “Croquet” are among the most amusing; “Ritualism” is the only one which really disappointed us, but even that is redeemed by “George’s Idea” of a scheme for instructing young ladies in the various branches of Church deportment.

Poems. By Dora Greenwell. [Strahan.]—A verse writer disarms both reader and reviewer by affixing such a modest appeal to her book—

“These are the many-coloured beads of life;
Blame me not, gentle reader, if their hues
Should please thee little, for I did but choose
And thread them where I found them, by the strife
Of time’s great ocean cast upon the shore.”

Miss Greenwell’s *Poems* are dedicated to Mrs. Browning, and two sonnets (p. 192) are addressed to her, dated 1851 and 1861. The first and largest poem, “Christina,” contains some beautiful thoughts, and a spirit of true Christian love and charity breathes throughout every line of it.

Of the shorter poems we give the preference to the lines entitled “Home”—

“Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

“An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.”

Tracts for the Day; Essays on Theological Subjects. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. [Longman.] No. 1.—“Priestly Absolution; Scriptural.” 48 pp. Price 9d. 2nd Thousand. No. 2.—“Purgatory.” 48 pp. Price 9d. 2nd Thousand. No. 3.—“The Seven Sacraments.” 68 pp. Price 1s. 6d. 2nd Thousand. No. 4.—“Miracles and Prayer.” No. 5.—“The Real Presence.” 32 pp. Price 6d.—These Essays, we are told, are addressed to “educated and intelligent Catholics, who, as loyal members of the Church of England, are unable to accept the popular explanation of her Doctrines, and decline to be

bound by the popular misrepresentation of her Discipline. They will aim at stating in plain language the reasons which make the Religionism of the day untenable ; and will illustrate and defend the historical Belief and traditional practice of Christendom. They will thus be at once aggressive and constructive ; and, whilst seeking to avoid that timid indecision which calls itself ' moderation,' they will carefully eschew all polemical bitterness." We propose giving a short notice of this series in our next number.

We have also received the two parts of *The Choral Cyclopædia and Watts' Psalms and Hymns*. [Pitman] ; and *Twelve Years in Canterbury, New Zealand*. By Mrs. Charles Thomson. [Sampson, Low, & Marston.]—This is an admirable little volume ; the writer has noted down in a pleasant simple way all the little incidents which struck her in the course of her travels, and those who care to hear about the Canterbury settlement, and the principal towns of Australia, cannot do better than seek the information collected in this well written instructive book. We cannot say we care as much for the poetry at the end of the volume.



THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.*

WE do not envy the persons who can read unmoved the tender memoir which the Queen has given us, nor can we imagine anything which could tend more effectually to arouse the sympathies of her people, which, perhaps, have been somewhat cooled by impatience at Her Majesty's long seclusion, than this simple touching story of the early years of Prince Albert. The Queen has been rightly advised, "the free and unreserved expression which the volume contains of her own feelings, as well as those of the Prince, is such as, if made public (however unusual such publicity may be) must command the entire sympathy of everyone whose sympathy or good opinion is to be desired;" and Professor Sedgwick may well ask, "where everything is so pure, so lovely, and so true, why should not our honoured and beloved Queen lay open the innermost recesses of her heart, and thereby fix for ever the loyal sympathy of all who have faith in what is good, and hold true Christian allegiance to their God and to their country?" No true-hearted loyal subject can trace the pure and beautiful life of Albert the Good, up to the time of the birth of the Princess Royal, without realizing the utter bereavement of the Queen, or read without genuine emotion the extracts from the Queen's own journal, which let us know the full measure of her loss and ours.

A more satisfactory book—one which does its work more thoroughly—has never been published; it makes us—

" See him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise;
With what sublime repression of himself;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground

* *The Early Years of His Royal Highness The Prince Consort.* Compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General The Hon. C. Grey. [Smith, Elder, & Co.]

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For pleasure, but thro' all this tract of years
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
 And blackens every blot."

Shut out from a material, the Prince made for himself an intellectual and invisible throne, and the testimony borne by those who knew him best was fulfilled in every act of his life. He was indeed one of those few men into whose minds questions of self-interest never entered, or were absolutely ignored when the paramount obligation of duty was presented to him.

"To put the cup of this world's gladness to his lips and yet not to be intoxicated—to gaze steadily on all its grandeur and yet to be undazzled—plain and simple in personal desires, to feel its brightness and yet defy its thrall—this is the difficult, and rare, and glorious life of God in the soul of man." * "And to this," says the editor, "the Prince, if any man, most surely attained." He may well add—

"We shall be able to trace in these letters and memoranda the whole career of the illustrious Prince—his progress from boyhood to manhood—from manhood to the grave. We shall see the boy, scarcely yet emerged from infancy, receiving the love as well as the respect of his instructors. We shall follow him as he advances towards manhood, still keeping the promise of his earliest years, thirsting for knowledge, and labouring and persevering in its acquirement, but seeking after it for the noblest of purposes—that he might be better enabled to promote the happiness and to improve the condition of his fellow man. Grown to man's estate, and raised to the commanding position of the Consort of England's Queen, we shall find his great character developing itself in even grander proportions; as a husband and a father, fulfilling every domestic duty with the most affectionate care and the tenderest solicitude; as the adviser and assister of the sovereign in her daily communications with her ministers, making the interest and prosperity of the kingdom his undivided object; displaying an unusual capacity for public business, and in political and international questions, often of the most complicated nature, giving evidence of a coolness of judgment and fertility of resource which had already given him a weight and an authority in the councils of Europe that bade fair, not only to equal, but to surpass those which were conceded by universal consent to the wisdom and long experience of his Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians. In studying such a life, though it may be given to few, if any, to attain the full height of the standard thus set before them, his children will find the strongest incentive to do nothing unworthy of their great sire.

"O how should England, dreaming of his sons,
 Hope more for these than *some* inheritance
 Of such a life—a heart—a mind as thine,
 Thou noble father of her kings to be!"

Prince Albert's father was Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld; he married in 1817 the daughter of the last Duke of Gotha, by whom

* "Robertson's Sermons," Vol. II., p. 282.

he had two sons—Ernest, the present reigning Duke, born in 1818, and Albert, on the 26th of August, 1819. The Queen gives the following account of the Duchess :—

“ The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small ; fair, with blue eyes ; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her for many years told the Queen that when she first saw the Prince at Coburg in 1844 she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother. She was full of cleverness and talent ; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again. She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her 32nd year.”

The Prince, we are told, never forgot her, “and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness. One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child.”

Prince Albert was born at the Rosenau, a summer residence of the Duke's, about five miles from Coburg. His grandmother resided at Ketschendorf, about a quarter of a mile on the other side of Coburg, and she thus writes the news to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent :—

“ *Rosenau, August 27, 1819.*

“ The date will of itself make you suspect that I am sitting by Louischen's bed. She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the accoucheuse, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes.* . . . The little boy is to be christened to-morrow, and to have the name of Albert. The Emperor of Austria, the old Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, the Duke of Gotha, Mensdorff, and I are to be sponsors. Our boys will have the same names as the sons of the Elector Frederic the Mild, who were stolen by Kunz of Kauffungen—namely, Ernest and Albert. Ernest minor (he was then just fourteen months old) runs about like a weasel. He is teething, and as cross as a little badger from impatience and liveliness. He is not pretty now, except his beautiful black eyes. How pretty the *May Flower* will be when I see it in a year's time !”

The Queen, the then Princess Victoria, was the *May Flower* alluded to ; and our attention is drawn to the curious coincidence, considering the future connection of the children, that Madame Siebold, the accoucheuse spoken of as attending the Duchess of Coburg at the birth of the young Prince, had, only three months before, attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess Victoria.

The christening, however, did not take place till the 19th of September, when the young Prince received in the Marble Hall at Rosenau the following names :—Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emanuel. In

* “ The eyes, however, were blue.”

the address delivered on this occasion these remarkably prophetic words were spoken by the officiating clergyman :—

"The good wishes with which we welcome this infant as a Christian—as one destined to be great on earth, and as a future heir to everlasting life—are the more earnest, when we consider the high position in life in which he may one day be placed, and the sphere of action to which the will of God may call him, in order to contribute more or less to the promotion of truth and virtue, and to the extension of the Kingdom of God. . . . The thoughts and supplications of the loving mother are : that her beloved son may one day enter into the Kingdom of God as pure and as innocent after the trials of this life as he is at this moment (the hope and joy of his parents) received into the communion of this Christian Church, whose vocation it is to bring up and form upon earth a God-fearing race."

When Prince Albert was eight months old, his mother thus describes the two brothers :—

"Ernest est bien grand pour son âge, vif et intelligent. Ses grands yeux noirs pétillent d'esprit et de vivacité. . . . Albert est superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire ; a de grande yeux bleus, une toute petit bouche—un joli nez—et des fossettes à chaque joue—il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher."

The lovely portrait at the commencement of this book supports the mother's praises—it is as lovely a child's face as can be conceived.

When the Prince was barely four, he and his brother were removed from Madame Muller's care, and entrusted to Herr Florschütz, of Coburg, who retained the sole direction of their education for fifteen years, until they had completed their education at Bonn. A most unselfish affection existed between the two brothers. "Brought up together," says M. Florschütz, "they went hand in hand in all things, whether at work or at play. Engaging in the same pursuits, sharing the same joys and the same sorrows, they were bound to each other by no common feelings of mutual love."

Even at this early age, the intellectual, thoughtful turn of the Prince's mind, and his love of order were conspicuous, and his constant love of occupation, his perseverance and application, were only equalled by his facility of comprehension. His tutor says, "to do something was with him a necessity."

The following extracts from Prince Albert's diary will be found interesting from their artless simplicity—

"26th January.— . . . We recited, and I cried because I could not say my repetition, for I had not paid attention. . . . I was not allowed to play after dinner, because I had cried whilst repeating. Then Parthénai came, and we talked French with him. The little boy Mensel came, and brought us some black chalk, with which we drew beautiful pictures."

"11th February, 1825.— . . . I was to recite something, but I did not wish to do so : that was not right, naughty !"

"8th April.— . . . After dinner we went to Ketschendorf, and from Ketschendorf we went to Siedmansdorf. On the road I cried. From Siedmansdorf we went home by the Eckartsberg. . . . Then we had a French lesson."

"9th April.— . . . I got up well and happy ; afterwards I had a fight with my brother. . . . After dinner we went to the play. It was Wallenstein's 'Lager,' and they carried out a monk."

"10th April.— . . . I had another fight with my brother : that was not right."

Prince Albert, though healthy, was never robust, so we find the Dowager Duchess of Coburg writing to the Duchess of Kent—"Alberinchen looks rather pale this summer. He is delicate, the heat tries him, and he grows fast. In jumping and running about he is as little backward as his brother." In his ninth year, he paid a visit to Count Mensdorff, who married the Duke's eldest sister, and an intimacy sprang up between the cousins which was kept up throughout life, and at the request of the Queen, Count Arthur Mensdorff thus records his recollections of those early days—

" Castle Einöd, March 16, 1863.

"I was deeply touched by the receipt of your gracious present, the photographs, which are a real treasure to me, and the splendid book on the dear, great Albert.

"The small prints, representing you in your widow's dress, have moved me deeply, and remind me sadly of the last happy days I spent with you in England, in 1848, when Albert, my dear Aunt, and the whole group of blooming children, were gathered round you. I hardly dare call them children now, for some of them have married to princes and princesses, who scarcely remembered their old cousin in the mountains of Styria.

"How terribly has all this changed ! How many noble and beloved beings has it pleased the Almighty to call into His kingdom, leaving us behind, alone and deserted. But what a dreadful heavy trial God has sent *you*, my broken-hearted cousin. And yet it is through His mercy and loving-kindness that you have found strength to support the burden of this joyless life, with such beautiful, such exemplary resignation.

"Alexandrine * has written to me that you wish me to write down all I can recollect of the early years of our beloved departed one. I will try to do so.

"Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry. Thus I recollect one day when we children, Albert, Ernest, Ferdinand, Augustus, Alexander, myself, and a few other boys (if I am not mistaken Paul Wangenheim was one) were playing at the Rosenau, and some of us were to storm the old ruined tower on the side of the castle, which the others were to defend ; one of us suggested that there was a place at the back by which we could get in without being seen, and thus capture it without difficulty. Albert declared that 'this would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front,' and so we fought for the tower so honestly and vigorously that Albert by mistake, for I was on his side, gave me a blow upon the nose, of which I still bear the mark. I need not say how sorry he was for the wound he had given me.

* Duchess of Coburg.

"Albert never was noisy or wild. He was always very fond of natural history and more serious studies, and many a happy hour we spent in the Ehrenburg, * in a small room under the roof, arranging and dusting the collections our cousins had themselves made and kept there. He urged me to begin making a similar collection myself, so that we might join and form together a good cabinet.

"This was the commencement of the collections at Coburg, in which Albert always took so much interest.

"Albert thoroughly understood the *naïveté* of the Coburg national character, and he had the art of turning people's peculiarities into a source of fun. He had a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured; the general kindness of his disposition preventing him from pushing a joke, however he might enjoy it, so as to hurt any one's feelings. Every man has, more or less, a ridiculous side, and to quiz this, in a friendly and good-humoured manner, is after all the pleasantest description of humour. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree.

"From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and deed; and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition so much admired by every one.

"Even as a child he was very fond of chess, and he, Ernest, Alexander, and myself, often played the great four game. This led often to jokes, but sometimes to ridiculous quarrels, which, however, owing to his goodness of heart, always ended good-humouredly.

"While still very young his heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of the poor. I saw him one day give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows of it.'

"He was always fond of shooting and fishing, as far as his natural kind feeling would permit, for a wounded animal always excited his warmest compassion.

"One day, out shooting at Coburg, I was hit by a chance shot, and he was the person who showed the greatest concern, and evinced the truest anxiety about my accident.

"In order to refresh my memory I have looked over the letters which our mutual grandmother wrote to me when I was a child, and which I still preserve with other relics. In one dated March 1, 1831, she says:—'Last night your cousins and some playfellows, Paul Wangenheim, the eldest Gilsa, the little Birner, and Emil Piani, acted proverbs in my room, extemporising the dialogue for the most part. Albert, as a quack, with a pigtail and paunch, was too ridiculous. Ernest, as a lady, looked quite like your mother when she was a girl; he distributed the play-bills. Piani represented a drunken prompter. In short, there was a good deal of fun and laughter.'

"In later years we saw much less of each other. In 1839, when I was serving in the Austrian Lancers, we met at Töplitz, and from thence drove together to Carlsbad, to see Uncle Ernest. Eös † was in the carriage. During our journey Albert confided to me, under the seal of the strictest confidence, that he was going to England to make your acquaintance, and that if you liked each other you were to be engaged. He spoke very seriously about the difficulties of the position he would have to occupy in England, but hoped that dear Uncle Leopold would assist him with his advice. We were at that moment approaching the station where we were to change horses. He asked me the name of the place, which I told him was Buchau, a little village

* The palace at Coburg. † A favourite black greyhound.

known all round as a sort of *Krümmel*, famous for all sorts of ludicrous stories about the inhabitants. We drove into the place, the postillion blowing his horn and cracking his whip. Albert, seeing a large crowd assembled round the post-house, said to me—'Quick, stoop down in the carriage, and we will make Eôs look out of the window, and all the people will wonder at the funny prince.' We did so, and the people had to satisfy their curiosity with Eôs. The horses were soon changed, and we drove off, laughing heartily at our little joke.

"Some time ago I collected all the letters I have of dearest Albert's, and in one of them I found a passage most characteristic of his noble way of thinking, as shown and maintained by him from his earliest childhood. 'The poor soldiers,' he says, 'always do their duty in the most brilliant manner; but as soon as matters come again into the hands of politicians and diplomats, everything is again spoiled and confused. Oxenstiern's saying to his son may still be quoted—"My son, when you look at things more closely, you will be surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed." I should like to add, and with how little morality!'

"How much these words contain! We again see the Saxon knight, who as a child declared that you must attack your enemy in front, who hates every crooked path; and, on the other hand, the noble heart which feels deeply the misfortunes of a government not guided by reason and morality.

"I am sorry to say, that these are all my recollections of old times. The changes we have had, the wars and revolutions, may have obliterated many dear recollections. The noise of the festivities around you will have been most painful to you, causing many a wound to bleed afresh. May the Almighty bless the young pair, and may Albert's spirit descend upon his son.

"ARTHUR MENSDOFF."

Prince Albert's letters in his twelfth year are full of simple and unaffected expressions of affection for his father. Thus he writes:—

"We have plenty of time to work both in the house and in the garden, and employ it well in working hard to become good and useful men, and to give you pleasure."

In the summer of 1832, the young princes accompanied their father to Brussels, and though their stay there was short, their tutor ascribes to the effect produced by what they saw there—by the spectacle which the Belgian capital then afforded, of liberty and independence bravely acquired, and used with good sense and moderation—that appreciation of the blessings of liberty, that attachment to liberal principles which ever after distinguished both the princes. In Prince Albert these liberal principles were tempered by a moderation and love of order, and by a detestation of everything approaching to licence, which were very remarkable at his early age; and this without weakening the devotion to the purest and best principles of constitutional freedom, of which his whole after life in England gave such repeated proof.

Herr Florschütz gives a most interesting account of the Prince, from the time he first undertook his education, when he was still so young that he allowed his tutor to carry him up and down stairs. After speaking very enthusiastically of his boyish grace and beauty, he continues his recollections:—

"Up to his tenth year, Prince Albert usually rose between six and seven in summer and between seven and eight in winter. The lively spirits with which he at once entered into the games of childhood, or the more serious occupations of youth, spoke the healthy tone of mind and body. The children breakfasted with their parents between nine and ten. The Duke himself summoned them to the meal, unless the breakfast was in the open air, in which case the task of conducting them to the place, seldom the same two days following, devolved on me.

"Dinner, which till his eleventh year Prince Albert had regularly alone with his brother and tutor, was at one o'clock. Between four and five, when the Duke's dinner was over, he had to appear before the company, after which he paid a visit to his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess Augusta; and no morning passed, when at Gotha, without a visit to his maternal grandmother, the Duchess Caroline of Sax-Gotha-Altenburg. At seven o'clock the Prince supped, and was glad to retire to bed as soon after as possible. An irresistible feeling of sleepiness would come over him in the evening, which he found it difficult to resist even in after life; and even his most cherished occupations, or the liveliest games, were, at such times, ineffectual to keep him awake. If prevented from going to bed he would suddenly disappear, and was generally found sleeping quietly in the recess of the window—for repose of some kind, though but for a quarter of an hour, was then indispensable; on one occasion—the first time I was present at his supper—the young Prince suddenly fell asleep and tumbled off his chair, but he was not hurt, and continued to sleep quietly on the ground. . . . At six his regular lessons commenced. At first only one hour a day, from his seventh to his ninth year three hours—one before and another after breakfast, and one in the afternoon. From his ninth to his eleventh year the time was extended to four hours, often interrupted by the distance of the place of breakfast, Bodily exercises, also regulated at fixed hours, and amusement, filled up the rest of the day. . . .

"Though the Prince's health was generally good, he had more than one illness, and was subject to serious, and sometimes even alarming, attacks of croup, which the most trifling cause, the slightest attack of cold, was sufficient to bring on. . . . These attacks of croup were of frequent recurrence up to the Prince's tenth year, and often occasioned a hoarseness which lasted several days, and gave him much annoyance. It is possible that the remedies adopted may have been insufficient, but it is well that some of the measures proposed were not adopted, such, for instance, as passing a hair through the Prince's throat!" . . .

After speaking of some other illnesses, he continues:—

"In his early youth Prince Albert was very shy, and he had long to struggle against this feeling. He disliked visits from strangers, and at their approach would run to the furthest corner of the room, and cover his face with his hands; nor was it possible to make him look up or speak a word. If his doing so was insisted upon, he resisted to the utmost, screaming violently. On one occasion, at a child's fancy ball given by the Duchess, Prince Albert, then in his fifth year, was brought down and a little girl was selected as his partner; but when it came to his turn to move on after the other dancers, nothing could induce him to stir, and his loud screams were heard echoing through the rooms. The Duchess thus *agreeably* surprised exclaimed—'this comes of his good education.' . . . Even with his brother the Prince showed, at this time, rather too strong a will of his own, and this disposition came out at times even in later years. Surpassing his brother in thoughtful earnestness, in calm reflection and self-command, and evincing, at the same time, more prudence in action, it was only natural that his will should prevail, and when compliance with

it was not voluntarily yielded, he was sometimes disposed to have recourse to compulsion. The distinguishing characteristics of the Prince's disposition were his winning cheerfulness and his endearing amiability. His disposition was always to take a cheerful view of life, and to see its best side. . . .

"Of the many virtues that distinguished the Prince, two deserve especial mention, for they were conspicuous even in his boyhood, winning for him the love and respect of all. Growing with his growth, these virtues gained strength with years, till they formed, as it were, part of his very religion. One was his eager desire to do good, and to assist others; and the other, the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget an act of kindness, however trifling, to himself. He gave an early instance of the former quality when only six years of age, in the eagerness with which he made a collection for a poor man in Wolfsbach (a small village close to Rosenau) whose cottage he had seen burnt to the ground. He never rested till a sufficient sum had been collected to rebuild the poor man's cottage. How many more substantial proofs has he given of the same virtue since he grew up, particularly in the numerous benevolent institutions founded by him in his native home.

"These two qualities of heart won him the affection of all; and to them more particularly may be ascribed that peculiar charm which fascinated all who knew our beloved master, awakening those feelings of love, admiration, and respect, which attended him from the cradle to his premature grave."

On Palm Sunday, 1835, the brothers were both confirmed, and Mr. Florschütz bears testimony to the earnestness with which Prince Albert prepared himself for the ceremony:—

"The profession now made by the Prince he held fast through life. His was no lip-service. His faith was essentially one of the heart—a real and living faith, giving a colour to his whole life. Deeply imbued with a conviction of the great truths of Christianity, his religion went far beyond mere forms, to which, indeed, he attached no especial importance. It was not with him a thing to be taken up and ostentatiously displayed with almost pharisaical observance on certain days, or at certain seasons, or on formal occasions. It was part of *himself*; it was engrafted in his very nature, and directed his every-day life. In his every action, the spirit—as distinguished from the letter—the spirit and essence of Christianity was his constant and unerring guide."

The Queen also records a strong feeling on the part of Prince Albert respecting the solemnity of receiving the Holy Communion; he did not like to appear in company either the evening before or on the day itself but almost always dined alone with the Queen. An entry from her Journal in 1841 is quoted:—

"We two dined together, as Albert likes being quite alone before he takes the Sacrament. We played part of Mozart's Requiem, and then he read to me out of the *Stunden der Andacht* (Hours of Devotion), the article on *Selbsterkenntnis* (Self-knowledge)."

It was in May, 1835, that the two Princes paid their first visit to London. Prince Albert found great difficulty in accustoming himself to the climate, the different way of living, and the late hours. He never "took kindly to great dinners, balls, or the common evening

amusements of the fashionable world." During their visit the Duke and his sons were lodged at Kensington, and it was on this occasion, when they were both seventeen years old, that the Queen saw the Prince for the first time, and the Queen thus notes her impression of him :—

"The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry ; full of interest in everything ; playing on the piano with the Princess his cousin, drawing—in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is, indeed, rare to see a Prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon."

At the death of King William IV., Prince Albert addressed the following letter to the Queen :—

"My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on the great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe ; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task ! I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now ? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful Servant,

" 'ALBERT.' "

To divert public attention the two Princes went for a long tour in Switzerland, and on his return to Bonn he sent as a *souvenir* to the Queen a book of almost all the places he visited in Switzerland and Italy ; from the Rigi he sent her a dried "rose des Alpes," and from Ferney a piece of Voltaire's handwriting.

"The whole of these were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting, and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at that time passed between the Queen and the Prince, but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

Shortly after this King Leopold spoke openly to the Prince. "The Queen," he said, "had in no way altered her mind, but did not wish to marry for some time yet." The Queen explains this by saying "She thought herself too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a

year sooner than she was and had married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."

A letter from King Leopold to Baron Stockmar, in March, 1838, gives an account of the manner in which Prince Albert received his communication :—

"I have had, he says, a long conversation with Albert, and have put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that, therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . . I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he observed with truth. 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired this marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life.' . . .

"If I am not much mistaken, Albert possesses all the qualities required to fit him completely for the position he will occupy in England. His understanding is sound, his apprehension clear and rapid, and his feelings in all matters appertaining to personal appearance quite right. He has great powers of observation, and possesses much prudence, without anything about him which can be called cold or morose."

Both Prince Albert and his father objected to the proposed delay, on the ground that if he waited for two or three years it would be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his "whole life would be *marred* if the Queen should change her mind."

To contradict any idea that there was really any hesitation in Her Majesty's mind, the Queen says :—

"She never entertained any idea of this, and she afterwards repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She expresses, however, great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin, as she had done before it.

" 'Nor can the Queen now,' she adds, 'think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

" 'The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

" 'A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the

Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

On the 8th of October the two princes left Brussels for England, bringing the following letter from their Uncle Leopold :—

"My dearest Victoria,

"Your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your *bienveillance*. They are good and honest creatures deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite *unbefangen* (quite at their ease) with you.

"I am sure that if you have anything to recommend to them they will be most happy to learn it from you. . .

"My dearest Victoria,

"Your most devoted uncle,

"LEOPOLD R."

The princes received a very cordial welcome, and their mode of life is thus described—

"The Queen breakfasting at the time in her own room, they afterwards paid her a visit there ; and at two o'clock had luncheon with her and the Duchess of Kent. In the afternoon they all rode—the Queen and Duchess and the two Princes, with Lord Melbourne and most of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week."

On the 15th there was an important interruption to the ordinary routine of the day.

"The Queen had told Lord Melbourne the day before that she had made up her mind to the marriage, at which he expressed great satisfaction, and he said to her, as Her Majesty states in her journal, "I think it will be very well received ; for I hear that there is all anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it ;" adding, in quite a paternal tone, "you will be much more comfortable ; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be !"" Can we wonder that the Queen, recalling these circumstances, should exclaim—'Alas ! alas ! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position !'

"The Queen sent a summons to Prince Albert, and after a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him ; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so ; for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself."

The Queen then wrote to the King of the Belgians—

"Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1839.

"My dearest Uncle,

"This letter will, I am sure, give you great pleasure, for you have always

shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write ; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest uncle, your devoted niece,
"V. R."

The King replied, that on receiving the news he had almost the feeling of old Simeon—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The Prince, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, remarks—

"I have laid to heart your friendly and kind-hearted advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately framed for myself. An individuality, a character, which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions ; and even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character ; while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence. If, therefore, I prove a 'noble' Prince, in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings. I will not let my courage fail. With a firm resolution, and true zeal on my part, I cannot fail to continue noble, manly, and princely in all things."

How fully the Prince adhered to his intention ! His life was throughout devoted to the noblest ends, and he considered no sacrifice of his time, labour, thought, or responsibility too great when he could make it in the cause of national or individual progress.

"To listen patiently to all that could be said and then to judge calmly for himself what it was right to do, and having convinced himself what was right (not what was merely pleasant), to do it without faltering, was his practice through life."

We cannot omit part of Prince Albert's characteristic letter to his grandmother :—

"The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled. The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Ergüsse von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*überglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you! I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me. It was on the 15th of October that Victoria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you; but how does delay make it better? . . .

"My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name, and remain what I was. This will make it very easy for me to run over occasionally to see all my dear relations.

"But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us."

And in a later letter he writes—

"To live and to sacrifice myself for the benefit of my new country, does not prevent my doing good to that country from which I have received so many benefits. While I shall be untiring in my efforts and labours for the country to which I shall in future belong, and where I am called to so high a position, I shall never cease to be a true *German*, a true *Coburg and Gotha* man."

The public declaration of the intended marriage was delayed until it could be communicated to the Privy Council.

"On the 20th November the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, came up from Windsor to Buckingham Palace, and on the same day Lord Melbourne brought, for her approval, a copy of the declaration which it was proposed to make to the Privy Council. The Queen relates that she had much conversation with him at the same time on the various arrangements to be made, and the steps to be taken with regard to the marriage. £50,000 was the amount of annuity which it had been proposed to settle on the Prince; and in this Lord Melbourne said that the Cabinet (most erroneously as it turned out) anticipated no difficulty whatever, except perhaps in case of survivorship. The Queen records in her journal that she observed, 'she thought this would be very unfair,' and that Lord Melbourne expressed his entire concurrence with her, hoping, however, that the difficulty might not arise.

"On the same occasion Lord Melbourne told the Queen of a 'stupid attempt to make it out that the Prince was a Roman Catholic!' Absurd as such a report was, the Prince, as the Queen remarks in her journal, 'being particularly Protestant in his opinions,' Lord Melbourne told the Queen that he was afraid to say anything about the Prince's religion, and that the subject would not therefore be alluded to in the proposed declaration.* It will be seen that this omission was afterwards severely commented upon in the House of Lords.

"The Privy Council met on the 23rd, when upwards of eighty members assembled in the bow room on the ground floor in Buckingham Palace. 'Precisely at two,' the Queen records in her journal, 'I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and in the name of the Privy Council asked that "this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed." I then left the room—the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing and wished me joy.'

"The Queen always wore a bracelet with the Prince's picture, and 'it seemed,' she adds in her journal, 'to give me courage at the Council.' She returned the same evening with the Duchess of Kent to Windsor."

The Prince returned to Germany, and the letters the Queen received from him are, she says, "the greatest treasures in her possession."

On the 8th of February, 1840, Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen records in her journal, the "great joy she felt at seeing the Prince again." She also mentions that he gave her as his wedding gift a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch, and that she gave him the star and badge of the garter, and the garter itself set in diamonds; on the 10th, the Queen was married to the husband of her choice. "It is that," said Lord Melbourne, "which makes your Majesty's marriage so popular, your subjects know that it is not for mere State reasons."

The memoir then proceeds to show Prince Albert's unreserved dedication of himself to the land of his adoption, and perhaps no greater proof of this can be given than the fact that four years elapsed before he paid a short and flying visit to the old home and friends he loved with such intensity.

"The principle on which he always acted was to sink his own individuality in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself, or for himself—to shun all ostentation—to assume no separate responsibility before the public—but making his position entirely a part of the Queen's, continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment, in any of

* There was a discussion in Parliament as to whether the word "Protestant" should be inserted in the address before the word Prince, but Lord Brougham declared the word superfluous, and corrected the Premier's law by saying, "There is no prohibition as to marriage with a Catholic, it is only attended with a penalty, and that penalty is merely the forfeiture of the Crown!"

the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal—as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs ; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government.”

Acting on this principle the Prince established his position, in spite of much misconception and misrepresentation ; one of the purest and noblest men who ever filled a high place in England, the Prince could not escape from suspicion and distrust. But not only did he refrain from the indignation he might have indulged in towards those who were most unjust to him, but with a princely reticence and self-command he allowed reports to go uncontradicted, rather than assume a course of self-justification, involving the publication of correspondence which might risk the reputations of others.

“ From the moment of his establishment in the English palace as the husband of the Queen, his first object was to maintain, and, if possible, even raise the character of the Court. With this view he knew that it was not enough that his own conduct should be, in truth, free from reproach ; no shadow of a shade of suspicion should, by possibility, attach to it. He knew that, in his position, every action would be scanned—not always possibly in a friendly spirit ; that his goings out and his comings in would be watched ; and that in every society, however little disposed to be censorious, there would always be found some prone, were an opening afforded, to exaggerate, and even to invent stories against him, and to put an uncharitable construction on the most innocent acts.

“ He, therefore, from the first, laid down strict, not to say severe, rules for his own guidance. He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements which could not but have been irksome had he not been sustained by a sense of the advantage which the throne would derive from it. He denied himself the pleasure—which to one so fond as he was of personally watching and inspecting every improvement that was in progress would have been very great—of walking at will about the town. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studio of the artist, to museums of art or science, to institutions for good and benevolent purposes. Wherever a visit from him, or his presence, could tend to advance the real good of the people, there his horses might be seen waiting ; never at the door of mere fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He loved to ride through all the districts of London where building and improvements were in progress, more especially when they were such as would conduce to the health or recreation of the working classes ; and few, if any, knew so well, or took such interest as he did, in all that was being done, at any distance east, west, north, or south of the great city—from Victoria Park to Battersea, from the Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace, and far beyond. ‘ He would frequently return,’ the Queen says, ‘ to luncheon at a great pace, and would always come through the Queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright loving smile with which he ever greeted her, telling her where he had been, what new buildings he had seen, what studios, etc., he had visited. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked, and said, “ *Es ennuyirt mich so* ” (It bores me so).

“ There were some, undoubtedly, who would gladly have seen his conduct the reverse of all this, with whom he would have been more popular had he shared habitually and indiscriminately in the gaieties of the fashionable world—had he been

a regular attendant at the race-course—had he, in short, imitated the free lives, and even, it must be said, the vices of former generations of the Royal Family. But the country generally knew how to estimate and admire the beauty of domestic life, beyond reproach or the possibility of reproach, of which the Queen and he set so noble an example. It is this which has been the glory and the strength of the throne in our day, and which has won for the English Court the love and veneration of the British people and the respect of the world.

"Above all, he has set an example for his children, from which they may be sure they can never deviate without falling in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing."

On the 21st of November the Princess Royal was born, and during the time the Queen "was laid up his care and devotion were quite beyond expression." He refused to go to the play or anywhere, was always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort, and was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her, or write for her.

"No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile upon his face. In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

We cannot help feeling that the Queen has done well in trusting her subjects with this touching and delicate portrait of her husband, whose loss has made her so utterly forlorn. After the view she has given us of the Prince's character, we are not only better able to appreciate the noble qualities which will make his name "a household word hereafter through all time," but we can understand something of Her Majesty's "sense of abiding desolation."

RISEN.

"HE is not here : " Weep not, sad heart ;
 He is not here, full well I know,
 The spirit has returned to God,
 The body rests with us below.

He is not here ; repine we not :
 Shall He not take, who freely gave ?
 Shall we lament because of worm,
 Corruption, and a cloven grave ?

Because we miss a well loved face,
 Because we see not as we saw—
 Because we doubly feel his worth—
 Because we speak his name with awe ?

" For he has risen : " let faith's keen sight
 Pierce even sorrow's cloud-girt sky,
 For well we know that mysteries
 Are vanquished oft by Faith's bright eye.

And thou shalt see, as others have,
 Thine own amidst the hosts of God,
 And thou shall bless the God that took,
 And learn to love the chastening rod.

And like a summer morning mist,
 Which bathes some fragrant hill in dew,
 Soon to off sail to other climes
 And leave a peerless crystal view.

So, dearest, all the clouds around
 Which press thee very sore, poor heart,
 Shall through the simple prayer of Faith,
 For aye and aye in mist depart.

EXETER COLLEGE,
 OXON.

FRANK G. WAUGH.

FEMININE WORK.

IT is the pride of all well-doing women, and a duty they always urge on those whom they have to educate, never to be idle. It is a wise rule, and experience taught them it. One may feel and know the mischief of letting the faculties and feelings run wild without being able to state the matter clearly and philosophically. But the want of this clear insight into the consequences of their own rules has made them, generally, satisfied with employment that is little better than digging holes and filling them up again. "Finding some employment" is discreet and wise; but the results of the endeavour seldom accord with the wisdom that set it in motion. It is such a blessing to have something wherewith to occupy their thoughts, that it has been created into a sort of feminine virtue to know how to invent work. It is never creditable to contrive to do without some work, or to produce the same result with less. This applies, principally, to needlework; though the same tendency is shown in other household matters, where prosperity has made the feminine earnings of little importance, and so left the women full scope for the indulgence of their inclination for useless activity. In old-fashioned houses, where wealth enabled a superfluity of servants to be kept, it was very common to hear a violent objection to French polish, the orthodox way being to obtain the same result by laborious friction. To use the shorter means was always spoken of as something discreditable, and those who used it as "too idle" to keep their furniture in order by proper means. The same absurd instinct interferes with the usefulness of the sewing-machine. Ladies who have a good deal of time on their hands, and have been used to occupy it with needlework, generally decide that "they don't like sewing-machine work;" and it is said that in America, where its use is general, the only result has been that ladies put forty or fifty little tucks where two or three large ones were put before, those who do less than this being looked down upon for their "idleness." In any way, if the needful sewing can be made more of, or done in a more tedious manner, or if an imaginary necessity can be created for the production of their hands, it is a benefit to them meriting gratitude. "I like to see them take pains with their things," says mamma, "it keeps them from being idle;" or, "It's very pretty work, though it needs a great deal of patience," that is, time. And to have had the patience to do it is accounted a credit to the doer. Under the constant influence of this confused morality women have

indeed "found out many inventions." From tapestry to potichomania they have laboured hard; not so much to produce anything as to keep the uselessness of their productions out of sight. Again and again they have seen their accomplishments taken out of their hands by machinery, or by people working for wages, or by the aimlessness of their labour becoming so apparent that even they cannot shut their eyes to it. Against the conviction that it is useless they strive with all their might. Their business and morality is to see that no work is spared that can possibly be put in, and to propagate a public opinion in accordance with their practice. They take pride in a shape or pattern that has "a deal of work in it." They sew frills on to the edges and edging on to the frills, and are ashamed if they see an acquaintance whose clothes show more work than their own. They have nothing but peevish anger wherewith to answer anyone who should show them that all their work might be dispensed with, and no one suffer for the want of it; for they cannot explain their own conviction, that there must be something wrong in the woman who neglects their favourite maxim, and recklessly exposes herself to the sin of idleness. She must be a dangerous person who would take from them the thing they know to be so useful, mentally and morally. Woe to them if they once listen to a woman of this kind! If they fairly begin to entertain the question—to what use? If this doctrine is preached, one interesting employment after another loses its attraction, and then what becomes of the craft whereby we have our—not our wealth, but something quite as valuable; something that the most conscientious, clear-sighted, self-searching woman knows to be indispensable to the righteous training of her own mind.

For if a well-meaning mother is unwilling to let her daughters depend for interests on "running from house to house, and continually telling or hearing some new thing," and if they have no marked taste for any serious pursuit, or the custom of society prevents them following it beyond the limits where it is available for drawing-room amusement, what is left but this same work? The state of things when a week's labour of theirs could materially increase the comforts or resources of the family passed away when they got rich enough to keep a cook and housemaid. If one of them were to vanish out of existence the only result on the material prosperity of her family would be that they would save a large sum which she had cost them, and at most have to pay a much smaller one to an upper servant to supply her place. If there are half-a-dozen women in such a household, they still find no further employment than to divide this servant's work among them. The woman may be superior—so superior that her loss can never be replaced—but it is not her work that made her value; it is not her time that has been employed. This talent is left on her hands, and the curious invention

called work was created to employ it. If it were intended for more than this it must be to produce some money value, or save some money expenditure. Its importance, then, may fairly be reckoned in money. The workers themselves, often in all good faith, deny this, and really believe that the value of their productions should be reckoned in no such vulgar way. They are not entirely responsible for the error. It is carefully inculcated that what is wanted of them is not work, but affection, grace, beauty, cheerfulness, etc. But a woman cannot fill up her time with supplying these, however great the stock she may have ; she is left, therefore, with this on her hands to find a use for. And the best use she can make of it is to earn sempstress's or housemaid's wages ; sometimes, perhaps, a little more by superior skill and a more economical use of material. More frequently women in this position earn nothing, but produce something that could have been bought for less money than they have spent in material.

So powerless are they to mend their own fortunes, however needful it may be. While carefully performing what they deem a duty, the necessity of avoiding all inquiry into the objects of their purposeless work gradually takes away all power of application. With everlastingly something in their hand, no one profits by their labour, and they are reduced to look for their sole reward in civil speech made for useless gifts, or insincere praise of household ornaments that are in everybody's way. If they inquire as to the value of their productions it must be of those called upon by courtesy to praise them, not anywhere or in any manner by which their real importance could be made known, for fear of discovering their uselessness. Such results are not worth so much exertion. The refuge from idleness has failed. It has not saved them from the evils of vacuity, because it has required no mental labour, nor can any hopes or fears be hung on what is to produce so small a result.

Scarcely one degree better than the employment called fancy work is the business of dressing and increasing the number of dresses ; of stowing away superfluous drapery and ornaments ; of showing them, discussing them, altering them, and adding to their number. "It is a feminine tendency," is generally the explanation ; "their natural taste for beauty makes them find a pleasure in ornamentation that the other sex is incapable of." Yet those who make this defence of them generally conclude with some reproof or caution as to their habit of neglecting their dress altogether when few people see it. And, moreover, the quality they most prize in their adornments is not beauty, but value ; and those most given to the taste in public are indifferent to their appearance when the stimulus is withdrawn. Nay, often the taste for accumulating and hoarding finery is strongest in women who are habitually careless of their every-day appearance.

Two hundred years ago, men used to value dress as women do now. A good deal of a man's possessions often consisted of expensive clothing, and the business of dressing himself could easily take all the time as well as all the money he had to spare ; there was no limit set by custom to the extent to which he might accumulate expensive wearables, except the extent of his means. There is the same state of things wherever property is insecure and difficult to accumulate. When clothes and ornaments are the only or the safest possession it is wise, or at least not foolish to be always adding to their number. To be handy, portable, and showy, are the best qualities property can have, where it is impossible to make it yield a return, and its main use is to produce on others the impression of wealth. Such limited enjoyment as women can have from their property they take. Were they to lay out the money in any other way, their expenditure might be interfered with, and the means withdrawn. If a married woman were to invest it, it would be no longer hers. Were a single woman to do the same the conclusion would be that she had enough without it, and the supplies would be stopped. There is another motive for attaching value to dress, which is very difficult to define exactly ; but easy to describe in such a manner that it will be recognised. The position of a woman is not improved in the eyes of the world by any skill or industry she may be known to possess. That she knows how to save or earn a shilling or two a day, is of no importance, except in those classes where a shilling is a serious sum. It is rather impolitic therefore to put such accomplishments prominently forward, for they interfere to prevent the producing of a much more profitable effect. Because, " Sir, in the case of a countess the imagination is more excited," and to produce this excitement does much more towards procuring wealth than any other means at their command, it is " a good investment " for young women to spend the whole of their means in dress ; and if their means were doubled by any chance, they could find no better use to put them to, than to make their case so much more like the " case of a countess " than they had been able to do before. It is not vanity, still less the indulgence of natural taste that makes them never want anything but clothes and ornaments, and induces many of them to increase their possessions of this kind by every means in their power. It is the hope that the appearance of a certain income may some day produce the reality, or at any rate may promote the acquisition of an income of some kind. They are doing what men do for themselves in the study, the counting-house, the workshop ; struggling to improve their pecuniary position.

Besides the things that women actually do, there are some employments for which it is said they have naturally more faculty than men. Many people believe that the feminine half of mankind have a quicker perception of beauty and grace than the other, and that therefore it

naturally falls to them to supply the beauty for the whole, while men supply the utility. But if men are wanting in the taste for beauty they will not appreciate it when supplied. The wishes and pleasures of the two sexes will clash at every turn, because one will never be able to value what the other admires. Have men perhaps the power to appreciate without the power to create? Then painting, poetry, decorative architecture, music, etc., should be followed most successfully by women. Two or three of these are invariably made a part of their education, but only in very few instances have they attained a second-rate success. Even the designs for their own peculiar work, their embroidery and wool work, are always bought. All the ornamentation of their rooms and persons is dictated and invented by men. The most they do is to choose among designs already invented, and even here fashion has a great deal to do with what they may choose. But whatever their capacity for these pursuits it behoves them to know their own object in following them. If it is for their own pleasure they cannot urge that they have no time to earn their own maintenance. If for the pleasure of others, they should perform this duty first.

So far from having a quicker perception of beauty, or power of creating it, all present evidence shows women to be inferior in this respect. If it were needful to prove equality of talent before they could be justified in using what they have, the argument must rest on the fact that they have only small motive for the exertion of their capacity, not being able themselves to reap the fruits of such exertion.

The real reasons why the useless employment called work is so much followed by women are, the soothing effect of sedentary monotonous occupation, the advantage of having a subject of common interest that the silliest can understand, and, above all, the filling up of time. It is a mortal injury to fancy-workers to find a shorter means of arriving at the result of their labour. No sooner are these found than the articles so produced have to be dropped out of fashion, and some other caricature of an ornament must be found to supply their place. Could these successive monstrosities occupy so much of women's time if it were really true that they have peculiar duties which prevent them from working?

But a girl will scarcely arrive at the dignity of being "grown up" without becoming aware of the condemnation that earning money will meet with from the other sex. Their arguments generally consist in the expression of a violent dislike to it, and the assurance that women who do it are not women. A young woman of ordinary good looks cannot fail to learn that fear, ignorance, and helplessness, are often attractive, and it will occasionally be to their advantage to exaggerate their share of all these defects. Besides much help that they do not need, they will thereby get some that they do; and may easily fall into

the habit of thinking, if not believing, that the display of them is all that is needed, and that they are wronged, and that their admirers have grossly failed in their duty when they do not supply the place of the defects they have cultivated.

Few girls are much in the world without learning the advantage of occasionally hiding such nerve and knowledge as they may have. But nerve and knowledge are things that must be carefully cultivated or painfully acquired, and it is no wonder if they should gradually disappear when the possession of them must be hidden. Yet, exactly in proportion to the attention and service that a man gives to helplessness when he wants it, is the severity with which he condemns it when it happens to be in his way. The merciless ridicule of timidity or ignorance is at times as exaggerated as the toleration of the same qualities is at others. A woman has none but herself to blame if, after having carefully kept herself incompetent, she finds her needs neglected, her terrors laughed at, and perhaps her helpless ignorance abused. She has taken a wrong standard of perfection, and a wrong deity to worship. It is quite right that men should be charmed and delighted at one time to find her more helpless and ignorant than themselves, and quite right, too, that at another they should be disgusted with her incapacity, and especially with an ostentatious display of it. Of course they exaggerate the excellence of the quality they happen to want; as we each and all of us think the thing that satisfies our own little wishes is the thing that would make the world perfect. Their judgment is mistaken, their opinion selfish, but the blame of following it rests with her, not them. "The gentlemen don't like it" is an argument that proves the reference to a higher standard to be habitually neglected. A course of action that flows from such a fountain head can only end in a filthy pool of meretricious deception. There is no man who, if he could mould a woman to his desire, would be satisfied with the results of his labour. And if he would, his standard of perfection ought not to be hers.

There is another "mission" for women which is sometimes put forward as a reason why they should not employ their time for their own benefit. It is that of self-sacrifice. The common-place duty of providing for themselves implies a selfish prudence foreign to their nature. Money, comfort, provision! These have no charms for them compared with the delight of giving up all for those they love. Not only, it is said, they like to spend some of their strength for others' benefit when they have strength to spare, but that it is their nature to prefer another identity to their own. They are to receive their support through this other. As the woman cares for his he is to care for hers, and what she likes best is to give up her own desires and adopt his.

Without stopping at the curious definition of a woman as a creature

who likes self-sacrifice—that is, who likes what she does not like—let us think for a moment how the world would get on were such a creature in existence. As our knowledge and comprehension of the wants of others is infinitely small compared with what we have of our own, and as our faculty is enlarged, made active, nay almost created, by the promptings of our own desires, it follows that those who never use their ability for themselves gradually lose it, and that the little they keep they put to the least use possible, for want of knowledge. If the world were peopled with such beings, certainly one might say, with King Alphonse, that we could invent a better. They have drawn on their imaginations that gave this description of women; and, once having taken leave of the trammels of fact, it would be no harm for them to go a little farther and invent a planet to put the creature in, for, on this one, her existence is impossible.

There is also, in this theory, an indistinct attempt to make a virtue of natural feeling, and to claim praise and consideration for it as such. People who maintain that women are fond of self-denial point to the frequent instances in which the feelings of a wife or a mother lead her to give up other pleasures for the sake of gratifying her affection, or where they have led her to most strenuous exertion, and even seemed to increase her strength and ability. But these affections are not sources of self-sacrifice, but passionate enjoyments. They do not tend to annihilate any part of a human being; they do not prompt to the renouncing of any pleasure except for the sake of a greater. So perfectly selfish are they, that the love of a weak uncultivated mind is very likely to do harm to its object, or to die a natural death when self-denial is called for.

“If there are many ladies,” says Maurice, “who are craving for healthy and beneficial employment, who are suffering much mental distress and even bodily illness because they cannot find it, who are ready to take very eccentric courses rather than be doomed to idleness, that is an additional motive for pointing out fields ready to be reaped, and for showing how they may be reaped.” *

This is a plea urged in justification of the only serious employment permitted to educated women. It is permitted, not encouraged. Tolerated more than praised. The exercise of charity cannot be condemned; and on this plea many women really work hard in endeavouring to alter the condition, physical and mental, of some people whom they have never seen, or, perhaps, of some whom they have seen, but who are so far separated from them, by education and circumstances, that it is impossible for them to enter into their feelings, or live their life. Here, at least, it is plain enough that their charity,

* “Lectures to Ladies.” Postscript to 3rd Edition.

their philanthropy, has reached an abnormal development. And we see, too, how it is caused. They are so in want of employment that "they are suffering much mental distress and bodily illness because they cannot find it." Surely they might work at earning money. Are they and those they love possessed of everything they want that money could get for them? Never. But the small services that the untaught labour of women can render cost so little to hire, that it would be ridiculous for ladies to go through the daily performance of them. And they have not been taught to render their work more valuable on the ground that these peculiar feminine duties would leave them no time for it, and that their faculties are not fitted for working. Do people come into possession of more faculty when working for others of whom they know little, than they have when labouring for themselves, and those near to them by birth and affection? The truth is that the power of advancing their own fortunes was taken first, and the reason for it invented afterwards. It is very true that women have no inclination to the drudgery of earning money, because they cannot own it. People show the same repugnance to it even when they can. It is never true that they cease to wish for it, or would not feel pleasure in the acquisition of it.

But people who have the power to dictate the pursuits of others are apt to be always "don'ting." Don't do this because it will soil your fingers. Don't do that because it looks ungraceful. Not only the employments they don't like, but also those that other people are likely not to like, are very liable to be forbidden. It has become an ordinary claim to make on women that their pursuits shall be not only such as do no harm, and interfere with no duty, but such as men like to see them employed in. To follow zealously any serious pursuit which men disliked, would bring about a stoppage of the supplies. Charity and religion are the only employments that people dare not condemn. Hence perhaps the reason why women have earned the credit of a peculiar aptitude for them. In the class where women go to market, and make bargains, they are habitually said to make them better than men. It is only when they are restrained from business that they are thought to have no faculty for it.

It is not the most kindly or the most conscientious that indulge most in this curious activity called charity. It is those who most need work, and have most leisure for the performance of it. A great many feelings besides the kindly inclination to assist the suffering, are gratified by this sort of employment; and most particularly that tendency to regulate the proceedings of others, that always seems to take possession of those who have relinquished the command of their own. The plea, half religious, half philanthropic, that it is for others, gives them a liberty of action that custom does not allow them without loss of caste,

when working for their own benefit. Through this loophole they have crept out of prison, and though they move in fetters yet they move. We are imperfect beings, and in nothing more imperfect than in our power of appreciating each other's mental sufferings. We see the odd contortions they give rise to, without seeing the reasons for them, and they are to us fit subjects for caricature. We all know Mrs. Pardiggle and Mrs. Jellaby, but few who have not borne it know the pain of the pressure from within that forces natural activity into such distorted motion.

What an interest wherewith to be compelled to fill up a life ! It is true women can, for the moment, take a sort of liking for those whom they see suffer, and this it is which is brought into play when they seek interest and occupation among those to whom they are utter strangers. A woman who, mixing but little in actual life, has her power of sympathy blunted by the narrowness of her experience, who does not help herself because it is done for her, and so cannot help others because she has not learnt how, such a woman is apt at times to be so desperately *ennuyée* that the mere opportunity of seeing misery is a welcome change. She is quite right in seeking it. In hospitals, in workhouses, or among the very poor she can find at any time enough. Then, having felt sufficient for the present, she can put an end to her pain at will, and the result of the experiment is, that she has lived more life than she could have done in the same time by any other means at her disposal. From the natural tendency of human beings to like those whom they can help, it sometimes follows that sources of interest will arise among those so distant and so different by necessity and habits. To them the small superfluities, the chance information that she may be able to impart, are, at times, of use ; and when a woman's whole day and whole means are of trivial help to those near to her in blood, and dear in community of feeling, they may be of much more value to the very poor. True, these poor do not concern her much, but the amount of effect she is able to produce makes up for the slightness of the sympathy, and so the stimulus is gained. The palsy of solitude is removed or ameliorated ; there is an outlet from the drawing-room atmosphere of falsehood. Compared with her previous vacuity her life is full. She mixes with all sorts of people, hears all sorts of histories, faces all manner of evidence of vice and degradation, and her plea is she is endeavouring to help. Surely a woman may do at least as much for herself as she does for others. Yet compare this courage in charity with their exaggerated fearfulness in performing their own business. If there be a duty that they can transfer they seldom fail to do so, and are eager to declare—"Oh I never could, I'm sure ! I do so detest all about money." It is not easy to betray more errors of education and mistaken teaching than in these few words. There is no indelicacy

inherent in money matters. There is no merit in disliking them. There is no superiority shown or implied in not understanding them; no proof given of ability or good quality of any kind, by habitually shirking the management of them. To be ignorant and indifferent about one's own affairs is a mere neglect of duty, and should not be veiled under any other name.

But what do the people think whose toleration and society she purchases at no less a price than that of constant service and kindness in word and deed? For the intercourse between them is of that forced unnatural kind, that except to be of service, she has no business in their company. The belief in the superior ability of those who have superior wealth, is best kept up at a distance. Neither respect nor good-will are often increased by a nearer inspection. It must be remembered that the business of helping and advising the poor is devolved on some women as belonging to a certain class, not as being fitted for it by knowledge, kindness, or special training; so that compared with the people she helps the favoured of fortune may often be a helpless creature. Her mere physical weakness, which she herself often looks upon as a sign of superiority, brings about many a pitiable and cowardly failure. Her ignorance of actual life makes her advice as useless as her service, though in this respect, too, she often imagines herself the most capable. In short, there is no doubt that in this sort of charity the blessing is chiefly to her that gives; she sees, learns, and works, though to gain this outlet for her activity she needs to pay for it.

"But we *do* do good! We get the money from those that have plenty, and give it to those that need some, and this distribution is as needful as producing."

It is odd how common it is for people to take up the business of setting the world right. No sooner does any individual or any class get free from labour and anxiety on their own account, than they turn their attention to this matter. Surely we shall finally succeed, if not by clear-sighted humility, then by zeal and exertion. Now helping to set the world right is not foolish, nor Quixotic, nor uncalled-for, nor in any way deserving of ridicule or condemnation—it is only rather difficult. But it is by no means to be given up on that account, for the desire to make the attempt is at once the most natural and noble of human feelings.

But the difficulty that lies in the way of one person effectually helping another, is not removed by making the collection and distribution separate employments. It must always be, that help given by those far removed in habits, manners, and pursuits, is without the best element in the work, the sympathy and reciprocity of feeling. Women so working spend their labour just on those with whom they have least in common, and though the receiver benefits certainly in proportion to

the annoyance given (otherwise he would not bear it), this benefit is small compared with the unconscious results of the intercourse. And these results are immensely damaging. The charity givers of course cannot believe this ; they think that intercourse with their superiors must benefit them. Perhaps it might ; but to assume the superiority is to beg the question. Leisure to learn, and opportunity for activity, give superiority ; but very narrow limits as to what may be learnt, and still narrower as to what may be done, must have the contrary effect. If good ability, large expenditure, and great energy, all co-operate in directing the actions and managing the interests of another person, the best result that can be hoped for will be, to lead him to the fatal conclusion that his wisest plan is to moderate his own exertions in expectation of help, and to submit his conscience and judgment to the guidance of others, because that is the condition on which help is given.

But theory apart, let us come to the practice. Not coming down upon the unfortunate charity-workers with proofs of the uselessness of their labour, when they know they have chosen the best they could.

“Why thrust upon us impossible duties ?” they might say. “I dare not do anything to earn money. I was never taught. If I were to begin I could not bear the labour requisite to earn half as much as I spend ; and I have no means of learning any trade more lucrative. To begin to do it would be (probably) to go against the wishes of those from whom I receive all I have. I must make enemies of them ; get laughed at by the rest of the world, and ruin myself besides ; for how should my friends continue to look after my affairs for me when I act continually in opposition to their wishes ? If I know little of the circumstances and feelings of those whom I wish to help, take the warning to your own heart. You know nothing how difficult it is to find interests at all. You talk of the fetters that constrain us as if they might be burst at pleasure. Why then do they bind so many ? We pine for healthy and beneficial employment ; we suffer much mental distress and bodily illness because we cannot find it ; and you would take from us the only work that none can gainsay us—the work for others.”

Well for them, that when custom has forbidden them to manage their own affairs, and taught them to say they don't like to do it—certainly made them afraid to attempt it—there are people who will let them make some acquaintance with the world through theirs. Let them make it by all means ; but let them never plead while doing so that they have no “time” to follow an honest trade that would keep them from the miseries both of vacuity and poverty.

T.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s sixth letter.]

"WE like the quietness and shade of the Reserved Garden so well that we often go there to dine. Sometimes on our way to the restaurant near the Ecole Militaire, we pay a visit to the Aquarium, the arrangement of which is singularly happy. A cool silent cave, with translucent glass reservoirs of water placed in deep recesses all round, and lighted at the back, the fresh air pouring in abundantly from above. Such is the cunningly devised prison for the living fishes exhibited, and there we can watch them swimming about or taking a nap on the pebbles and diminutive banks of rock which compose the floor of each cell.

"A winding pathway outside the cave, through artificial rock-work decked with alpine plants, leads to the top of a mount from which we have a view of everything that is exhibited in the Garden. Green-houses of different sizes and forms, fancifully painted, tent-like shades, which effectually shelter beds of flowers from sunshine and from rain; a charming summer-house built of highly glazed enamelled purple and yellow bricks, and which is called the Empress' Kiosk or Pavilion. A very pretty orchestra, where the band of the Cent Gardes often delight us with excellent music; a stalactite cave, with an aquarium inside of it for salt-water fish; a long line of sheds for the fortnightly competitive show of flowers, fruits, and vegetables; a Winter garden containing palms, rare ferns, and plants of the cactus tribe, and an aviary filled with lovely Australian birds, principally the rather common sort called Budgerigows, which the Empress lends to the Exhibition. So you see there is something to interest all.

"Near the grand entrance to the Park, facing the Pont d'Iena, there is a building close to the water-edge which is set apart for the British Marine portion of the Exhibition. Captain Cowper Cole there exhibits a series of models to illustrate his project for the re-construction of the British Navy. In order to do this with all clearness he has fixed along the walls beautifully made half-models of every class of Ships of War, beginning with a Three-Decker of the old kind, and ending with five Turret-ships, built according to his own principle.

"In form the Turret is nothing more nor less than a round iron tower which passes through at least two decks of the ship, and rests below on a tripod-stand, somewhat like the stand of an old fashioned post-wind-mill, on which it is turned round by steam power from the engines below. It projects above the battle-deck of the ship just high enough to

contain two Armstrong guns with the muzzles peeping slyly out of small port-holes in the side.

“One of the peculiarities of Captain Cole’s invention is that with the ship in full rig and full sail there is nothing to be seen on the deck with the turrets. Even the bulwarks are folded over the vessel’s side, by means of compartments with hinges, when the battle-deck is required to be cleared for action, so that the guns have then an uninterrupted sweep in all directions. The rigging, ropes, boats, and spars are all made fast to an upper deck that runs along the whole length of the ship above the top of the turrets, in the manner of what is called a hurricane-deck, the rudder and the screw-propellor being worked below the water-line. Another advantage gained by this new system is that the sails can be reefed, furled, and set to the wind by means of ropes from the deck without the necessity of men going aloft in a storm.

“The length of the largest model shown is about fifteen feet, and the height, including the masts, about ten feet. All those models are made of highly polished fir wood, and are exquisitely finished; the zinc casing being represented by not too brilliant silvering. In some of the longitudinal sections the arrangements in the interior of the vessel are given in minute detail and with perfect accuracy, as we heard some naval officers remarking one day when we happened to be there. A descriptive catalogue accompanies the show, but, unfortunately for visitors who like ourselves are ignorant of the subject, it is carefully laid by in the case with the models.

“Major Sedley was greatly pleased with his tour of inspection through the Gallery of Machinery, which he took several days to complete to his satisfaction. He said that all he saw there tended to confirm him in his somewhat paradoxical-sounding theory, that iron is really a more precious metal than gold, inasmuch as, though gold can purchase all that this earth has to give, it is found in but few places and in comparatively small quantities, while iron abounds in almost every part of the globe, and when but moderately worked can be applied to all useful arts.

“We read in the Old Testament that iron was found in Egypt and Palestine in those days, and Tubal Cain is supposed to have discovered the art of converting pure iron into steel, by subjecting it to a certain degree of heat, and then letting it cool more or less gradually. From time immemorial India and Damascus have been celebrated for the beauty, fine temper, and perfect workmanship of their steel blades for swords and scymetars, of which there are specimens exhibited. The Damask or Damascus style of ornamenting metal is remarkably beautiful, and has long been imitated in Western Europe with great success.

“Though iron is the principal source of England’s wealth, we

are sorry to find how small the display of English iron-work is in comparison with that exhibited by some other countries. Amongst the names of the well-known English Iron Masters who exhibit, appear those of Lord Dudley and Lord Granville, who possess considerable coal mines in the immediate neighbourhood of their mines of iron. Having thus a continuous supply of fuel at their command, they can smelt their iron ore with scarcely any expense or trouble. The ore is smelted by means of Blast-furnaces fifty feet high, which are built somewhat on the principle of a smith's forge on an enormous scale. The ore is first crushed and then thrown into the furnace to be roasted with alternate layers of coal and limestone till the iron is melted out and separated from the dross which overflows at the top, while the liquid metal runs out from below. In some ironworks from six to seven hundred tons of iron are run from each furnace every week into moulds or troughs called Pigs. But Pig-iron requires to be re-melted in order to get rid of all impurities before it can be worked to advantage.

"It has been calculated that England produces much more iron and coal, in proportion to its size, than any other part of the globe, besides possessing invaluable mines of lead, zinc, bismuth, nickel, copper, tin antimony, and even gold. Mining and smelting ore were probably the first origin of commerce between the British Islands and other countries.

"Tin ore is exceedingly rare, and has not been met with abundantly, except in Cornwall, Banca, Mexico, and some parts of Australia. The Cornish tin mines have long been celebrated, and have been worked from the earliest times, when the Phœnicians traded for tin with the inhabitants of that part of England. In India, tin is preferred to steel and iron for purposes of ornament, on account of its white brilliancy and its power of resisting changes of atmosphere.

"The variety of shapes and forms into which metals can be welded is inconceivable. Some marvellous specimens of hollow iron bars twisted and plaited with all the apparent flexibility of ropes of hemp or straw are exhibited, and an extremely elegant pair of ornamental gates made of English hammered iron always attracts a crowd of admiring visitors.

"The purest iron yet discovered is found in immense quantities in Sweden. Most of us have read interesting descriptions of the massive beds of iron ore at Arendahl and Dannemara, in which so small a part of dross exists that it is not considered worth counting. Russia, perhaps, comes next; but only a small sample of Russian iron has been sent to the Exhibition.

"In every part of Spain there are rich iron mines; and yet the Spaniards are in the habit of importing a quantity of English and Austrian iron to mix with their own. At Barcelona a very superior kind of steel is obtained from the mixture of those three sorts of iron

of which a half-polished slab about as large as a common-sized toilet glass is exhibited. Even in its present unfinished state its smooth reflecting surface gives us a good notion of what the metallic mirrors must have been that were used by ladies of former times, before the invention of looking-glasses.

“The first French iron works of great importance were established in 1790, at Niederbronn, near the Rhine. In 1777 a vast cannon foundry was built at Creuzot, near Mont Cenis, in the midst of coal and iron mines. It contains five hundred large furnaces. A model of one of the workshops at Creuzot is exhibited in the Park not far from the great light-house at the grand entrance.

“And now we turned to examine several blocks of coal, exhibited from different parts of the world. We have been so long accustomed to burn coals during the greater part of the year in England, that we took neither much interest in the black show, nor were we in the least degree astonished by it. I think the largest of all the blocks we saw was a huge block of Anthracite, or shining stone coal, from Illinois. Anthracite is known to be the oldest coal hitherto discovered, and contains no impressions of plants. It is very abundant in the Welsh coal-field, and occurs in enormous quantities in North America, but a large proportion of it is much too compact to burn even in the strongest possible current of air. It burns almost without flame, and with a remarkably steady glow, for which reason it is much used for steam-boilers, and operations where intense heat is required. In some of the smaller pieces we observed a beautiful play of colours on the surface of breakages, owing to which the name of Peacock-coal has been given to that particular sort. Anthracite has the agreeable quality of not blackening the fingers when touched.

“Though I cannot say that the samples of coal in themselves particularly took our fancy, it is impossible not to feel greatly interested in what we may call the indirect products of coal. First of all there is gas, of which we all know the merits ; and then comes coal-tar, so rich in hidden chemical treasures, some of which are pretty generally known. Benzine, for instance, has it not often done us service in removing grease stains ; and artificial oil of bitter almonds, which is closely allied to Benzine, do we not know the scent of it in perfumery under the name of Essence of Mirbane ? But the lovely coal-tar dyes are what most attract our attention. Lilacs, pinks, purples, azuline blues, yellows, greens, Magenta, deep brown, and black, all constant in colour, and dazzlingly brilliant in their several tints.

“Those rich-toned dyes are applicable to silk, cotton, woollen, paper, and leather, with equally good effect. When we want to see them to perfection, we have only to go to the stalls of Lyons satins, silks, ribbons, and furniture damask stuffs, of which the quality, the

designs, and the colours, are beyond all praise. Impossible to surpass the richness and elegance of the velvet arabesque patterns on a glossy satin ground of the same or of another colour. Impossible to equal the beautiful effect of a soft Narcissus yellow Brocatelle, with fanciful bunches of flowers totally unlike any that ever blossomed, but withal looking very lovely on a ground composed of several patterns of diaper-work varied with lace, and worthy of furnishing lofty rooms in some grand palace. It is certainly a great pleasure to look at the bold combinations of colour which the Lyonesse manufacturers venture to produce, like true artists as they are.

"Some of the Austrian and Russian silk brocades are really superb, especially those into which gold and silver threads are tastefully introduced. But the most artistic and the best drawn designs, as well as the most harmonious colouring to be seen in the Exhibition are decidedly those known to be French.

"The Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and all the Oriental stuffs, and the Ottoman needlework exhibited in the Palace, have an indescribable depth and beauty of colouring, peculiarly their own. As for delicate softness to the touch, nothing can go beyond the textures made of the hair of Cashmerian goats. Yak's hair when woven is much more elastic but not half so soft as either goat's or camel's hair. The brilliancy of the show of Benares-work in gold and silver tissues, and of glittering Delhi-work, both of them made expressly for turbans and scarfs, took us quite by surprise, as well as the Doputtah gauzes with woven patterns in gold and silver.

"Only picture to yourself transparent gauze, gay with coloured floss-silk embroidery of birds and flowers, quivering spangles, green and purple wings of beetles, airy sprays of silver and gold, all lavishly scattered over it as if by fairy hands, and you have before you the turban of some Indian chief, whom you can fancy must be clothed in flowing robes, with jewelled dagger at his girdle.

"The Dakkah-work shown consists of inimitable muslins spotted all over with coloured cotton dots, or embroidered in thick white garlands and sprigs of flowers, always the same at both sides. From Lahore we saw lovely embroidered Cashmeres, which have altogether superseded the old original woven Indian shawls, now of price unattainable to common mortals, and reserved for none but native Princes. The best Cashmere-workers, we are told, always invent their patterns as they go on, and their own innate sense of beauty determines them in combining and contrasting the colours that harmonise the best.

"In the Indian Section there is a curious group of native figures, some of them made of clay and some carved in wood, with the complexions and costumes proper to Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Burmese,

Lahore, Mogul, and other regions. They are intended for playthings for young Europeans, but I do not think they would amuse children half so much as dolls that can be dressed and undressed. I wish I could show you a doll lately invented by a clever German clockmaker. It has machinery like the works of a clock inside the body, by means of which it moves its legs, claps its hands, and says—"Mam-ma, Pa-pa." The price of this bewitching toy is forty francs, or about thirty shillings. There is another doll without legs which contains clockwork of another kind, that makes it run about the room for twenty minutes at a time, stretching out its little fat arms and attempting to speak. This one costs five francs less than the other. Several French toys are exhibited, equally ingenious, and some of them even more animated, such as a couple of dear little clockwork dancers, whose tiny blue shoes with golden rosettes twinkle charmingly as they take the most unheard-of steps; and there is magical humming-top that darts out half-a-dozen showy young baby tops, which at once set off spinning round it right merrily and making music as they go.

"In general the colours of European woollen stuffs and cloth are of dark tints, black, brown, olive, and grey. Each country seems to have its own tint by preference. The English woollen department is hung round with yards and yards of cloth. Huddersfield and other north of England manufactories prefer sober lasting colours. For softness, lightness, and durability, English broad-cloth is pre-eminent all over the world, it is therefore not surprising that every piece exhibited has been bought up, and large orders given for more by the leading foreign cloth merchants. The English are looked upon by all as the best dyers in the world of black, of dark tints of brown, dark blue, and scarlet, which superiority is sometimes ascribed to the quality of the water, suited to one colour in one particular place; in like manner India, Turkey, and some parts of Switzerland are celebrated for their red dyes; and Spain for its brown, so often represented in Spanish pictures.

"The brightest colours in carpets are to be seen in those from India, Persia, Asia Minor, and Turkey. Some wonderfully fine old Turkey carpets, with coloured silk and golden threads woven into the close ground with short pile and delicate designs are still to be seen in Venice. The carpets known in England as Smyrna carpets, cannot be compared in either texture or colours with the hundred year old carpets spread on the floor of the handsomest Kiosks in Constantinople, and in the Mosque of Saint Sophia, upon which no shoe was ever allowed to tread. Some coarse ribbed rugs woven in Koordish tents, are exhibited by the side of fine thin Khorassan ribbed carpets, and they both appear to advantage by the contrast. The Egyptians, Assyrians, and Jews were in the habit of making carpets in the oldest times.

"From Russia and Vienna the carpets are uncommonly soft and

elastic, and the colours usually good. The price of one magnificent Vienna carpet is two guineas the square yard. The ground is a rich orange-red in the centre, with a handsome geometrical pattern in the border composed of many colours.

"The most celebrated sort of French carpet is decidedly that made at the Gobelin manufactory, which is looked upon as 'Mosaic in worsted.' It was formerly called *Tapisserie de la Savonnerie*, from having once been made at what was a great soap factory at Chaillot, in 1604. In the reign of Francis the First, two brothers called Gobelin, who were dyers at Reims, having come to settle in Paris found the water of the Bièvre so good for dyeing wools that they established themselves forthwith on that spot. For convenience the carpet factory was transplanted, in 1662, from Chaillot to the banks of the Bièvre, and henceforth took the name of the dyers themselves, and as such became famous all over Europe. Saint Petersburg also has its Gobelin manufactory, where Turin carpets are made.

"In the middle ages large pictures were often copied in needlework Tapestry, and the picture of William Duke of Normandy's conquests in England was said to be copied in that manner by Queen Mathilde, his wife, with the help of her attendant court ladies. In the fifteenth century, Brussels and Arras were renowned for the beauty of their Tapestry, which was used for lining the walls of dwelling houses. The sort of carpet-work done at the Gobelin manufactory of Paris is called Tapestry, and is used for covering walls and furniture, and less often for state carpets. Fine old Gobelin Tapestry, and even other Tapestry of like nature, is now worth almost any price. At Beauvais there is a factory of Tapestry, not of so fine a sort and much less costly than the Gobelin.

"For every day wear, the best and strongest kind of French carpet is that which is called Moquette. It is made at Aubusson, Turcoing, Nîmes, and other places in France, and somewhat resembles Utrecht velvet in quality. Some other sorts of French carpets are bright and durable, but the patterns are often very pretentious and bad.

"We have every reason to feel proud of our Kidderminster and Scotch carpets, and also of our handsome printed Druggets. Brinton and Lewis, of Kidderminster, and James Templeton and Company, of Glasgow, have each been adjudged a Gold Medal for their carpets. Still it must be allowed that their colours are not so vivid as those we see in France.

"Before wall-papers were invented, stuffs of different kinds, tapestry, ornamented leather, or anything else that could be devised to give an air of comfort and even of luxury to bare cold walls, was hung up, and considered like so much furniture when the family removed from the house. Early in the sixteenth century, paper-hangings to imitate

woollen stuffs were first made at Rouen by painting the surface, either in a pattern or all over, with some sort of size, and then powdering it with coloured wool obtained from the dressing of cloth. That was called Flock-paper, and was pasted flat on the wall.

"After that experiment, Marbled papers were thought of. They were made by floating several colours, and even gold and silver leaf, on water, streaking the surface in irregular waving patterns, with a palette-knife, and then laying the paper evenly upon the top, where it imbibed a sufficient quantity of colour to stain it effectually. This is precisely what book-binders still do to marble the edges of books.

"Towards the close of the eighteenth century the printed Chintzes from India and Persia probably suggested the printing of wall-papers. At first the Oriental manner of printing on Chintz from different engraved blocks, a block for each colour, was practised in printing wall-papers in Europe. But the rapid improvement in machinery and the combination of several new inventions all helped to bring this art to its present state of perfection. Wall-paper, no longer made in small sheets, now runs on in an endless roll through a succession of cylinders, so accurately adjusted that each tint falls exactly into its proper place, and the whole comes out at the other side finished, and even dried ready for use.

"France and England are nearly equal as to quality of paper, but the French designs are infinitely better, and better drawn, than the English, and their colours are far brighter. The cheap French papers are remarkably good. We can have about ten yards of a white pattern on a grey ground for three halfpence; and for two-pence the same quantity of patterns in three colours, blue, brown, and white, on a grey ground. Some of the flock, velvet, watered, and imitation silk stuffs, lace, and Cordovan leather are admirable, and none of them at all dear. The English patterns are poor and insignificant. Even Mr. Owen Jones exhibits a pattern of minute gold work on pale washy blue, which, though perfect as to drawing, makes no effect whatever. The German wall-papers we have seen are much too pale and dull in tone. After all that can be said for paper, nothing is so becoming to a room as well as to its inhabitants as rich hangings of Lyons Brocatelle, with the soft effect of its diapered surface, and folds of raised lace-work.

"We roamed on towards some snowy-looking stalls, filled with clouds of white and black lovely lace dresses, shawls, veils, flounces; all that can be imagined to be made of lace gave us enough to admire and wonder at as we went from stall to stall and from country to country. What we found the most interesting part of the show, was studying some of the delicate patterns which are the very perfection of that branch of art.

"The English name of Lace comes from *Lacinia*, the edge or border of a dress, and means a net-work made of any sort of thread. The

French name Dentelle comes from *dentelés*, à bords *dentelés*, from the toothed edge of lace. The Greek and Roman ladies wore lace, and at Venice lace was made a long time ago. Mary of Medicis brought lace into France, from Italy. As pins were not used in England till 1543, no fine English lace could have been made before that time. Lace-making was first taught to the English by some Flemish refugees who settled at Cranford, Bedfordshire, and in 1640 it had become a flourishing trade in Buckinghamshire. It was called Pillow or Bobbin Lace, because each of the threads which composed it was wound on a bobbin, and crossed and recrossed each other on a hard-stuffed pillow or cushion, round pins stuck into parchment in such a manner as to form a series of symmetrical holes. The spots for the insertion of the pins are pricked on the parchment pattern for the lace, and also the places for flowers to be formed by means of a thicker thread called Gimp, are worked on bobbins into the plain lace ground.

“The most celebrated laces of the older kind are Venice Point or Stitch, Brussels Lace made of silk or thread, Mechlin Lace, Valenciennes Lace, Lisle Lace, Alençon Lace, also called Blonde. In the portraits painted by Vandyke during the reign of Charles the First, and in those painted later by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, Brussels lace is represented. Modern pillow-lace has as many names as there are different stitches, and Honiton lace is a close imitation of Brussels. During the war between England and France, veils of Honiton lace were sold in London at from twenty to a thousand guineas, but as soon as machine lace began to be made, pillow-lace that had been sold at five guineas a yard fell to eighteen-pence, and instead of lace being smuggled from France into England, English machine lace was smuggled into France, till, in self-defence, the French had to make machines for their own use. A large manufactory of bobbin net is carried on at Calais by Englishmen.

“Does it not seem surprising that the four principal materials for woven stuffs, flax and cotton obtained from plants, silk and wool or hair from animals, should be precisely the same at present as those used when the art of weaving was in its infancy, and that each country should preserve its own identity with regard to its peculiar textures, notwithstanding the frequent interchange of ideas that goes on continually in all the corners of the earth?”

(*To be continued.*)

SHELLEY'S BIRTHDAY.

"For me didst thou thrill, kindle, watch, and fast,
 Divinest? and shall I be dead and cold?
 Thy spirit's hunger is my soul's repast,
 Thy aching toil my treasury of gold.
 That I might soar in speculation free,
 Thou wert calamity's most iron'd thrall,
 Thou gathered'st light with woe and misery,
 I look into a book, and have it all."

RICHARD GARNETT.*

I.

THE mighty mother, thine! is still awake,—
 Sleep'st thou? or of her universal thrill
 Partakest, with a more majestic will
 Than we, who writhe in bonds we cannot break?
 Storms are within, around us, and we quake;
 Nor rest when gentler airs Earth's concave fill;
 A sordid fever wastes us, stirred or still,
 Parched with a thirst no mundane stream may slake.

Love, Beauty, Truth, and Hope, and high Endeavour,
 Shadows are they—are they but things that seem?
 Shall Wisdom's Heav'n-taught voice avail us never,
 Drowned in the sluggard's groan, the beldam's scream?
 Have saint and sage taught, struggled, tortured ever
 For fore-doomed victims of a ghastly dream?

II.

Quoted at intervals—remembered oft,—
 Too seldom read, but still reflected on,
 Thy birthday but reminds us thou art gone!
 Gone where the Seraph-singers sit aloft,
 All earthly clogs and earthly clings doff,
 Save such as yet about thee sang and shone
 While this world held and knew thee not—alone
 Spirits like thine walk, doubted, feared, and scoff.

* From "Shelley," a sonnet in "Io in Egypt, and other Poems."

How to such height can those who love not, reach ?
In such sublime devotion how be sharing ?
How gather good from aught they seek to teach
Who soar above the gold and gauds we flare in ?
Divinest Poet ! it was vain to preach
Love to the loveless, hope to the despairing.

J. WATSON DALBY.

August 4th, 1867.

FACTS AND FACES.

BY MAY.

CHAPTER I.

BOND STREET.

FIVE O'CLOCK, P.M.—A complete block of equipages, from the coronetted barouche, calling at Storr & Mortimer's for an emerald bracelet, or at Briedenbach's for a *flacon* of scent, to the shabby fly, returning from the dentist's to its suburban home; from the spicy brougham, fetching the actress from a rehearsal, to the jolting cab, taking the sick servant-girl to the hospital. Yes, there they all are, jostled together in that narrow street—the curly-wigged coachman, glancing proudly down from his lofty seat at his struggling brother driver, with the patched coat and rusty badge; the tall handsome steeds pawing the ground beside the weary bony cab horse. The elegant countess, all silk and lace, from the cushioned recesses of her chariot, sees, for an instant, the attenuated form of the sick woman, stretched in suffering on the hard narrow seats of the cab; or, with a thrill of disgust, finds herself suddenly face to face with the overdressed occupant of a miniature brougham, with a bouquet, and a lap-dog hanging out of the window; the vain occupant, with her painted face and her perverted mind, stares out impertinently at the noble lady—at the daughter of purity and virtue—whose bonnet is not half so pretty, whose lace is not half so costly as hers; and she silently hugs herself in her expensive finery, cost what it may. But the line moves on slowly, gradually, in obedience to the hoarse commands and active exertions of the police, and my lady finds herself alternately side by side with the old-fashioned coach and its antiquated dowager; with the new britska and its pretty mistress; with the Brixton fly, crammed with babies and parcels; with the smart cabriolet and its diminutive tiger; with the shining phaeton and spanking pair; with the swinging hansom; with the jogging cab; with the rattling dray; the tearing parcels delivery and the blind carrier's cart; and with many a stop, and crash, and crush, she, at last, finds herself in Piccadilly—"To the right, coachman, it is time for the Park."

CHAPTER II.

THE PARK.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, P.M.—Where are all the people gone? Where are the mobs that, an hour ago, thronged the shop-windows? Where are the

crowds of carriages that beset the shop-doors ? Just walk up Piccadilly—turn in at the Wellington Gate—and there you will find everybody—men and women, rich and poor, handsome and plain, good and bad ; dukes and horse dealers, duchesses and ballet-girls riding and driving side by side ; lords and their tailors, ladies and their milliners, all jostling in the crowd.

Here is the great market—the great exchange, rather—of London ; here men barter for their various commodities—the cleaned-out nobleman looks for a fortune, the plebeian heiress looks for a title ; it is here that women dress, and strut, and simper, for the men who can only stare, and smoke, and scandalise. Let us take a look at the drive. Here's a splendid coronetted carriage, with fine horses and powdered servants, and, within, the antiquated dowager, with her wrinkled face and poke bonnet of the last century. Now comes the real pretty face, with its real fair complexion, its youthful blooming cheek, and its sweet natural smile ; but, alas ! it peeps from the cramped high window of the rickety, dusty, tumble-down, hired fly, with its bony grey horse, with too much mane and not enough tail, and its sleepy drivelling driver ; its inmates a faded wrinkled invalid mother, and her pretty blooming light-hearted child, the one weary of the ups and downs of this life, to which she clings only for the sake of the girl beside her, the other all eagerness to catch but a glimpse of the gay and happy world of which she hears and reads, and thinks must be paradise on earth. And, as they jog along the crowd, the mother gazes on the green trees, and bright waters, and blue skies, and mournfully thinks of summers that are past, bearing away with them her youth, her health, and her happiness ; the daughter stares at the gay equipages, the brilliant dresses, the happy faces, and indulges in a day-dream of the time to come ; and, if a bad-hearted silly girl, she will envy and pine, if a good-hearted sensible girl, she will hope and pray.

The man of fashion spies at her for an instant through his glass, but soon turns away in disgust that so pretty a picture should have such a shabby frame—a last year's bonnet, the faded red silk blind of a hired fly.

The man of poetry does not glance at her—no poetry surrounds this middle grade of life—had she been a degree poorer, a beauty in rags even, sitting on a doorstep, selling matches in the street, he would have made her his heroine, nature's free and simple child ; but there is no romance in the shabby genteel poverty of the struggling gentlewoman.

The painter's eye alone distinguishes, recognises, acknowledges real beauty in any guise ; he takes the angel face out of the unbecoming bonnet, the modelled hand out of the ill-fitting glove, the well-turned

figure out of the home-made dress ; and the world approves and admires, on his canvas, bedizened with the garb of elegance, the same form and features which it despised and overlooked amidst the ugly and cruel realities of life.

Now comes the respectable family coach, with its well-fed horses, well-fed servants, and, to all appearance, its over-fed occupants—judging from “master’s nose,” “missus’s size,” and the puffy discontented faces on the back seat. So large, so dark, so ponderous is this equipage, that the very sight of it rolling along makes you feel heavy and drowsy. I believe the inmates are generally enjoying the various stages of snooze, snore, or slumber. Here comes the smart little britska, with its happy-looking widowed mistress ; with lots of white and mauve, mourning for her late husband, departed this life about eight months ago. Dating from this event, his resigned relict begins to live ; finding herself mistress of ample funds, she dries her tears, takes a house in town, leaves off her black, sets up a new carriage, and makes up her mind that number two shall not have a red nose, and need not have a penny in his pocket. A very clipping cab comes by—perfect horse, perfect tiger, and perfect monkey inside, as far as white tile and lavender kids can make him ; and leaning on the rails on the wrong side of the drive is an ugly man with a very bad hat, rather a rusty coat, very dusty boots, and big thread gloves. Are you astonished when I tell you the man at the rails is the Duke of Broad-acre, and the man in the cab is Flash, the tobacconist ? I recognised them immediately by their noses—the duke’s turns down to the ground, the tobacconist’s turns up to the sky !

The duke bows to every carriage—nods or speaks to every second man ; Flash has only a wink from his own particular female friend with the very pink cheeks, and the very fine bust, who rides the bright chestnut, without a groom after her. Finding ourselves now among the equestrians, let us have a look at them. Here we see fair woman in every variety—the stout lady, a lump of boneless flesh, with strings tied tight round it at intervals to indicate the throat, waist, and wrists ; the thin lady, whose bones threaten every minute to pierce holes in her habit ; the tall lady, whose high knees will certainly knock her front teeth out some day ; the short lady whose long ample skirts are all make-believe, and whose leg can hardly hook the pommel.

Here’s the really good horsewoman, the cross-country woman, who sits like wax, has a hand like a feather ; she is very red-faced, she wears doeskin gauntleted gloves, a short green habit, and a beaver hat, tied with black ribbon under her chin ; she may be plucky in the field, but she is not very pretty in the park. Then here’s the fast lady, young, handsome, single, with a tiny round hat, tight blue habit, with sprig of geranium in the button-hole, the narrowest all-rounder, so close up

under her ears that she looks rather as if being choked, a spy-glass in her whip-handle, and an animal that has the peculiarity of always stepping the best or frisking the most when passing handsome or wealthy gentlemen. Now here comes the lady who is determined to be different to other people—she is really a curious study ; she's clever and pretty, has plenty of money, and a very bad husband, so she does just as she likes—those who don't admire her are jealous of her attractions in some way, you may be sure, and those who don't fall in love with her are very sensible people—she's just the person you must either hate or adore. One folly (I will not call it a fault) this lady indulges in—that is, eccentricity of dress ; she never appears twice in the same costume—she never dresses as other people do ; to-day she will wear white muslin and blue ribbon, and look like a girl of sixteen, to-morrow she will be laden with satins and lace, and look at least forty ; she will go to a small party in a court-dress and diamonds, and appear at a state ball in a black dress and bead necklace ; sometimes she looks like a duchess, sometimes like a May-day sweep—yes ! there she is on her troublesome steed, with her bright, beautiful, restless eyes, and all her hair (for a change) tumbling down her back—she stops at the rails to speak to a queer ugly old Frenchman—she chats and smiles, and looks into his face as bewitchingly as if he were Adonis himself. Oh, Lady Strangeways, is all this fascination for the old foreigner, or for the bunch of heavy swells lounging near ? But never mind, she don't pretend to talk, at any rate, as some women do, for she has a witty tongue and a sweet voice, and having travelled nearly all over the world, the Frenchman evidently finds her very charming, and bows a hundred times, as she gaily kisses her hand to him and canters off.

Look at that man riding that splendid chestnut, stepping along so daintily, to the great admiration of the men at the rails ; it is Kick, the horse-dealer, dressed like a gentleman, educated like a groom, with manners savouring of both a little.

There go two Stock Exchange men, rushed up from business in a hansom, just in time for the park ; they are talking so loud, you cannot help noticing them ; there they go with their well-conditioned steeds, and their fast racy neckcloths.

There's the noble house of Widelands, represented by a fair boy, a mere baby, with long light curling hair, mounted on a shaggy pony about the size of a large dog, and a perfect groom holding the leading rein.

Here comes the regular "park man ;" now that man hasn't quite enough money to float easily on the wide sea of society ; but he has just enough sense to enable him to keep his head always above water ; his mode of existence is to many an enigma, a mystery—it's a mystery he is always well-dressed, yet has no bills at the shops in vogue ; the

secret is, he never buys more than he can pay for, and as he keeps no servant, is not obliged to leave off things when he has worn them twice ; it's a mystery he lodges in Bury Street, St. James's, and yet never asks "fellars" to drop in to breakfast ; the secret is, his "rooms" in Bury Street consist of a large back attic, and his cup of coffee, roll, and rasher of bacon, cost him one-twelfth of what the fashionable spread of buttered-eggs, deviled-kidneys, and the like, would do ; it's a mystery, he says he is passionately fond of music, and yet is seldom seen more than once at the opera during the season ; secret, he can't go unless given a stall ; mystery, he can tell all about the pieces at the theatres, yet is seldom seen at one ; secret, he studies the papers ; mystery, you meet him at all the balls, but he never will dance—don't like it ; secret, he well knows he is no catch, worse than none, a good-looking gentlemanly beggar, therefore a detrimental, with whom young ladies will not dance, so he goes as a looker-on ; then he rides, never joining ladies, because he doesn't wish to be snubbed. There's a cluster of fashionables reining up close to the rails to converse with friends leaning there—how they chat and chaff each other unceasingly, how they laugh at nothing, how they have some scandalous tale to tell of every one, and how ever ready they are to relate the story of some fellow-being's downfall—either loss of fortune or loss of fame ; and if any "fellar" smashed, or died lately, how eager they are to rake up all his faults, all his mistakes, with three-fold additions tacked on to them. Canter, canter, some one else canters by, a showy horse, a bold rider ; past the crowds of men—past the long lines of riders—she is alone. The uninitiated stare at her, the snobs wink at her, the swells criticise her ; and, like fools, imitate her in dress, manners, and conversation—and then they wonder the men don't marry them ! Marry—what marry women more depraved than that unfortunate riding by—women who coolly throw aside their religion, and their education, and live with a depraved mind, like a canker in their pure bodies ? Surely they will weigh far lighter in the scales than yonder wretched girl, who in her utter ignorance of right and wrong, with no vestige of education to direct her mind, no idea of religion to guide her heart, has strayed so far, has in her destitution sold her body for bread, unconscious that her soul was included in the bargain ; "she who is without sin among ye, cast the first stone."

The Lady Frances Fashion was well fed, well clothed, well housed, well loved every day of her life ; she was taught, ay well taught by fond parents, by wise teachers ; she was clearly shown the two paths, the one leading to heaven, the other leading to hell—and lo ! with deliberate steps, slow, but sure, she chose the latter road ; who will fare the hardest at the last ? The friendless, hungry, ignorant woman on the pavement, who never having been shown the narrow gate of righteousness wanders

along the tempting ways of vice, or the happy pampered Lady Frances in her boudoir, who, to gratify her vanity or indulge her passions, deliberately takes the road towards perdition, and quiets her conscience by shutting her eyes to the way she is going so surely, or by pelting with stones her fellow-travellers. The fiat went forth ages ago, when the Saviour taught, "that to whom much is given, of them much shall be required." And those virtuous women, how they scorn and despise those with whom they should sympathise and pity, and with harsh words and withering glances they denounce, and trample still lower, those who, though sinners, are women as themselves; women, who would perhaps gladly catch at the outstretched hand of a lenient sister, when they turn from the warning finger of the preacher; women, who might lend a willing ear to the persuasive voice of a gentle sister, when they are deaf to the eloquent discourses of the wise men of the land; women, who would perchance follow in the right path if a pitying sister led the way, when they refuse to be driven there by the ranting threats of men. So on ride the women, and on stare the men, until the clock at the lodge warns them all of dinner-time, and in half-an-hour's time all are dispersed; each gone their different ways—to the splendid mansion in Belgravia, or to the expensive dirty little house near Park Lane, or to the uncomfortable lodgings in Albion Street, or the luxurious chambers in Piccadilly, or to the dear poky rooms in St. James's Street, or to the little villa in St. John's Wood, or to the disreputable apartments in Brompton—all go home; and for the next few hours a different class of persons invades the Park.

When the heat of the day is over, and the air is fresh and pleasant, when all the dust is laid by the rising evening dews, and the park is really beautiful, Dame Fashion has willed it her votaries should be panting over the fumes of a hot dinner-table, or crammed into a crowded concert-room; should be choking in the unventilated atmosphere of a gas-lit play-house, or heaping on crinoline in a tiny dressing-room; but, happily for themselves, there are many thousands who entirely escape Dame Fashion's rule, and are therefore able to enjoy this most delightful hour of the day. Many a shopman takes his sweetheart for a stroll, many a nurse-maid sees her charges in their cribs, and comes there to meet "her young man." Many a tall life-guardsman escorts "his lady," (a kitchen-maid at Brompton) across the park to see her friend the cook at Tyburnia, who has, she finds, stepped out (as her people dine early) for a walk in the park with Tom Roll, the baker's man. Many a milliner's girl, having taken home the bonnet, rests on a bench in the park; many a workman puts down his bundle and tools, and lies full-length upon the grass; many a laundress sets her high piled basket on the gravel path, and gets a breath of fresh air; many a small boy emerges from the stifling byeways, and revels in a dip in the slimy Serpentine, and with his rag

of a towel fluttering in the breeze, enjoys a cool ramble through the park ; and queer old men, and still queerer women creep out at this time—men with battered hats, and clothes too rusty and faces too woe-begone for broad daylight ; men who, though ragged and poor, are never seen to beg, who if you offer them a shilling, will snatch it greedily, without a word of thanks, and slink away as if ashamed of having taken it, as if annoyed at being noticed. And the women—scanty black garments, garments that had once been handsome mourning, but worn, oh ! so worn, so brown, so white ; the tattered shawl patched and darned, and yet held decently round the pinched bent form, the torn flimsy veil drawn closely over the grieving, shrinking face ; the figure bowed down with its unknown sorrow, the step uncertain ; these phantoms haunt the park, crouching on benches where beauty laughed and chatted, or flitting along paths where fashion trailed and strutted only a few hours since.

CHAPTER III.

THE MERCHANT.

EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M. is not in the summer time the most agreeable hour to persons living in London—at least so thinks the wearied merchant, the toiling votary at the shrine of gain, as he locks up his desk, pockets his keys, and wends his steps westward ; though tired he is determined to walk—"to calm his mind, to cool his brain," he repeats to himself as he pauses at the top of Holborn, and raising his hat, wipes his thoughtful brow. He cannot help observing, with very natural disgust, the crowds of women still lingering about the shop windows—he politely designates them all as "fools" in a perfectly audible mutter. Two of this class particularly attract his notice as he again pauses on the curb for a "mouthful of fresh air." Why bless me ! if it isn't poor dear little Mrs. Murdles and her sister Mary Jane, with baby and little Tommy, returning from spending the day with Jack's wife up at Whitechapel, because she has just got over her seventh (a most plausible reason for a day's jaunt, you know).

All the 'buses seem full ; and there they wait, poor things, so tired and so hot. Baby is so heavy, and Tom is so cross, in spite of the huge bun he is stuffing. Then Mary Jane has so much to carry—what with the basket, and the bundle, and the new bonnet in the paper bag, and the long newspaper funnel of shrimps gran'mother gave them, for she's in the fish way, and the half lobster wrapped in a pocket-handkerchief that Mary Jane has tucked under her arm, as gran'mother said it would be very good next day, if kept in a cool place—and then there's the bit of pickled pork Sam (who is in the pork way) would poke into Mrs. Murdles' bag, along with baby's bottle and Tom's pinafore. At last up

comes the 'bus—there is room—Mary Jane gives Tom a shake and a slap and bids him stand quite still while she puts mother in. Tom once left alone begins to cry, drops his bun, and thinking with stupid indiscrimination that any man near must be his daddy, frantically seizes hold of the merchant's coat-tails, who is still calming and cooling on the curb; Mary Jane returns, snatches up Tom, nearly snatches up the merchant as well, and finding them in some slight entanglement, actually stops (though in such haste), nice-spoken girl as she is, to say with real feeling—"Oh dear! I am so much obliged to you, sir, for so haffably a lookin' after the child, but ye see, sir, hafter a long day wi' the children they gets so tired and so werry fractious-like, there's no doin' nothing, and I's so bothered wi' them there things, wi' the—oh! hi! lor! if I aint lost the 'bus arter all—hi, hi, hi, hi!" but our merchant has stalked away, exclaiming with amiable satisfaction—"So much the better, gabbling fool!" The merchant reaches the Strand; "Great fool!" he mutters, as a very fat woman, a cook going to the play, drops an umbrella on his toes. "Little fool!" he murmurs, as a pert, pretty shop-girl, on her way home, catches the fringe of her shawl in his coat button. "Greedy fool!" he says aloud, as a tremendous swell going out to dinner, full dress, looking perfectly cool and contented, comes bowling up Piccadilly in a hansom. "Vain fool!" he thinks, as a sweetly pretty woman, with diamonds and a white bernous, dashes up Park Lane in her brougham, *en route* for the opera. All this tearing and driving, as the merchant calls it, is certainly very trying to the nerves; but there is something worse in store for him. As he turns into his own square, a German band is playing a most inspiring waltz (the "Satanella"); this makes him positively giddy—"Crazy fools!" he grinds between his teeth, and hurries on. Opposite his own house the "Niggers" are performing most vehemently "Hoop de doo," etc. "Black fools!" is the truism that escapes his lips as he rushes gladly into his home—thro' the hall to his own beloved sanctum at the back of the house, with its close-shutting door, and shaded lamp and dark hangings, and large easy chair. This is the merchant's haven, his oasis in the world's desert, away—far away from the noise, and the bustle, and the gaiety—away from the roll of the carriages, and the din of the carts—away from the singing, and the screaming, and the laughing, and the talking, and from the ceaseless echo of the restless footsteps of men. Thus sits the merchant, resting both body and mind in quiet—perfect quiet—when lo! a sound—a tone—a strain, falls on his ear; feebly, faintly, sweetly, a barrel-organ sleepily drones "Long, long ago," in a neighbouring mews; this most terrible of street nuisances strangely acts as a spell on the merchant's brain; he recognises the air, he recollects its name, he acknowledges its power; he instantly ignores the worn-out organ, the half famished performer with his long, pinched

brown face, and gleaming white teeth, and the disgusting monkey with its little skinny arms and dirty plaid frock ; he instantly ignores the crowd of dirty children, staring and wondering, and impudent stable boys teasing and jeering the unhappy little Italian—he forgets all this, and allows his thoughts to travel with the air to that distant time “long long ago,” back to his boyhood, back to his childhood—when London was to him but a fair city of gay sights and fine shows, and where the inhabitants enjoyed a perpetual holiday, and where every alternate house was a toy-shop—when he thought himself rich because he had a handful of marbles in one pocket, and a crooked sixpence in the other—when he thought himself clever because he knew two and two made four ; and now the air has ceased, the charm is broken ; the merchant is no longer a boy, he is a man, and though he has now some thousands (not exactly in his pocket), he deems himself but a poor man, a hard-working slave, with a burden on his back, gathered with his own hands. The quiet stars are shining through the window ; they attract the merchant’s gaze—but not as stars—to his distorted vision the planets are sovereigns, the lesser orbs are halves, and he cannot help counting them—adding or subtracting them, it is the same weary work, the same weary toil for him, even up to the firmament of heaven—his head grows dizzy, his ideas confused, he closes his eyes—he sleeps.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OPERA.

EIGHT O’CLOCK, P.M.—The Park is nearly deserted, the last loungers vacate their chairs and stroll towards the gate. There goes Augustus Frederick Smyth—or Captain Smyth, I beg his pardon—that tall thin man with the fair moustaches, and the pink geranium in his button-hole. He has been occupying three chairs, what with his cane and his legs, and has not paid for any, cleverly jumping up as the man of chairs approaches, rushing to the rails and gazing anxiously after some imaginary friend among the equestrians. Smyth now fingers his chain, as if to consult his watch, and, assuming a meditative attitude, stares fixedly through the long vista of trees and chairs with one eye screwed up as if endeavouring to distinguish something at the very furthest end of the row, and slowly draws the following to a friend, a small and quiet friend, standing near—

“‘Pon honour, must cut—dine Belgrave Square 8.30—rather nice pony that, steps—must look up Lady Catchusall at the Opera, if little Lady Keepme will let me off in time ; so, with three balls, lots o’ work t’night. Shall get Charley Frisky give me a lift in his cab down to the club, promised to pick up a fellar there—by-by, if I

don't find him at the Rag, s'pose I shall at the Junior—well, ta-ta. Let's see, which is your way, could'n't leave this in St. James's, eh?" (Produces a small folded paper, which he pockets again, exclaiming) "But no, never mind, won't disappoint her, too bad of me, eh? Can look in myself to-morrow, on my way to Lady Waltzhimdown's morning set-out—ta-ta."

A wave of the hand, a knowing wink of the screwed-up eye, and he leaves his humble friend in great bewilderment. With some slight surprise I see he passes the Honourable Charles Frisky, in his cab, without even a nod, but do not suppose they are really very intimate, as I have now discovered that Smyth's evening amusement generally consists of a meerschaum and a shilling's-worth at the theatre; and as his dinner was swallowed six hours ago, for one and sevenpence, we shall not be very far wrong in concluding that his acquaintance with their Ladyships C., K., and W., begins and ends in that useful publication the "Peerage." I need scarcely add that the paper to be left in St. James's was the unpaid bill of his lodging in Bloomsbury—three pair back, 4s. 6d. a week—where he can brush his clothes and clean his boots and gloves in perfect seclusion, pinning the latter to his window-blind to dry—and where he can sit all the morning in his shirt-sleeves, and smoke his pipe in peace. So beware of handsome men with pink geranium and titled friends; but, if you ever really want to know how to tell a lie with perfect ease of manner and a truthful countenance, they are the men to give you a lesson.

Eight o'clock, p.m.—The man of poverty shoulders his broom, and tramps off with his scanty earnings, his throat parched and his hands begrimed with the dust he has been sweeping from the paths of the rich.

The man of wealth guides his steed homewards, gaily bidding adieu to his friends until the festive scenes of evening shall reunite them.

The woman of poverty wearily moves off with her load of unsold flowers; and, when the gay world has rested, and dined, and dressed, it will find her at the door of the opera or theatre, eagerly offering her bouquets again; and, while hundreds of men and women are dancing, or singing, or flirting, or eating, or drinking, or sleeping, the poor flower-girl is starving and sobbing away the weary hours on the hard doorsteps of some inhospitable palace.

The woman of wealth drives her prancing ponies from the Park; and, arrived at home, rests, yawns, dresses, looks at a sumptuous dinner—having eaten too much lunch to taste anything—and looks at herself in the glass until it is time to start for the ball, etc. And she peers out of the carriage window, wonderingly, as she passes through the now deserted park; the carriage lamps flash for an instant upon

two figures sitting on a bench close to the water's edge—all around so still, so dark—a young man, and a still younger woman ; her hand in his, his breath upon her cheek, his words in her ear—and the fine lady lolls back in her cushioned chariot, and thinks she recognised in the slight figure and worn pale face the milliner's girl she was scolding an hour before for not bringing home her dress sooner ; but now the dress is on, it suits to perfection, so she soon forgets the pale breathless girl, staggering under her load of lace and satin ; soon forgets the aching fingers that made that costly robe, and the ill-paid, hard-worked, worn-out milliner's girl. And there sits that girl, in that wide and lonely park, totally unmindful of the dress, and the scolding, and the late hours, and the scanty food, and the blinding gaslight, forgetting all the work, and the hardships of her life, in the enjoyment of that dream—that short happy dream—that vision of bliss—that gleams down from heaven upon us mortals through the stars, but vanishes as the morning light begins to break.

Ten o'clock p.m.—Italian Opera, 2nd Act concluded. I turn my back upon the stage, and take a survey of the house ; the eye is first attracted by sparkling jewels, spangled fans, starry flowers, and black moustachios (light ditto make no effect in the distance). In that box on the grand tier there's a handsome woman, fine features, fine shoulders, fine diamonds, sits like a queen. I raise my glasses. Now that's Lady Angelina Clementina Rake, married plain Mr. Rake for two very excellent reasons, not because she was in love with him, nor because it was a suitable match, but because all the marriageable young noblemen seemed just then already bespoken, and because she felt sure she could dress better on Mr. Rake's ten thousand a year than on the meagre allowance of her poor but proud father, the Earl of Not-a-Rap. I happen to lower my glasses to the pit tier, to the box exactly below Lady Rake's—what a contrast ! a little coquettish creature with shining black hair and sparkling black eyes, lolling back behind a magnificent bouquet of mixed roses ; what a lovely woman (second and more attentive stare) no, she isn't ! a mass of paint—eyes, cheeks, lips ; and what arms ! long white ivory sticks—no gloves, and diamond rings by the score. There's a man in the background, young, handsome, and well-dressed, but I see he's a snob for all that. Last act concludes, ballet about to commence, parties in the pit box make a move, and the millionaire, Mr. Rake, escorts Mademoiselle Rosa, the dancer, to the green-room.

Ten o'clock p.m.—Yonder box on the second tier that remained so long vacant is now occupied, I see, by the pretty Mrs. Silly Simper, with her meek, pale profile, and her large blue eyes ; her eldest child, a girl of about twelve years, sits opposite, and on the back of mamma's

chair, quite behind the curtain, leans a fashionable-looking man, chatting and smiling, receiving, in answer, an occasional glance, an occasional sigh. I understand that Mrs. Silly Simper's husband infinitely prefers a Greenwich dinner to the opera, or a run down to Newmarket, instead of riding in the park, or to spend a few days at So-and-so's snug little box at Twickenham, or runs down to have a look at So-and-So's house at Brighton, or So-and-So's horses somewhere else, and don't at all object to a day's fishing, or a week's shooting—anything but an hour of his wife's society. And his wife—that modest retiring woman, who loves quiet, and shuns even female society, who drives the smallest brougham possible, and wears the thickest veil, who always sits behind the curtain of the opera box, and only walks in the most retired parts of Kensington Gardens—this sweet woman, has she no friend, no sympathising friend, who will take care of her and amuse her during Simper's absence?

Who drops in at lunch time—who sends the bouquets—who gives the opera tickets—who escorts her through the gardens—who calls in at church time on Sunday morning—who spends wet afternoons with her? Why that ugly Lord Pleasingfool. To be sure he's plain and poor, he's middle-aged and married—but what's all that? He's a lord, and he isn't Mrs. Simper's husband.

Eleven o'clock p.m.—Box on the first tier next Lady Highlyborn, and just above the haughty ugly Duchess of Thoroughbred, with her two prim plainly-dressed daughters, hastening to get their cloaks on for fear they shall even see the beginning of the ballet, and her only son, the heir, a puny, half-idiotic child, for ever pining in his luxurious home for the health and strength that no money can purchase—but to return to the box above, there are diamonds—there's a fan—there's a bouquet! Many a glass is raised—by the swells very shyly, by the snobs very boldly—and various observations are made. “Stunning!” “Clipping!” “Done it!” whisper the men; “Dreadful!” “Shocking!” “Disgusting!” think the ladies—good delicate creatures, they couldn't speak of such a person, it's bad enough to see her! And who is this person? A few years back she was an ignorant country girl, with modest brow, coarse clothing, and a pure mind; she is a girl still, but shame is stamped upon her breast, though in golden letters; she is no longer ignorant; her school has been the world, men have been her masters, and the lesson has been studied, learnt by heart, so perfectly that nothing can efface it from her memory, nothing can erase it from the once blank tablets of her soul; she is clad in silks and satins, she is crowned with costly jewels; she sits at the opera face to face with the Queen herself; she drives in the park side by side with the highest in the land; she lives among the dwellings of fashion; still she is what she is—what man has made her—what a man makes a woman when he

tears, or tempts, or persuades her from the safe shelter of her obscure origin—leads her to the precipice and urges her to take the leap, before she has had time to know the width and the depth of the gulf yawning beneath her ; blindly she follows, follows her ambition, her vanity, or her love—follows, falters, falls, and too late snatches the bandage from her eyes to find she is repaid by men in gold and jewels, in jests and sneers, for having lost her innocence and her happiness in this world, her hope and her home in the world to come.

But now we must have a look at the stalls. A moment before the overture begins, in drops the habitué of the opera-house ; faultless get-up, noiseless tread, and an utter ignorance of music, are his most remarkable points ; I never saw or heard him enter, but there he is dropt into his stall, his attitude somewhat dejected, his countenance somewhat melancholy, his pensive gaze bent on the orchestra, his hands crossed on his large black *lorgnettes*—he is altogether rather funereal in appearance, but this style is quite “the thing” at the opera just now, and not a few vainly endeavour to imitate the habitué.

Now in trips the foreigner, “Pardon, pardon, monsieur !” a thousand times, and he gains his seat, wriggles himself round, and examines with intense curiosity every face in the boxes.

What is all that rustling and bustling of silk—such anxious inquiries as to what numbers, which row ? Why, it is Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Smyth and family, up in town for a week, and determined to have a night at the opera. The young ladies have donned their most sumptuous ball-dresses for the occasion, and carry larger bouquets than those in the royal box. When seated, with much crushing and squashing of crinoline, they all, with great difficulty and pushing, twice change places, so that Jemima may sit next her pa, or Tom next his ma, or Mary Ann next young Green of the—what ?—oh, rifles, of course !

In striking contrast, the calm, dignified Lady Belgravia glides into the next row, accompanied by her husband ; she, in her long, wrapping cloak, and simply-braided hair—no flowers, no flounces, hardly a jewel, she reserves them for the state ball, or for the birthday drawing-room ; still she comes to the opera in her splendid carriage, from her fine house in Eaton Place, with four powdered servants in the hall ; while the Brown-Smyths, with much struggling and giggling, cram all their finery into a one-horse fly, young Green and pa riding on the box, and thus are conveyed to their home at Clapham Rise, or their poky lodgings in the Strand, as I believe they are only visitors in the metropolis.

Nine o'clock p.m.—The Honourable Augustus Sociable edges his way into his stall. “How do ?” “How are you, So-and-so ?” a hundred times as he passes up the row. Act concluded, he bows to several boxes,

and is instantly beckoned by some friend or other. So Gus Sociable vacates his stall for the rest of the night. Now he is paying his respects to the Countess of Balls, on the grand tier, now he is doing the agreeable to the Baroness Marasquino in the stage box, now he is flirting with the belle of the season, Lady Lucy Lovely, on the first tier, now he is playing with Madame Somebody's fan, on the pit tier, now he is chatting with Mrs. Somebody on the second tier, now he is talking with some men in the lobby, now enjoying the ballet from the "omnibus."

About nine o'clock in hurries the rich man, the monied man ; he has the best stall in the house ; the rarest flower in his button-hole, the most expensive *lorgnettes*, the best cut coat, the handsomest diamond studs ; but, alas ! he has the commonest mind in the world, and the smallest acquaintance of any man in London ; who is he—what is he ? Why, his name is Mr. Jenkins Jubbs, whose father, years ago, somehow transformed a certain rag, bit, and bone mart of St. Giles into a mine of inexhaustible wealth for the youthful Jubbs. The old man has been long dead, and St. Giles is an unknown region to Jenkins Jubbs ; but, somehow or other, the "rags," and the "bits" stick to him still, and he can't get into society, though he lives in Berkeley Square, and spends his ten thousand a year.

Blue eyes stare, black eyes peep, all eyes look, and many a fair one arranges her lace, poses her arm, or raises her glasses, as the young Viscount Darlingfeet takes his stall. No wonder they're all so in love with him—he is so tall and so handsome, so elegant and so fast ; he has such a drag and such horses, such a phaeton and such a yacht, such a lot of things, and, bless him !—such a little money. I never found out why he comes to the opera, he always calls it "a bore," and certainly, to judge by his languid eye and his *nonchalant* attitude, he looks rather bored. While the fair ones are gazing at the careful back parting of his hair the first act of the ballet ends, and the Viscount suddenly leaves. "Now he is coming," says the blue-eyed lady. "What shall I say to him?" thinks the black-eyed one. "I'll ask him to dine to-morrow," says Papa. "Leave that chair vacant next Adelina," whispers Mamma. But you are all wrong, good people, you are all mistaken—your hero has put on his hat, lugged on his huge rough coat, lighted his cigar, and is off ; he came at half-past ten, and before eleven is ?—oh, wherever he may be going.

(To be continued.)

THE WOMEN OF THE LATIN AND GERMANIC RACES.

BY MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA, AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN IN THE EAST," ETC., ETC.

(*Authorised Translation.*)

XIII.—ITALIAN WOMEN.

Women with the Etruscans and the Romans—Roman and Athenian Women—Decay of Ancient Civilisation—Revival of Liberty in Italy—Italian Women of the Middle Ages—The Countess Matilda—Chinzica—Adelaida of Susa—Eleonora d'Arborea—Marzia Ubaldini—Caterina Appiani—Orsini—Orsina Visconti—Torelli—The Last Days of the Republics—Patriotism of the Republican Women—The Women of Pisa, Florence, and Siena—The *Poetesse* of the Eighteenth Century—Vittoria Colonna—Gaspara Stampa—Veronica Gambara—Tullia d'Aragona—Literary Activity of the Italian Women of this epoch—Italian Protestant Women—Olympia Morata—The Women of Lucca—Italy under Absolute Governments—Italian Women in the Universities—The University of Bologna—Signora Gaetana Agnesi—Laura Bassi—Clotilda Tambroni—Maria Dalle Donne—The University of Padua—Novella d'Andrea—Helena Cornaro Piscopia—The University of Brescia—Laura Cereta—Serina—*La Sapienza* of Rome and Marta Marchina—Signora Pellegrina Amoretti and the University of Pavia—The Neapolitan Women—M. A. Ardinghelli and the Paris Academy of Sciences—Apology for Women by Italian Women—Isotta Nogarola—Lucia Bergalli—Lucrezia Pico-Rangoni—Angelica Tarabotti—Artists—Madonna Properzia dei Rossi—Elisabetta Sirani—Other Painters of the Bolognese School—First Symptoms of Revival in Italy—Alfieri and the Countess d'Albany—The Republican Women of Genoa and the Insurrection of 1746—The French Revolution—Fall and Restoration of the Bourbons at Naples—Punishment of Eleonora Fonseca and Luisa di San-Felice—Insurrections of 1821 and 1848—The Princess Belgiojoso—Anita Garibaldi—Emilia Manin—*Poetesse* of the Nineteenth Century—Maximina Rossellini—Signora Laura Mancini—Giuseppina Turrise-Colonna—Giannina Milli and the *Improvisatrici*—Philosophy—The Marchesa Fiorenzi-Waddington—Artists—Sculpture—Marcello—Dramatic Art—Signora Ristori—Songstresses—Obstacle to the Intellectual Revival of Italy—The Convents and the Nuns—Nuns and Education in the Two Sicilies, Rome, Tuscany, and Sardinia—The Schools in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom—Struggle of the Kingdom of Italy against Monkish laziness and ignorance—Power of old Superstitions—The Patient of Capriana, her Historians, and Medical Science—Attempts made to raise the Condition of Women—The old Italian and the Austrian Codes—Project of a Civil Code—Liberal declarations of the project—Objections of MM. Gabba and de Rossi.

ITALIAN civilization is not, like French, a comparatively recent work. This civilization is the most ancient in the West, and the Peninsula had already made immense progress, while the Celts were wandering in their forests, and the Germanic hordes in their marshes. The origins of a people who were to rule the ancient world are sufficiently varied. Before receiving from the Romans a powerful unity, Italy appears to

us*divided between different races. The Pelasgians, whose remains still exist in Albania, and who played so great a part in Asia Minor and Greece before the Hellenes, occupied, in ages long anterior to our era, the Italian plains, which they covered with constructions whose gigantic ruins have won my admiration. But this powerful nationality experienced everywhere a tragic destiny. When Rome began against her neighbours the struggle which was to leave her the empire of the peninsula, the Etruscans were in the centre, the Celts in the north, and the Hellenes in the south. With the Etruscans, from whom Rome received her worship, the social law was based on religion, and these ideas must have exercised an important influence on the life of the Romans. With the Etrurians, the sovereign proprietor, the son of the earth and intermediate between the divine mother of the human race and the gods, is a god himself for his family. But he does not condemn it to a disguised captivity. Wives, children, slaves, gather round the domestic hearth. In the banquets which we see depicted on the vases, women are sitting by the side of the men. The Etruscans had no Gynceum, and the Western society was born in the *atrium*.

Under the kings, and during the earlier years of the republic, Rome clung sturdily to these old traditions. M. Michelet, in his "*Histoire Romaine*," has conclusively demonstrated that, notwithstanding the *confarreatio*, the father of the family was "a living god for his wife;" that he was her master and her judge; and that he could "put her to death for the most trivial faults, even for having taken the keys and drunk wine."

Women and children had no more existence in the commonwealth than in the family. The "fathers" (*patres*) spoke in the name of power and of the gods, and their word was, at the same time, the law of the family and of the state. When I speak of the "father," I mean the patrician, not by any means the plebian, whose emancipation, like that of the wife, was a conquest of time.

The relations of the republic with Greece, soon taught these proud Romans that the condition of their helpmates left much to be desired. It is said that the decemvirs, before drawing up the law of the twelve tables, went to Greece and Athens to study legislation. They must have seen that the Athenian woman, in her husband, had rather a protector than a master. The wife bringing a part of her fortune into the house, preserved a certain independence. Separation was easy. The wife could accuse the husband, just as the husband could the wife. If the influence of such examples be not found in the twelve tables, yet it must have had its effect, in time, on the Roman commonwealth. M. Amédée Thierry, in his "*Tableau de l'Empire Romain*," shows how, at each step in the progress of legislation, there was a corresponding amelioration in the condition of women.

Greece, having given Europe philosophy, there are not wanting people, now-a-days, who reproach her with having ruined the Roman family. M. Proudhon betrays great irritation against the Platonic idealism ; perhaps he will allow me to refer him to M. Michelet. The historian of the Roman republic has demonstrated that it was corrupted by the barbarian world, by voluptuous Asia, by servile Africa—which Pliny calls “the land of mountains.” Could the Asiatic and African superstitions preserve devotion to country and liberty in the soul ? A passage of Velleius Paterculus proves that the women resisted the progress of depravity longer than the men ; “There was,” says he, speaking of the proscriptions, “much fidelity in the wives, none in the sons !”

The despotism of the Cæsars—in spite of the resistance of the stoicism borrowed from Greece—completed the work of the corrupting religions ; and when the barbarians arrived in Italy, they found only the corpse of a people.

I shall not relate you the history of the revival of liberty in Italy. This glorious history shows how liable to error are the prophets, who, like Doctor Gervinus, hasten to foretel the death of the Latin nations. After ages of disasters, after all the cruelties and infamies which had stained the rule of the Cæsars, after the scandals which in the times of Marosia and Theodora had eternally dishonoured the papal theocracy—that heir of the sovereign pontiff emperor (*pontifex maximus*)—human nature, in the republics of the middle ages, was seen to raise itself to a height it had not reached since the age of Pericles. Letters and the arts—the children of liberty—covered with glory the names of Florence, Pisa, Siena, and many other cities, where the patriotism and the keen intelligence of the Italians shone with unequalled lustre. The sciences themselves shared in this universal resurrection. To be convinced of it, we have only to read the “History of the Mathematical Sciences in Italy,” by Libri.

From the Alps to the extremities of Sicily, heroic women deserved to be placed by the side of the Lucretias, the Clelias, and the Cornelias. The services which Countess Matilda rendered to the temporal power of the popes, have disposed certain historians of the Italian middle ages to occupy themselves too exclusively with the enthusiastic friend of Saint Gregory VII. Others displayed greater energy, without laying themselves open to such reproaches as the Italians might address to Matilda for her blind zeal for a cause which could not be that of the Italian fatherland. The heroine Chinzica, a genuine Jeanne Hachette, wrested Pisa from the fury of the Arabs (1005) ; Adelaida, Marchioness of Susa, who died in 1091, ought to be regarded as the real founder of a State destined, in our days, to become the kingdom of Italy ; the brave Eleonora d'Arborea, the most famous Italian woman of the fourteenth century, gave Sardinia a code (*la Carta di Logu*),

which was very liberal for that time ; Marzia Ubaldini courageously defended Rocca di Cesena, in 1357, against the arms of the Spanish Cardinal Albornozy, legate of Innocent IV. ; Caterina Appiani-Orsini, in 1448, held Piombino against Alphonso of Arragon, King of Naples ; Orsina Visconti-Torelli, by her energetic attitude, saved Guastalla, on March 17, 1426. I could mention many others whose lives you would find in Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," a badly written book, but full of research, and inspired by a sincere love for Italy, liberty, and justice.

At the epoch when absolute power was established throughout all the west, on the ruins of the feudal system, the republican governments of the Italian peninsula were, almost everywhere, replaced by principalities which adopted civil and religious despotism as the rule of their policy. In more than one city the women distinguished themselves by the energy wherewith they defended expiring liberty. During the latter years of independence, the Pisans distinguished themselves at the memorable siege of 1499, when they proved themselves worthy of Chinzica. When the Papacy (Clement VII.) and the House of Austria (Charles V.) had vowed the destruction of the last liberties of Florence, the Florentine women took an active part in the defence of that glorious city, and Sismondi forgets not to say, that "the patriotic virtues shone with the greatest lustre amongst the sex." A Florentine woman, who was worthy of bearing the great name of the patrician whose memory is connected with the foundation of the Roman republic, Lucretia de' Mazzanti, when taken prisoner by the Imperialists, preferred death in the waters of the Arno to the embraces of an enemy of her country. The voluntary death of Lucretia shed as great a lustre on the last days of Florentine liberty as the heroism of Ferduccio. The women of Siena were no less intrepid. In 1554, Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, attempted to seize on the valiant city, in the name of the head of the House of Austria. Blaise de Montluc, a French general, had shut himself up there with some of his countrymen. Good judges of bravery, these French, whose descendants were to break the chains of Italy at Montebello, Melegnano, Magenta, and Solferino, admired the devotion of the Italian women. "I was shown," says Montluc in his "Commentaires," "by Sienese gentlemen a great number of gentlewomen, carrying baskets full of earth on their heads. Sienese ladies, I shall never cease to immortalise you as long as Montluc's book shall exist. When first this people came to the noble resolution of defending their liberty, the ladies of the town distributed themselves into three bands. These three squadrons, commanded by Signore Forteguerra, Livia Fausta, and Piccolomini, were composed of 3,000 ladies, gentlewomen, and *bourgeoises*." Pressed by famine, the town was forced to surrender to the troops of

Charles V. In 1557, Philip II., Charles' successor in Spain, ceded it to Cosmo I. Absolute power, substituted for the republic, has ruined this fine country. The population of Siena fell from 40,000 inhabitants to 6,011, and 50,000 is the estimated number of peasants who perished from hunger, in battle, or by hands of the executioner. The land, left without culture, became the prey of malaria, and the sterile *maremme* replaced fields which had been rendered fruitful by the arms of free men.

The Italian women shared as largely in the intellectual movement as in the political aspirations of their country. They took an active part in literary life, at a epoch when German and French women were entirely absorbed in the cares of their household. But, on reflection, you will not be surprised at a situation which contrasts so sadly with the state of Italy under the governments which were overthrown in 1859 and 1860. The influence of Platonism early taught the writers of the Peninsula to regard women as worthy to participate in the most exalted occupations of the nation. After Dante and Petrarch it was difficult to treat Beatrice's sisters as an "inferior species." Thus the language, a faithful mirror of opinions, has created a multitude of words wanting in France—*autrice, dottoressa, poetessa, rimatrice, pittrice, scultrice*. The French are beginning to say "*romancières*," but this is the only concession wrested from their tongue by the power of accomplished facts.

Embarrassed by the multitude of facts, I shall content myself with directing your attention to the sixteenth century, so rich in illustrious women; as Rosalie Arnari justly observes, "There is scarcely a city of importance which did not produce a *poetessa* at that epoch." Naples can mention Vittoria Colonna, Tullia d'Aragona, and Isabella di Morra; Florence, Clarice dei Medici Strozzi; Rome, Ersilia Cortese; Milan, Camilla Scarampa; Bologna, Lucia Bertana; Genoa, Maria Spinola; Palermo, Maria Buonanno; Bergamo, Isotta Brembati; Reggio, Lucrezia Bebbia; Modena, Tarquinia Molza; Brescia, Veronica Gambara; Padua, Gaspara Stampa; Urbino, Laura Battiferi, etc. Ariosto was so struck with the merit of the numerous *poetesse* of his time, that he does not hesitate to promise them immortality in the twenty-second canto of the "Orlando Furioso." Ginguené, the French historian of Italian literature, is equally surprised at "this extraordinary number of women poets." Collections, like that of Domenichi ("Rime diversi di alcune Donne Nobilissime," 1559), give the best idea of the talents of such women as Vittoria Colonna, Gaspara Stampa, Veronica Gambara, and Tullia d'Aragona.

Others, more prepossessed with religious questions than with poetry, took an active part in the Protestant movement. Forgotten in their own country, they are now attracting the attention of foreign historians,

as is attested by the works of Maccrie—"Histoire de la Réformation en Italie au XVIe Siècle," and of M. J. Bonnet—"Antonio Paleario, ou la Reforme en Italie." Olympia Morata, the best known, that Olympia who had the honour of filling a professor's chair in a German university, has in our day found biographers in Germany, France, and England, where Madame Otilie Wildermuth (Stuttgart, 1854), M. Münch (Freiburg, 1827), the author of "Selwyn" (London, 1833), and M. Jules Bonnet (Paris, 1850), have written her life. M. Eynard, a Swiss writer, has also successfully treated of the Protestants of Lucca, in a work entitled "Lucques et les Burlamacchi." Everything connected with the Italian reformation possesses so much the greater interest for serious minds, inasmuch as, although the Latin reformers exercised little action on their contemporaries, their doctrines are defended by the most celebrated theologians of modern Protestantism; and the Tuscans, Lelio and Fausto Socino, have to-day as many disciples as Luther and Calvin. Assuredly Berne would not now behead the Neapolitan Gentilis; the Spaniard Servitus would not now find an executioner in that Geneva which publishes the learned "Histoire des Dogmes Chrétiens" of M. Eugène Haag, 1862.

Intellectual life was so vigorous in Italy, that it was but slowly extinguished under the enormous pressure of a despotism which showed no greater respect for the rights of conscience than for the liberty of citizens. "The seventeenth century," says a historian of Italian literature, "marks the decay of literature and poetry;" and its pernicious influence extended over the greater part of the eighteenth century. However, we still find the names of several literary women who endeavour to stem the daily increasing deluge of ignorance. The history of some has been epitomised in the interesting "Calendario di Donne Illustre Italiane," by Rosalia Amari, a Sicilian lady (Florence, 1857). But the most important fact of this epoch, is not so much the publication of a certain number of poetical selections, as the illustrious part taken by several Italian women in the tuition in universities, such as Bologna, Padua, and Pavia. Ginguéné innocently acknowledges that his countrymen find it so difficult to reconcile themselves to the sight of women in the habit of the muses, that they could never be satisfied to place "the doctor's cap" on their heads. It seems "the Salic law" applies to science as well as to politics.

These ideas, borrowed from the barbarian world, were never current in Italy; for even in the middle ages the chairs in the universities were open to women. In fact, tradition relates that so early as the fourteenth century, Dota d'Accorso was professor of law in the University of Bologna. In the fifteenth Laura Cereta-Serina is included amongst the professors of the University of Brescia. These recollections continued to exercise such an influence on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that they dared not deny women the highest education.

Bologna, celebrated in the annals of science and the fine arts, possesses a university which is said to date from the time of the Emperor Theodosius the younger. Be that as it may, it shone with great lustre as early as the twelfth century, at the epoch when Irnerius held the professorship of law, in the chair which is said to have been afterwards filled by Dota d'Accorso. Until the eighteenth century mathematics and physics possessed much greater interest than Roman law. Maria Gaetana Agnesi, the eternal honour of Italian women, without neglecting the philosophical sciences as they were then understood in her country, turned her immense activity in the direction of "that strong reality" to which woman's imagination scarcely reaches, according to M. Michelet.

Born at Milan, in 1718, Gaetana gave proofs of a superior capacity from her earliest childhood. At nine years of age she wrote a Latin discourse to show the right of her sex to pursue liberal studies.* At eleven she knew ancient Greek; at thirteen she translated Freinsheim's "Supplements to Quintus Curtius" from the Latin into Greek, Italian, French, and German. After having learned Spanish, she acquired Hebrew at seventeen. But the study of languages, notwithstanding its extreme importance, too little understood in Latin countries, was for her but a means of initiation to knowledge of the most advanced nature. Before she was twenty years of age she defended 191 philosophical theses, printed under this title—"Propositiones Philosophicæ." In mathematics, which occupied her after philosophy, she proceeded from triumph to triumph. The "Istituzioni Analitiche" (1748), attracted the attention of all the learned societies. Benedict XIV., a tolerant pope and a friend of letters, to whom Voltaire dedicated his "Mahomet," summoned the author of the "Istituzioni" to the chair of mathematics at the University of Bologna in a most flattering brief. Gaetana Agnesi, far from seeking applause or wishing to enjoy publicly such well deserved reputation, was noted for unusual gravity; she was passionately fond of seclusion, and indulged in no recreation but the care of the poor, to whom, in Milan, she devoted the latter part of her noble life, and for whom she sold the jewels presented to her by the Empress Maria Theresa as a token of her admiration.

Bologna was yet filled with her renown when Duclos arrived in that city, "where," says he, "a few years ago, Signora Agnesi professed mathematics with distinction." He found the chair of natural philosophy filled by Laura Bassi. "She speaks French," he writes in his journal, "and she gives her lessons in Latin." The perpetual secretary of the French Academy might have added that Laura knew the tongue of Archimedes as well as that of Descartes, and taught philosophy

* "Oratio quæ ostenditur : artium liberalium studia a sexu neutiquam abhorrere."

at the same time as physics. Married to Dr. Verati, she occupied herself with her family with as much zeal and affection as the most ignorant of matrons.

Clotilda Tambroni and Maria Dalle Donne, who have lived to our days, also obtained the most flattering distinctions from the same university. Clotilda Tambroni, who was born at Bologna in 1768 and died in 1817, must be considered as the most learned Italian woman of our age. She learnt Latin by listening to the lessons her brothers were receiving. She afterwards made such progress in ancient Greek that she composed verses in that language, when, in 1794, she was called to teach at the University. Later, when Napoleon re-established her in the chair she had quitted on account of the political disturbances, he wished her to teach the literature as well as the language of Greece. Besides her Greek poems, Clotilda Tambroni has left two discourses in Italian, one on the occasion of the inauguration of the Royal University of Bologna in 1806, and the other composed when her fellow citizen, Maria Dalle Donne, received her doctor's degree.

This *dottoressa*, who survived till 1842, was born in 1777, in the Bolognese *montagna*, of a family of poor peasants. Sent to Bologna, while young, by her family, who were struck with her great intelligence, she there studied Latin, philosophy, mathematics, physics, surgery, and medicine. Having obtained the title of *dottoressa* in 1799, in 1804 she was commissioned to superintend the school of midwives. But male jealousy, denounced by Beaumarchais, was already tending (strange progress!) to banish our sex from professions which had not yet been forbidden them. More than one pedant had heard with envy—"even in that Italy of polished forms," said the *Debats*, in February, 1864, "self-love is fierce"—Maria Dalle Donne, in 1800, holding scientific dissertations in the great church of San Domenico; and when, forgetting all personal claims, Caterzani, with the noble self-denial of a true philosopher, proposed her, in 1802, for the chair of Natural Philosophy at the university, this proceeding was far from obtaining universal approbation, and Caterzani himself was preferred to Maria Dalle Donne.

The University of Padua, which I visited so frequently when an excellent father, whose remembrance is still dear to me, was studying law in that town, did not exclude women any more than that of Bologna. This university, so celebrated during the whole of the middle ages, reckons Novella d'Andrea and Helena Cornaro Piscopia amongst its professors.

Helena Cornaro Piscopia taught philosophy, and at the same time wrote with success on mathematics, astronomy, and theology. Novella d'Andrea supplied her father's place in teaching the canon law. As she was as beautiful as learned, a curtain was drawn before her chair, says M. E. de Monglave, in order that the attention of the auditors

might not be distracted. The portraits published by Tomassini, in his "Eulogies of Illustrious Men," show that Italian literary women, in general, were far from having the ill-favoured countenances usually attributed to "blue-stockings."

Were I to speak of the women of Padua as they deserve, I ought to write an entire book on them, or rather, translate M. Napoléon Petrucci's work—"Delle Donne illustri di Padova."

The University of Brescia preserves the memory of Laura Cereta-Serina. A member of an illustrious family, Laura early gave evidence of extraordinary talents. At eighteen, she defended theses on metaphysics, in public; at twenty she was a professor in the university, where her philosophical and theological acquirements, as well as her knowledge of mathematics, attracted admiration. She died before the age of thirty, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Marta Marchina's modesty was the reason why the University of Rome had no professor of our sex. Marta was a poor Neapolitan girl, who, though Heaven had denied her riches, was gifted with intelligence and beauty. Like the Grecian philosopher who, engaged during the day in the humblest occupations, spent his nights in meditation, the lowly dealer in *saponette* (soap-balls), deprived herself of sleep to gain time for study. She made such progress in philosophy and theology, that they offered her a chair at the *Sapienza*, an honour which she declined. Her philosophical studies did not prevent her cultivating letters also. She has left some poems of great energy, and the facility with which she improvised Latin verses astonished the most skilful in that classic domain of improvisation. Marta Marchina died in Rome, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Although Maria Pellegrina Amoretti was not a professor at the University of Pavia, she shone in the university examinations. At Oneglia, her birthplace, she received an education which rapidly developed her fine qualities. She learnt Latin, philosophy, and physics. At fifteen, she defended philosophical theses in a church in her native town. The well-merited applause she received, encouraged her to apply herself to the study of law. Wishing, like Bettina, Novella, Bucca, Cornaro, Dosi, and others, to obtain the *berretto dottorale* (the doctor's cap), she appeared before the University of Pavia, at the age of twenty-one (1771). But in order to triumph over the very serious opposition of the misogynists (happily named *miseri pedanti* by R. Amari), it was necessary to remind them of Benedict XIV.'s solemn brief addressed to Gaetana Agnesi. The opposition not daring to resist a decision of "God's Vicar," the university was in a position to make her a *dottoressa* "in book law" (the civil and canon law), and to offer her a laurel crown with the doctor's ring. Parini sang her triumph, and he affirmed that on seeing her soul flash in the lightning of

her eyes, he beheld an image of Theseus in the beautiful Piedmontese :—

“ Ai detti, al volto, a la grand' alma espressa
 Ne' fulgid' occhi tu vi
 Ognun si credreia Temide istessa
 Che riede oggi fra noi. ”

She did not appear personally in court at Oneglia, but her pleadings were read to the judges. Of a gentle and serious character, occupied solely with her books, she died in 1787, aged only thirty-one years. Her work “*De Jure dottum apud Romanos*,” was published at Milan, a year after her death, with her portrait, and a notice by her cousin, Carlo Amoretti, of the life and writings of this worthy rival of Mademoiselle de la Lézardière, whom France has placed amongst her most eminent jurisconsults.

Had Naples desired to grant university honours to a woman, no Neapolitan would have been more deserving of them than Maria-Angela Ardinghelli, who died in 1825, some years after Teresa Ciceri, Volta's learned friend. This daughter of Southern Italy, who maintained a correspondence with the most distinguished men all over Europe, was only seventeen years of age when she published the “*Statistica degli Animali e dei Vegetali*,” which Halles immediately translated into English. The Academy of Sciences of Paris requested the portrait of this Italian woman, who had studied physics, geometry, philosophy, and civil and canon law, in order to place it amongst those of the most celebrated *savants*.

It would have been difficult for such women to believe that their sex was inferior to the male sex. Without going to the lengths of the proposition to be found in a work of the eighteenth century, entitled, “*Della Superiorita in ogni caso del Sesso Amabilissimo*” (1504), Italian women emphatically maintain the principle of equality against the more or less Asiatic theories of the theologians.

Even in the sixteenth century, a famous *improvisatrice*, Isotta Nogarola, of Verona, whom the Greek Cardinal Bessarion calls “a virgin more divine than human” (*donzella più divina che umana*), did not shrink from undertaking Eve's defence against Catholic theology, which renders her responsible for Adam's transgression.* We have seen Gaetana Agnesi prove that women ought not to be interdicted from

* “*Isottæ Nogarolæ Veronensis Dialogus, quo utrum Adam vel Eva magis peccaverit, quæstio satis nota, sed non adeo explicita continetur.*” In the same century, Lucrezia Pico Rangoni replied vigorously to an Italian mysogynist by her “*Lettera in difesa delle donne contro un autore che li accusa di essere l'origine di tutti i mali.*” (“*Letter in defence of women against an author who accuses them of being the cause of every evil.*”)

pursuing abstruse studies. Lucia Bergalli, a distinguished *rimatrice* (pardon me once again, but the French language, too servile to the "Salic law," embarrasses me every moment), wishing to prove by facts that it was impossible to deny them a talent for poetry, published a "Collection of Poetical Compositions of the most illustrious *rimatrici* of every age," ("Racolta di componimenti poetici delle più illustre rimatrici d'ogni secolo"), a collection called by Rosalia Amari, "a noble monument of the glory of woman's genius." The ever-recurring reproach of frivolity in which the male sex indulges towards us, was answered by Angelica Tarabotti, a Venetian,* in 1644, by her "Anti-satira," and seven years later by her "Difesa delle Donne."

The adversaries of women are less astonished to see Italy produce *pittrici* than *dottoresse*. Bologna, which Boyle thought the least advanced town in the *marasme*, counts more than one woman's name in its celebrated school of painting. In 1518 was born at Bologna that charming Madonna Properzia dei Rossi, of whom Vasari, the author of the "Vite dei Pittori e Scultori," has said that she excelled so greatly in an infinity of sciences, that not only women but even men were jealous of her. The sculptors, especially, manifested their irritation at her skill in handling the chisel. Elisabetta Sirani, who met with a tragic end at the age of twenty-six, a victim to the malice of a wicked old wretch, was a successful rival of Caterina Vigri (St. Catherine of Bologna), who cultivated painting and music with ardor. Ginevra Cantofoli, who died in 1672, was a pupil of Elisabetta Sirani. We still find *pittrici* at Bologna till near the end of the eighteenth century, until 1759 and 1762, the dates of the deaths of Rosa Alboni and Lucia Casalini-Sorellini.

The fruits of despotism and superstition are everywhere the same. As ignorance progressed in Italy, the number of distinguished women became so rare that the Teutomaniacs thought they could justly accuse Italian women of "incurable corruption and stupidity." In spite of the evils with which Italy, that Niobe of nations, has been overwhelmed; in spite of the cruel wounds from which she still suffers; in spite of the carelessness, the credulity, and the intellectual apathy of the lower orders, I fondly cherish the belief that she will yet give the lie to those prophets of evil. Since the end of the eighteenth century, Italy has made real efforts for her regeneration. Louise von Stolberg-Gedern, a German princess, had the glory of arousing the slumbering muse in the energetic soul of Alfieri, whilst the philosophy of the eighteenth century revived the generous spirit of the Renaissance in his breast. I need not here relate the life of the Princess Stolberg, known by the name of Countess

* Portraits of celebrated Venetian women are to be found in B. Gamba's "Ritratti di Donne illustri di Venezia," 1826.

d'Albany, since her marriage with Charles Edward Stuart—you may read it in the work of Professor Saint-René Taillandier. With as much good sense as wit, the “*Nouvelles Causeries du Lundi*” remark that the arm of a noble wife is not made to support the unsteady steps of a husband besotted by drunkenness; and no wife is obliged to expose her life to the brutality of a man debased by the most degraded habits.

The author of the “*Traite de la Tyrannie*,” was not the only individual a prey to mysterious presentiments. Some years before Alfieri's birth, on December 5, 1746, the Genoese women had set their Italian sisters a noble example of patriotism on that memorable day, worthy of the most glorious days of the Italian middle-age republics, when they assisted with so much ardour to drive the Austrians from Genoa. At length rose on Latin society that sun of 1789, which, as the Greek chief Colocotronis forcibly remarked, “opened the eyes of the world.” Naples got rid of the Bourbons, and St. Januarius himself declared for the Revolution. Unfortunately the ferocious Cardinal Ruffo, Saint Antoinès and the dregs of the populace were for the old government. The restoration was accomplished (1799-1801), thanks to the savage co-operation of Nelson, who tarnished the laurels of Aboukir by shedding rivers of blood, and by converting the yard-arms of his fleet into gibbets for the most intrepid adversaries of arbitrary power. The celebrated Duchess di Popoli, overwhelmed with insults, with difficulty escaped capital punishment. But the beauty and intelligence of Eleonora Fonseca did not shield her from the gibbet; and Luisa di San-Felice was handed over to the executioner, with “all the distinguished men”—this is Bayle's expression—of the kingdom of Ferdinand IV. Luisa di San-Felice has inspired M. P. Giacometti with the drama which bears her name, and M. Alexandre Dumas has made her tragical fate the subject of a novel. General P. Colletta's work, published at Lugano in 1834, “*Storia del reame de Napoli dal 1734 sino al 1825*” will long be an inexhaustible mine for writers who love to revive in the people's memory the recollection of the martyrs of liberty.

The Holy Alliance, which raised the nationalities against Napoleon, by promising them the liberty of which he had deprived France—this Holy Alliance was in nothing more eager than in breaking the most solemn engagements, and in re-establishing the reign of abuses and despotism throughout the West. From 1821, Italy, delivered to the Cæsars of Vienna, or to their vassals, attempted to break her fetters. The soil trembled from Naples to Turin. The national insurrection, anathematised by the pope, and repressed by Austrian bayonets, burst forth more terribly in 1848. Then, as in the end of the eighteenth century, some Italian women exposed themselves to the greatest dangers, by sharing in the work of deliverance.

Christina Trivulce, Princess of Barbiano and Belgiojoso (born in 1808), signalised herself in these memorable events, the history whereof she has related in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (15th September, 1st October, 1st December, 1848, 15th January, 1849). Before the revolution she had taken the side of the oppressed, and Balzac, Bayle's friend, maintained that the latter had drawn her portrait in the Duchess of San Severino of the "Chartreuse de Parme." Unable to resign herself to live under a foreign government, after the movement in the Romagna, which followed the revolution of 1830, she took up her residence in Paris, where she published an "Essai sur le Dogme Catholique." The expedition of Ancona caused her for a moment to believe that the government of July would pursue in Italy a policy worthy of France, but these hopes were deceived. Afterwards, her large fortune enabled her actively to assist the movement which she had invoked with all her soul. She raised a regiment of volunteers, heedless of the rancour of domineering foreigners. No sooner had Radetzky's victories re-established the power of the Austrians in Lombardy, than her property was sequestered, and she had to quit Italy. She has related the wanderings of this painful period of her life in her "Souvenirs d'Exil," published in the *National* (1850), and in "Asie Mineure et Syrie," a work which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1855). The "Scènes de la vie Turque," which we had read in the same magazine, before they were published in one volume, prove that the princess has very carefully studied the masters of those fine regions which only wait an intelligent government to take their place amongst the most favoured countries of Europe. The Princess Belgiojoso, who was left a widow in 1858, continues to write in the *Italia* of Turin.

Though not an Italian, Anita Garibaldi belonged to that Latin race whose colonies have opened South America and Mexico—in other words immense territories, capable of supporting two thousand millions of inhabitants, and which still vegetate in anarchy, ignorance, and superstition—the fatal heritage of the rule of "catholic" and "most faithful" kings. Before coming to Italy, she had rivalled her husband's bravery in the combats which had for some time been waged between the republican party and the Brazilian Empire. When the general was ascending the Rio-Pardo, he in vain tried to induce his brave partner to land. "In the bottom of my heart," says he in his memoirs, "I admired her courage, and I was proud of it." In the first combat, the Brazilian Amazon encouraged the crew by her heroic attitude. On the deck, which was covered with the wounded and dead, in spite of a hail of bullets which riddled the vessel, Anita, carbine in hand, animated the combatants by her voice and gestures, determined to perish with them rather than surrender. This obstinate struggle of five hours was followed by a more terrible combat, in which three small vessels had to

resist an imperial flotilla of twenty-two sail. "During the whole time," says the general, "Anita remained near me, in the most dangerous post, neither wishing to land, nor to take advantage of any shelter, scorning even to stoop her head, as the bravest man will do when he sees the match at the enemy's cannon. When further resistance became absolutely useless, Anita conveyed the arms and stores to land. In doing this she made twenty voyages under a fire which never slackened, standing erect in a little boat, braving the grape-shot, proud and calm like a statue of Pallas."

These two episodes are enough to give you an idea of this heroic woman, but you will find others of a similar kind in the general's memoirs. A woman of this character could not hesitate to share the dangers of her husband, when the son of victory,* the hero of Rome, Varese and Marsala, quitted South America to take part in the war of independence. Were I to relate the concluding years of Anita's life, I should have to speak to you of the Tyrol expedition in 1848, and of the protracted defence of the Eternal City in 1849, against the first soldiers of the world. Although the Italians succumbed, they have had the glory of shedding their blood for their country and for the right. "Italy," said the founder of the French empire, "is surrounded by the Alps and by the sea; isolated by her natural boundaries, separated by the sea and lofty mountains from the rest of Europe, she seems to be summoned to form a great and powerful nation. *Rome is unquestionably THE CAPITAL which the Italians will one day give themselves.*" ("Memoires," III.) Unfortunately, neither the nephew of Napoleon I., nor the national assembly of the French republic, was of this opinion. The Romans were sacrificed to sectarian interests, or to the desire to take possession of the "Oracle of the Vatican," a desire analogous to that which impelled Philip of Macedon towards Delphos. This is not the last time that Italy will discover the immense mistake she has made in transforming the patriarch of Rome into a substitute for God! The defenders of the city, sacrificed to the interests of theocracy, were obliged to cut their way through the enemy's lines. Anita shared in this retreat, executed under the sun of July, so burning in central Italy. Her constitution had been more than once subjected to rude shocks. In a former retreat, after the imperialist victory at Tarifa, she had suffered, for three months, "all that could be borne by a human being without giving up the ghost." When the fugitives from Rome reached the shore of the Adriatic, where the proscribed patriots intended to embark, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of a husband who at the same time witnessed the end of the faithful partner of his perturbed existence, and the extinction of his patriotic hopes.

* Nice (N₁χ_η) a Grecian Colony of Marseilles.

It is no part of my task to tell of the fate of the victims of clerical and absolutist reaction. Amongst these victims no one has left a more august memory than Manin. I saw this great citizen preparing Venice for a defence worthy of the most glorious days of the Venetian Republic. When Manin, vanquished, retired to Paris (see H. Martin, "Manin"), his daughter Emilia attracted the attention of every Frenchman who was interested in the fate of poor Italy. M. Michelet declares in "La Femme," that she appeared to him a personification of her martyred country. The historian of Joan of Arc uses noble language, and truly French, in praising "this young virgin of sorrow," who, in the midst of sufferings of all kinds, after the loss of her mother and the ruin of her country, surrounded by the trials inseparable from poverty, under the gloomy sky of northern France, "preserved her free and lofty thoughts, loving the purest of the pure, algebra and geometry." Is it not touching to see the young exile seeking consolation in those studies which had made the glory of her Italian sisters of Bologna and Padua, whose lives were written by another exile of fourteen (Rosalia Amari), murmuring these verses of Leopardi :—

"Donne, da voi non poco
La patria aspetta!"

Although the women of Italy, even after 1848, did not take as active a part in intellectual life as those of France, yet they are less strangers to it than the women of Spain. Poetry is cultivated by some ladies in the large towns, where literary traditions are preserved. Signora Maximina Rossellini, daughter of the famous Leghorn *improvisatrice*, Fortunata Sulgher-Fantastici, died a year before my first residence in Florence (1859). Signora Rossellini, authoress of some remarkable odes (1809), published a poem (1843), on her countryman, Americus Vesputius, the navigator who has given his name to America. Better known than Signora Rossellini, Signora Laura Mancini, born at Naples in 1813, and a worthy rival of the Sicilian, Giuseppina Tunisi-Colonna, who died in 1848, has recovered the accents which have made the lyric poetesses of Italy illustrious. This patriotic authoress of "Italy on the tomb of Gioberti," followed her husband into exile, when the opinions of Professor Pasquale Mancini obliged him to seek an asylum at Turin, after the events of 1848.

Madame de Stael's novel, "Corinne," has won great reputation for the Italian *improvisatrici*. The talent of improvising is not peculiar to the women of the Italian peninsula; it belongs to almost all southern populations. From the earliest ages Egypt has had its learned *almées*. In "Les Femmes en Orient," I have shown that improvising exists throughout the Eastern peninsula. Nevertheless, the Italian people have a peculiar talent for this spontaneous power of representation by

poetry. Not to mention the *improvisatori*, she has a great number of *improvisatrici*, the most renowned of whom are Cecilia Mantelli of Venice, Giovanna de Santi, and Teresa Bandettini of Lucca, and the famous Maddalena Morelli Fernandez, who died in Florence in 1800. This Tuscan *improvisatrice*, who had received the name of Corilla Olympica, from the academy of the Piazze in Rome, has furnished Madame de Stael with the idea of the principal scenes in "Corinne."

In our time, Giannina Milli, born in the little town of Teramo (in the former kingdom of Naples), appears to have no rival. She came to Leghorn while I was residing in that town; Giannina is not yet thirty, her eyes are black and piercing, her teeth very fine, her smile full of sweetness. Her poems have been so successful that they have been collected into a volume. Reading them, we can see that she loves her country, that she has a horror of despotism, the cause of all her misfortunes, and that she detests the Austrian eagle, which has torn the lion of St. Mark with his barbarian beak.

Philosophy and the sciences also are beginning again to find some disciples in the ranks of the Italian women. One of the aristocracy, the Marchesa Fiorenzi, who has married a second husband, Sir E. Waddington, and whom Gioberti has called an "exquisite intellect," has made her country acquainted with Schelling's philosophy. Signora Elisabetta Pepoli is endeavouring to popularise the admirable works of Mrs. Somerville. Signora Pepoli owes this to her name; for the Poggis and the Pepolis of Bologna have always produced men and women distinguished in letters. Even if we speak only of the illustrious family of the Marchesi Pepoli, who disputed Bologna with the Papacy, it suffices to mention in the fifteenth century Anna Caterina, who, it is said, received a *dottoressa's* diploma, and, in the sixteenth century, Ginevra Pepoli.

The arts, which have been cultivated at Bologna by so many *pittrici*; at Florence, by Archangiola Paladina; at Venice, by Rosalba Carriera; at Rome, by the *scultrice*, Maria la Fantasca; at Palermo, by the *poetessa* Pellegra Bongiovanni-Rosetti, etc., are now rather neglected by the Italian women, who spend too much time in the *corso*, a daily exhibition, little worthy of a people desiring to resume its rank amongst nations. However, within the last thirty years Turin could furnish the name of Sofia Giordona; and, later, in Sicily they spoke of Annetta Tunisi-Colonna, sister of the *poetessa* Giuseppina.

But these *pittrici* died in 1829 and 1848, and at the present day I am only able to name Signora Calamatta, and of *scultrici*, the great woman who signs her works with the pseudonym of "Marcello," and Signorina Amalia Dupré, daughter of the sculptor whom Tuscany reckons amongst its artistic celebrities.

I should never have done were I to speak of the Italian women who

have adorned the stage. I saw Signora Adelaida Ristori (Marchesa Capranica del Grillo) at Florence, towards the end of the summer of 1860. Born at Cividale, in Friuli, in 1821, the future tragedian at first played the part of *jeune première* in comedy. At Leghorn they still remember the time when she shone with Antoinetta Ribotti, and when Signor Gherardi del Testa, a good patriot and a distinguished writer of comedy, wrote "Il Regno d'Adelaida" for her. But long previous to 1860, her success in tragedy decided her to dispute the palm with Rachel.

Though not possessing the rare talent of the great Jewish actress, Signora Ristori has soul and enthusiasm. But when I heard her there was little disposition to judge her severely. The part of Judith, as Signor Paolo Giacometti understood it, was too full of patriotic allusions not to be profited by with avidity. The national feeling, exalted by General Garibaldi's triumphs, seized every opportunity to burst into applause. Signora Ristori, who left the Roman stage in 1849 to nurse the wounded in the hospitals, was rejoiced at the victories of the national cause. Her look and attitude seemed to say that the day had come when Italy would no longer be the country of great artists alone, but, as formerly, a land fertile in brave-hearted men and good citizens (*ferax virum*).

The renown of the Italian *cantatrici* has borne their name to the extremities of the globe. I have been so fortunate as to admire such artists as Grisi, Alboni, Frezzolini, and Persiani in the great cities of the West, or at St. Petersburg. The husband of Signora Persiani having given me lessons in singing, I have had an opportunity of singing with her the duets "L'Addio" of Donizetti, and "Sull' Aria" in the marriage of Figaro.

To enable Italian women to resume that rank in society which our sex ought to occupy in a constitutional state, monachism must cease to enervate minds by a fatal quietism; a sensible education must replace the silly education of the convents, and instruction in all classes must do justice on the barbarism, the ignorance, and the delusions of the middle ages. Now the monks in Italy have not had to pass through a reign like that of Isabella II. in Spain, or Donna Maria II. in Portugal. In 1842, Sicily alone counted 658 convents of men, containing 18,000 monks—an army in themselves—and about 12,000 nuns. At the same epoch, there were 30,000 monks and nuns in the continental provinces of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. On the other hand, these provinces had 2,000 elementary schools only, and not one for girls! In Rome the census of 1852 gave—for the capital only of the States of the Church—2,000 monks, and 1,500 nuns. In Tuscany, the statistical tables drawn up under the late grand duke show that this little country possesses 230 convents, and a considerable number of

monks, nuns, and priests. But the education of women was not so neglected as in the States of the Church, or in the two Sicilies, although the readers of Bibles deemed heterodox were liable to the most severe and most absurd punishments. In the kingdom of Sardinia, under Charles Albert, there were 405 convents, 144 of them of women. This kingdom, so rich in monks and nuns, has but a very backward popular education, and until 1848 remained in the hands of the Jesuits, whose "chocolate" the king said he dreaded as much as the dagger of the secret societies. The Austrian Government yielded to the tendencies of the Teutonic race in this matter, shared, it must be confessed, by the independent sovereigns—or those considered as such—of Naples, Rome, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. It had done a great deal for popular education in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The kingdom counted 5,615 elementary schools, and 1,220 schools for girls.

But since the foundation of the kingdom of Italy, the national government has comprehended the importance of raising the intellectual level of a nation whose traditions and national genius summon it to play an important part in the West. A work of Professor Manteucci, ex-minister of public instruction, and which has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, gives us an idea of the sacrifices which it imposes on itself to attain this end, sacrifices which unfortunately are paralysed by the inertia of the lower classes, and the persevering opposition of the clergy.

Whilst engaging in the struggle against ignorance, the government also endeavoured to combat idleness. A Bill presented to the Chambers in the beginning of 1864, proposes to suppress most of the convents. The report of the minister, M. Pisanelli, states that there still exist 2,382 cloisters in Italy; 1,724 occupied by orders possessing property, and 558 by mendicant orders. There are 1,506 houses of monks, and 876 of nuns. The professed monks number 15,494, and the professed nuns 18,198. The lay brethren are 4,468 and the convent sisters 7,671. The mendicants number 13,441 professed friars and 3,967 lay brethren. The value of the property possessed by the clergy, regular and secular, is estimated at two thousand million francs. The *Nazione* has even asserted that the convents alone possessed this enormous capital, whilst the entire French clergy before 1789 had only eleven hundred millions. Priests and monks can wait at their ease for the joys of heaven, whilst millions of poor cover Italy. The figures which I have just quoted would lead us to believe that monachism has no way suffered by the late revolutions. However, in 1855, 300 convents were closed in the kingdom of Sardinia; in Umbria and the marches 709 have been suppressed, and 1,167 have become extinct in the Neapolitan provinces. "Enough remain to give rise to serious reflections," says the *Nazione* (February 16, 1864), "in a country where people are more inclined for

the idleness of the cloister than for agricultural or manufacturing industry."

The development of education and a life of labour, by popularising scientific knowledge, and by providing minds with a healthy and strengthening aliment, will drive away the disgraceful remains of the superstitions of the past. M. Alfred Marny, in his fine work on "*La Magie au Moyen Age*," shows what frightful ravages a sensual mysticism worked amongst the Italian nuns. Traces of these dangerous illusions are yet to be found in the more distant parts of the Peninsula. At Capriana, in the Italian Tyrol, a province still under the dominion of Austria, a famous visionary, known by the name of "*Patienta*," di Capriana, has in our days renewed the most curious episodes of the life of the old ecstasies. The remarks on the malady of Marie-Dominique Lazzari, collected by Doctor Dei Cloche, first physician of the Hospital of Trent, and published in the "*Annals of Universal Medicine*" of Milan, (November, 1837,) give an idea of the phenomena which the apologists of Catholicism—M. de Cazalis, for instance, who was much interested in M. D. Lazzari—transform, with amusing simplicity, into brilliant proofs of "the divinity of the Church." The work on the "*Stigmatisées du Tyrol*," written by an university professor (Paris, 1843), shows that the Abbé de Cazalis is not the only person who has formed the most inconceivable illusions as to the nature of these curious facts.

M. de Cazalis found the ecstatic of Capriana in a small room in which daylight scarcely penetrated through a narrow window, which was obliged to be kept open day and night, even at the time of the greatest cold. On a bed lay Dominica. Her face was covered with half-coagulated blood, as with a mask: blood continued to pour down her forehead from wounds "representing those of the crown of thorns." On her hands and feet they saw, with terror, wide and deep "wounds which seemed to have been made with large nails." Although the French writer principally dwells on the "features," which remind him of the "bloody drama of Calvary," nevertheless he is obliged to mention the "convulsive tremblings" which agitated Dominica's body; the noise "like that of a spinning wheel," produced by her teeth dashing against one another; and the "convulsive paroxysms," which accompanied the terrible Friday attacks.

But Dr. Leonardo Dei Cloche is more explicit, and this physician leaves us in no doubt whatever as to the causes of the "miracle." Born on the 16th March, 1815, the youngest daughter of the miller Lazzari spent her melancholy youth in reading the works of visionaries, such as the Neapolitan Alphonso de Liguori, and in meditations on writings best calculated to upset a Southern imagination. Her father's death, which happened in 1828, hastened her predisposition to hypochondria. On

the 12th of June, 1835, in the fields, she was seized with one of those nervous crises which Dr. Bertrand has described in his book "*De l'Extase*," a frequent state, says Dr. Fossati, with women who are very irritable, and of a nervous temperament, and "the most remarkable instance of which was that of Saint Teresa." The day after the nervous crisis, Dominica, a "very irritable" person, felt the first attacks of a nervous malady, characterised by convulsions, and *by a horror of light, odours, and noise*. The doctor, who saw her again in 1837, and who was present at one of the famous Friday paroxysms, has given a minute description of the disgusting scenes which were enacted before his eyes. "To describe this paroxysm," says he, "in all the forms under which it manifested itself, it would be necessary to say that we saw prevailing by turns, tonic and ilonic convulsions, St. Vitus dance, partial and general tetanus, convulsive suffocation, cynic spasm, trismus, a species of carphology, and other affections of a similar nature." During these horrible convulsions, the "saint" beat her breast so violently that the noise was heard at a great distance, and "the grinding of her teeth was such as might be compared to a furious and hungry dog gnawing bones." They counted 409 blows on her chest in an hour.

Such is the hysterical wretch who is presented to the populations of the South as a "living tabernacle," because she has, they say, kept the host on her tongue for nearly two months, extraordinary convulsions preventing her from swallowing it. Now, without having occasion to refer to the "*Histoire Philosophique de l'Hysterie*," of Dr. Dubois, a glance at the article "Hysterie," in Nysten's truly classical dictionary, will suffice to convince us that "a species of suffocation and strangulation, the loss of consciousness, convulsive movements, often very violent, etc.," are the usual consequences of this frightful disease. But sometimes the malady attains more alarming gravity. "Then," says Dr. Charbonnier, "the fits commence suddenly and with strength; the convulsive movements are violent, or the body is in a tetanic rigidity, the patients utter sighs or smothered cries, sometimes like the barks of a dog; now they grind their teeth, now tear out their hair. In short, in these extreme cases, the hysteria is a truly frightful scene; after the fits there remains an excessively morbid sensibility, and various accidents, even fatal, may supervene." To conclude, Friday is the day of the "frightful scenes" with the extatic of Capriana, and during the rest of the week the "morbid sensibility" is characterised by the "horror of light, odours, and noise." As to that phenomenon called stigmatisation, it is not peculiar to Catholicism, and you will find an explanation of it in M. Maury's book entitled, "*La Magie*."

It will not be enough for the diffusion of education to prevent Italian women from adoring the most humiliating infirmities as divine mani-

festations, but it is essential that an equitable legislation should secure for woman a position worthy of the companion of a free man, and that it should get rid of "French importations" contrary to the spirit of the Roman law. Now, before the war of independence, the civil condition of women in Italy was far from honourable. The bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), who visited the Peninsula at that epoch, does not hesitate to affirm that "everything is against women in Italy—the opinion of the world, in which they are permitted to occupy only a secondary position, legislation, and education." The advocate Gabba, professor at the University of Pisa, in an excellent work "*Della Condizione Giuridica delle Donne*" (Milan, 1861), has proved that the legislation, even of the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia, has left much to be desired. We are compelled to say that Charles Albert's code was less in accordance with the principles of justice and equality than that Austria which imposed on the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Count Cavour was so convinced of this that he wished to adopt what was good of the French law, borrowing a safeguard for woman from the Austrian. Perhaps he had meditated on those noble words pronounced by one of the most ardent friends of Italy, H. Bayle (Stendhal)—"The admission of women to perfect equality would be the surest sign of civilisation; it would double the intellectual powers of the human race, and its probabilities of happiness."

The successors of the eminent minister have not forgotten the wishes which he expressed, as is attested by this significant passage in the report of the keeper of the seals, on presenting the plan of Book I. of the Civil Code of the Kingdom of Italy—"It is beyond doubt that woman has, and ought to have, the right to manage and dispose of her own fortune, and it is equally certain that marriage cannot of itself be efficacious to deprive the parties to the contract of the possession of their property; indeed, as it does not deprive the husband of this right there is no legal reason why it should deprive the wife."

And again—"Marital authorisation has not been deemed necessary except when it has been imported by French legislation. It is still actually unknown in the Lombard provinces, and the eminent jurisconsults and magistrates of that country attest that the liberty allowed to the wife of managing (*regolare*) her own fortune has never been more prejudicial to the interests of the family than that which has been allowed to the husband."—(Pp. 13, 14.)

Moreover, whilst the codes of the ancient states considered marriage as a purely religious act (see Alb. Code, art. 108; Mod. Code, 120; Pann. Code, 34; Code de Napoléon, 189; Aust. Civil Code, §75), the Bill regards it as a "civil act" (Atto Civile, art. 164), thus breaking with theocratic tradition in an essential point.

The jurisconsults of the liberal school would have desired to see this

rupture more complete. To be convinced of this it suffices to read Professor C. F. Gabba's work, "Studj di Legislazione Civile comparata in servizio della Nuova Codificazione Italiana" (Milan, 1860); and the advocate V. di Rossi's observations, "Della Riforma Legislativa del Matrimonio nel Regno d'Italia," to see that, in the question of divorce, the Government has paid more deference to the sectarian spirit and prejudices of the middle ages than the Austrian legislation. In fact, notwithstanding the ultra-Catholic zeal of the Emperor Francis Joseph, notwithstanding his too famous Concordat, the Austrian Code allows dissenters that divorce, which is interdicted by the Roman Church alone amongst all Christian communities.

Now, notwithstanding Gioia's doctrine, notwithstanding the profound considerations in the "Studj" of Professor Gabba, notwithstanding the strong objections of the author of the "Osservazioni," who are all favourable to divorce, the Bill enforces the indissolubility of marriage on Dissenters as well as on Catholics. Thus, unless the Chambers should reform this part of the Bill, Venice enslaved may be ruled by a legislation more in accordance with liberal principles than Lombardy freed from the foreign yoke! Nothing could be more calculated to give an idea of the power of sectarian spirit, and to discourage those who have regarded the liberation of Italy as the beginning of a new era for that fine country. They are already astonished to see a "state religion" maintained in the *statuto*, and occasionally the courts of a constitutional state in the country of Galileo, condemning writers whose only crime is the having contested the legitimacy of pretensions rejected by Northern as well as Eastern Europe.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH KENSINGTON SCHOOLS OF ART.

WE are glad to see by the Report which has just been issued that the girls have gained one gold medal out of the ten ; ten out of the twenty silver medals ; twelve out of the fifty-one bronze medals ; and eight prizes of books out of the thirty-three given.

This may seem at first sight a small proportion, but when we remember how many schools there are for boys only, and that the male students have more evening and artisan classes than girls, we see what a great advantage they have over the female students. It is, however, to be wished that the girls were not so soon satisfied with their work. As soon as they have done a little really good work, after years of labour, they so often stop as if they had gained the top of the tree, when it is just the very time when they ought to apply with redoubled vigour. The home praise often in these cases is productive of harm. Fond parents think so much of a very little talent.

We quote the following from the Report of the Examiners on Works sent up from the Schools of Art, and selected for national competition at South Kensington.

“JUNE 1867.

“A full representation of the various stages of instruction which are by the present regulations admissible to the national competition has been submitted to us.

“Of these works 614 were drawings and paintings, and 87 specimens of modelling.

“In one class, that of modelling the figure from the antique, we have been unable to award the gold medal offered for competition, and we feel some surprise that the abundant opportunities for study, the now general facility of access to good examples, and the liberality of the encouragements offered to students do not meet with a more enthusiastic response. We have selected for distinction by the award of a silver medal a work which had been but little touched in the plaster, and consequently expresses faithfully the power of modelling possessed by the student.

“On the other hand, the large number of meritorious designs applied to objects of manufacture has induced us to award here an additional gold medal, while the satisfactory nature of the competition in other sections has called for the award of the whole number of silver and bronze medals.

“In some cases students in the modelling classes in executing bas-reliefs have made selections, or designs, of subjects which cannot be successfully treated in that manner, and we would recommend that all such positions of the figure as require perspective fore-shortenings for their representation should be avoided, and that the action of figures in low-relief should be so designed that they may lie in positions parallel to the ground on which they are modelled.

“Many figure drawings gave evidence of earnest and successful effort, but in others we observed a too great equality in the force with which the contour of the figure was pronounced, and a want of accuracy in the relation between the light and shade of different parts of the figure which is necessary to a complete rendering of the subject.

"We are obliged again to notice with condemnation a few examples of the injudicious misdirection of students' labour, in which fine examples of the best periods of art worthy of reverential study are carelessly rendered, as mere accessories in the construction of half pictorial backgrounds, a practice which has the bad effect of distracting the student's attention from the details of the figure before him.

"Our attention has been called to a recent rule excluding from the competition, except in the class of applied design, the works of students who have obtained medals at the Royal Academy, in the propriety of which we concur.

"Some manufactured silks which were exhibited with the designs made for them from the Dublin school, designs for lace from Nottingham, for carpets from Kidderminster, for wall papers and jewellery from Birmingham, woven fabrics from Glasgow, and furniture from Kensington, show how satisfactorily the work of these schools is acting upon the manufactures of the country.

"(Signed) DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.
 RICHD. WESTMACOTT, R.A.
 J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.
 FRED. LEIGHTON, A.R.A.
 RICH. REDGRAVE, R.A.
 H. A. BOWLER."

Female Students rewarded at the National Competition, 1867.

Gold Medals.

Name.	School.	Stage.	Subject.
Brooks, Maria *	South Kensington	23 d.	Design for Wedgewood ware.

Silver Medals.

Baxter, Anne .	Oxford .	12	Ornament in monochrome.
Bell, Ellen P. .	Edinburgh .	14	Grapes in water colours.
Cheetham, Mary E.	Manchester .	15	A group in oil colour.
Dunn, Mary A. .	Worcester .	15	A group in oil colour.
Fisher, Ellen †	South Kensington	23 c.	Designs for lace.
Manly, Alice .	Bloomsbury .	15	A group in water colours.
Nottidge, Caroline .	South Kensington	19 d.	A head modelled from life.
Pollock, Elizabeth .	Edinburgh .	22 a.	Analysis of flowers.
Seymour, Frances .	Dublin .	16	Monochrome from the antique.
Vyvyan, Mary C. .	South Kensington	8 d.	Studies of hands from life.

Bronze Medals.

Hayball, Edith .	Sheffield .	9 a.	Anatomical studies.
Hunter, Edith .	Carmarthen .	8 b. 2	Drawing from the antique.
Jackson, Emily M. .	South Kensington	14 a.	Flower painting.
Malcolm, Lizzie .	Manchester .	1 b.	Monochrome from the antique.
McMinn, Jane K. .	South Kensington	8 b. 1	Drawing from the antique.
Miles, Ellen .	Lambeth .	23 d.	Designs for doors.
Paterson, Helen .	Birmingham .	9 a.	Anatomical studies.
Purkis, Alice B. .	Charterhouse .	17 b.	Painting from life.

* To this student has been awarded the Princess of Wales' scholarship of £25.

† To this student has been awarded the Princess of Wales' scholarship of £11. These scholarships are offered to the female students who take the highest prizes of the year in the national competition.

Ruxton, Annie F.	Dublin	.	.	.	23 c.	A design for silk.
Seymour, Kate *	Dublin	.	.	.	8 d.	Medallion head.
Smith, Elizabeth	Dublin	.	.	.	{ 15	Group in colour.
					{ 8 b. 2	Drawing from the antique.
Thompson, Eliz.	South Kensington	.	.	.	17 b.	Painting from life.

Book Prizes.

Bayley, Clara	Dublin	.	.	.	15	A group in oil colour.
Hill, Mrs. Henry	Cork	.	.	.	22 a.	Analysis of flowers.
Hinds, Emily	Edinburgh	.	.	.	14	Flower painting.
Imlach, Agnes	Edinburgh	.	.	.	8 b. 2	Drawing from the antique.
Mason, Mary	South Kensington	.	.	.	17 b.	Painting from life.
McNab, Susan	Edinburgh	.	.	.	14	Flower painting.
Metcalf, Martha	Bradford	.	.	.	15	Pine apple in water colour.
Schutze, Elizabeth	South Kensington	.	.	.	9 a.	Anatomical studies.

* This student has also taken a gold medal.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—By the time this MAGAZINE is published, Miss Kate Terry—the most thorough artist on the English stage—will have retired from it, after some farewell performances which have signally added to her own reputation and to the regrets from which no true play-goer can refrain when contemplating the retirement of this lady in the very zenith of her power. Not to bemoan our own loss is quite impossible, but we can and trust we may here, without intrusive impertinence, offer Miss Terry our best congratulations on the cause of her retirement, while we venture to indulge in a lingering hope that she will sometimes resume her old place, and that her farewell is not a thoroughly final one. Three plays have during the last three weeks been given at the Adelphi, in which Miss Terry has shown she has reached the highest rank of art. She plays *Beatrice* in “Much Ado about Nothing,” with far more skill than we have yet seen exhibited by her in any previous part. It is an exquisite piece of acting, delicate, free, always graceful, and occasionally rising into great power. She seems thoroughly to enjoy her own sarcasms and the retorts of *Benedict*, who is admirably personated by Mr. Neville. But Miss Terry’s masterpiece is, we consider, her representation of *Julia*, in Sheridan’s famous play of “The Hunchback.” We were quite unprepared, even in her, for the display of such powerful intense outbursts of passion, combined with such irresistible delicacy and refinement. Her representation of *Julia’s* interview with *Clifford* as *Lord Rochdale’s* secretary, is the finest piece of acting we have ever seen. The intensity and purity of her passionate love when she falls on her knees at the chair near which he is standing, and her dignity when the moment of weakness is over, is magnificently rendered. Scarcely less powerful is her pleading with *Master Walter*; her utterance of the appeal—

“Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it !
Nor leave the task to me.”

is perfect. She positively pales with horror at the thought of her approaching marriage, her eyes fill with tears, until the whole position appears real and not artistic. Nor can we pass unnoticed her exhibition of rising anger while listening to *Helen’s* exultation over *Clifford’s* fallen fortune, expressed by four successive utterances of “Helen !” and ending in the outburst, “I hate you, Helen !” which is followed by her speech to the unfortunate *Modus*, a character carefully sustained, but somewhat

wrongly treated by Mr. Billington. Mr. Neville's part does not suit him so well as the Old Farmer of "Dora," "whose will was law," or *Benedict*. Miss Ellen Terry played *Helen* with remarkable archness and gaiety; she evinced great skill in her love-making with her shy and modest cousin, and is peculiarly fitted to play with grace and humour this gay and reckless part. She received a well-deserved call after the scene with *Modus*; her warning "Don't brag of reading Ovid's 'Art of Love!'" was inimitably given. We are glad to say "Garibaldi in Sicily" has been exchanged for the "Baronet Abroad;" and Mr. Clarke still continues to convulse the house with the after-piece entitled, "A Slice of Luck." We hope to speak of Miss Terry's performance of *Juliet* in our next number.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—"THE MAN O' AIRLIE." The interest in this piece is entirely centered in three of the characters, *James Harebell*, *George Brandon*, and *Saunders*; the rest are mere accessories, and the author evidently does not intend to excite much sympathy for them. We for our part wish he had made *Miss Steelman* more attractive, but it is impossible to care much what fate befalls a young lady who has so little feeling or self-respect that it is quite clear she will manage somehow to be tolerably happy under any circumstances, so that we scarcely care to see her rescued from a marriage with *George Brandon*, when she could if she pleased so easily break it off for herself; and when she reproaches him with mercenary motives, and loads him with a contempt he richly deserves, we feel that were he as plain-spoken he might retaliate with the greatest justice. He is a ruined gamester, without feeling or principle, and under the circumstances her fortune is an almost irresistible temptation, but it is beyond us to imagine what excuse can be urged for any girl, who, disliking and despising the man her father had chosen for her husband—worse, with all the affection she has to give bestowed on another—does not absolutely and resolutely refuse to perjure herself at the altar, and falsely to pronounce the most solemn vows. Miss Moore hurries too rapidly through all her scenes, as if she felt that the part is not interesting, and that the sooner it is disposed of the better. *James Harebell*, as written by Mr. Wills, is a beautiful character, and as for Mr. Hermann Vezin's interpretation of it we must simply say it is perfection; from the first moment the joyous, unworldly, manly, generous, Highlander is presented to us, till the broken-hearted poet expires at the foot of his own statue, we do not believe the most captious could find the most trifling fault in his most natural and touching performance. Mr. Maclean is, as his name betrays, a genuine Scot, and consequently the accent with him is easy and natural, while with some of the others it is forced and untrue; and his representation of the obstinate old servant is true to the life. Mr. Price plays *Sir Gerald*

Hope in a careful gentlemanly manner, and makes the most of a rather insignificant part. We particularly noticed Mr. Forrester's performance, in order to discover what were the imperfections with which it has been indefinitely charged, and are happy to say we completely failed to perceive them. *George Brandon* is a thoroughly heartless unprincipled man, with scarcely the slightest shame left to show he was not always such a villain, but he masks his real character so well that even *Sir Gerald Hope*, who knows more to his disadvantage than any one else, does not dare, without strong proof, to suspect him of being as bad as he is. We must say Mr. Forrester most faithfully and skilfully carries out the author's idea, and the deep and energetic expression of hate which he throws into his brief parting with *Sir Gerald* is so genuine as to be really startling. We must not omit all mention of the scenery, which is very good, the Highland Loch being especially beautiful, while Mr. Labhart's statue cannot be too highly praised. Miss Polly Marshall, as the "Unprotected Female," has the entire weight of the farce on her own shoulders, and proves herself fully equal to sustaining it to the complete satisfaction and delight of the audience.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

What's that to you? Song by Saxe. Composed by Louis Engel. [Boosey & Co.]—We recommend this spirited charming ballad, which is capable of producing considerable effect.

The drifting clouds are dark and drear. Words by F. Akers. Music by Louis Engel. [Boosey & Co.] This is a song upon one note, the accompaniment is varied and full of striking and unexpected passages.

Inno Turco. March performed at the Crystal Palace in honour of the visit of H. I. M. The Sultan. Composed by Luigi Arditi. [Cramer & Co., 201 Regent Street.]—To say that the above emanates from the pen of this well-known composer is sufficiently to vouch for its merits; it is spirited and well adapted to the occasion of its birth, and we doubt not will become a well merited favourite.

Lucerne Quadrilles. By the same composer. [Cramer & Co.]—Light, easy, and *dansant*.

Let me love thee. Composed by Luigi Arditi. Words by Walter Maynard. Sung by Mr. Santley. [Cramer & Co.]—It scarcely needs the interpretation of this well known and favourite artiste to obtain for this fine composition the success it so richly deserves.

Trilling Birds. By Auguste Mey. [Cramer & Co.]—A simple, pretty, light and easy Idyll for the Pianoforte.

The Star Shower Waltzes. By Carl Lindberg. Likely to be a favourite in soirée and ball-room.

March of the Men of Harlech. By Callcott. [Cramer & Co.]—We must heartily recommend the above to all lovers of good music. This march is grand and martial, and yet requiring no great powers of execution, but within the capacity of all ordinary pianistes.

Oh Willie, must you go again ? Ballad. Written by T. E. Carpenter. Composed by H. S. Foster. [Kreutzer, Samsau, & Co., 42 Maddox, Street.]—Fresh, naïve, and plaintive. This is a song that will find an echo in the hearts of many of our fair countrywomen.

When shall I see my darling again ? Song. Composed and dedicated to the Lady Katherine Coke, by Stephen Massent. [Boosey & Co.]—A charming ballad, and full of feeling, within the compass of any voice.



MISCELLANEA.

LADY WALDEGRAVE ON VILLAGE ÆSTHETICS.—The Dowager Countess Waldegrave, an old lady of eighty, who speaks in a very kindly though somewhat lofty tone, has been expressing to some Cumberland girls, scholars in a school maintained by Mr. George Moore, the disgust secretly entertained by most old ladies at the way in which English girls of the poorer classes dress. They spend more than they can afford, she says, on "unnecessary and useless finery," and do not look well after all. She has watched through a long life the increase of this tendency, and feels at length disposed to speak out, and warn village girls and their mothers that, while cheap fineries, "penny flowers" in particular, are "not neat," neither are they desirable, for they will find that most mistresses "will object to that kind of finery, which is not suitable to the station in which it has pleased God to place them." We fear her ladyship's reasons for being neat will not weigh quite so heavily with English girls, even in Cumberland, or with their mothers, as she probably hopes they may. Girls of the present day, like boys, are apt to think that the Catechism is a production with Tory tendencies; that their "stations" were fixed by man, and not by God, and to regard the desire to get out of them—to "get on," as men put it—as anything rather than a vice. To be a servant is not the one form of a "girl's young dream," nor is it the first object of any social system to produce good servants, else were that of New England a humiliating failure. If the only evil of cheap finery were a little discontent among the mistresses, cheap finery might be put up with very easily, if only under the belief that a girl who dresses well according to her lights is very apt to have more virtues than the slattern, that the vanity of appearance is very near akin to the virtue of self-respect. Very few of us would be quite as good in rags, or even in clothes which subjected us to ridicule or remark from every passer-by. The Countess, however, took advantage of her years to state a very unpalatable but still very genuine truth—the extreme distaste of the educated class for the dress which girls of the poorer sort, more especially in the country, accustom themselves to wear. It is with many a positive loathing, and it is not altogether unjustifiable. The dress is very bad, and it is becoming, as the Countess says, worse every day. The men's dress in many places is bad enough, the serviceable and really handsome velveteen and corduroys, or the less good-looking but neat fustian, being discarded for second-hand black cloth, ill made, ill fitted, and ill in accord alike with boots

and hat, the two articles in which cost tells most distinctly ; but the men are well dressed compared with the women. They will imitate a costume made beautiful only by taste and costliness in cheap and tasteless materials, usually ill in accord as to colour, always ill cut, often set off by flashy ribbons, as much out of place and as conspicuous as the ribbons in a recruiting-serjeant's cap, and sometimes improved by cheap jewellery of designs which till within the last two years were uniformly wretched. Some of the French patterns now introduced in such things are, we admit, in better taste,—brooches, in particular, of sound design, being sold for a shilling or two, or sometimes even less. The decent cap of our grandmothers' time is disappearing, the shawl or cloak is replaced by something believed to be a mantilla, the expense of washing increases every day, and the boot is replaced by a thing which everybody but the girl herself would call a ball slipper half worn out. A French peasant girl spending half the sum manages to look better,—better, that is, as a picture, apart altogether from the air of brassiness Englishwomen of almost any grade acquire from being over-dressed. The evil is a great one, not only because mistresses do not like finery—they have to put up with annoyances much more reasonable than that,—but because a genuinely bad costume lowers the class which wears it, impairs natural dignity, corrupts the natural taste, and causes in the long run an exasperation of that petty class jealousy which of all the smaller vices produces the worst results. The poorer class would be as much the better for not mimicking the middle-class, as the latter would be for not imitating the French *demi-monde*.

We admit Lady Waldegrave's case, but is she, or are the thousands of English mistresses who sympathise with her, quite in the right as to their mode of attacking the admitted evil? Do they not make too much of a caste question of it, treat the matter too much as if a little cheap finery affronted their pride, instead of merely outraging their taste? It is rather annoying even to a Cumberland girl, we should fancy, to be told that God has fixed her "station" for ever, so that a bit of finery is almost a crime, a parasol a wickedness deserving comment from the pulpit, and a penny flower an offence for which a mother may be lectured in her own house. Are not employers a little silly when they treat a bare head as an impertinence, and with their own daughters' hair falling down to the waist scold a parlour-maid because she, too, thinks ample hair something of a natural adornment? There is no reason that we know of why, while footmen wear a livery, housemaids should not wear one too, for though it might be wiser to discontinue both, neither as yet conveys any real sense of degradation. The American idea, that a "coachman in his own clothes is a citizen who gets his living by driving, but a coachman in livery is a thing"—a sentence hurled at President Pierce—has not yet reached England, and

till it has household livery is no oppression. Still, the notion of a fitting uniform for each class, which is the root of all arguments like Lady Waldegrave's, is passing away with the feudal system ; in towns has wholly disappeared. Would it not be expedient, therefore, considering the way things are going, just to inquire if the root of the mischief may not be mere bad taste, to be corrected not by dignified lectures from people who would be very much hurt if their hearers lectured back, but who have no more right to lecture than to listen—the remark does not apply to Countess Waldegrave, whose age amply justified her speech—but by introducing better standards? English women have not instinctive taste—if there be such a thing—and what standards have they to learn from? There is and has been for a century no national costume such as forms the foundation of the Parisian servant dress, and of that of the working Scotch girl, and the village girls are driven to copy something. What should they copy except the best dressed class they see?—and this is all they do, the secret of all their failures. There is nobody else to imitate, and they must either devise for themselves—an impossible task, even if they had the courage to attempt it—or make the best imitation they can. Only one class, the drapers' shop girls in some great cities, wear a uniform at once neat enough and handsome enough to be a standard, and how many Cumberland girls see that, or could make it if they did see it? Expense enters heavily into the question, for girls and mothers such as Lady Waldegrave cautioned do not pay milliners' bills, and very few close-fitting dresses can be made without some skill. The very best one a working woman could wear, a riding habit of stuff cut short at the ancles, is utterly beyond ordinary village skill, and its beauty depends entirely upon make. The poor girls are literally driven to imitate one particular kind of dress, and will not be driven out except by careful instruction. A few patterns, or rather a few specimens of good dresses, cheap, neat, and good looking, and not too unlike ordinary costume, and a few lessons in dress-making, or rather cutting-out—for the root of failure is there—would, we suspect, do much more than any number of lectures, which cannot always be delivered by Countesses of eighty, and are apt when they come from less highly placed and less venerable persons to sting a natural and in its way a decidedly healthy pride. Suppose Mr. George Moore tries the experiment in Wigton, where he has done so much! We will answer for it, he will effect in five years more reform than in fifty years of lecturing. The present dress is not a convenient one, while it is an expensive one, and there is, therefore, nothing to prevent that education of the eye which Parisians, Spaniards, and English gipsies seem to acquire without effort, but which among English people must be instilled as carefully and as slowly as the arts of reading and writing or the mystery of arithmetic. Surely we might teach village

girls that cherry-coloured ribbons do not "go" with a pink bonnet before we lecture them on the iniquity of such gauds? How are they, bred under grey skies and but just escaped from barbarism, to know that brightness is not an absolute equivalent for beauty, that yellow braid on a scarlet bodice is not the perfection of taste? "None of your gaudy colours for me," said the old woman; "I'm for plain red and yaller!" and she spoke the true feeling of untrained Northern taste. The girls do not wear barred muslins because they like cross bars, but because they want to look well, and could be taught that bars do not suit dumpy figures just as easily as they can be taught that dishes should be set square, or towels hung straight on the towel horse. The quarrel about the cap is, we suppose, incurable, being a matter of caste, and crinoline is dying, but the bonnet might be improved into a hat, and the boots into something fitted for walking in a very little while. As to ornaments, Mr. Cole is, perhaps, a little extravagant in his praises of the Castellani collection of democratic jewellery,—at least if he really said he would go down on his knees to Birmingham to buy it,—but he is on the right scent. Pretty things will not be rejected if they are once seen because they are artistic, or because they are cheap; but where are the pretty things? At present the country girl has no idea except a brass imitation of an ornament, often ugly enough in gold, or the glass rubbish carried about by the tallymen, rubbish manufactured by the half-ton at a time, and utterly discreditable to the designers. It can't be better? Pooh! we have bought shell flowers for three-pence arranged as brooches which bees would light on; and a Maltese will make a bracelet out of a sixpenny-piece. We shall be told, of course, that all these ideas preclude the imitation of one class by another, and that imitation is the end, but we simply reply that we accept the end, and only suggest the imitation of good models instead of bad. Look at that rector's daughter going to trim flowers in a brown holland dress, without an ornament, and why should not that be copied as well as the airified costume, which only experience and expense can make becoming?

The boys want the æsthetic lessons and the pictures of costume just as the girls, and do not even get lectures from Countesses. They have at least two chances of a good and effective costume, and at present use neither. They see every day the railway porter's dress, the neatest, most convenient, and most durable yet used in Europe, and they do not adopt it; and very little would turn the smock into the blouse, but nobody shows them how to make the effort. Their vanity is as great as that of the girls, and their ignorance greater, but both can be conquered by education. It is no more difficult to teach a country lad that a jacket is becoming, and a short coat is not, than it is to teach him the rule of three, a feat which half a century since was gravely believed to be quite impossible, just as our country readers will to-day

assert that teaching æsthetics to villagers under twenty is ludicrous waste of time. It may be so, but if it is so the effort to educate is waste of time too, and we would just recall one little but very encouraging fact. Co our readers remember what cheap china was like before 1851? It has not taken sixteen years to induce even villagers to see that a lunatic design like the willow-pattern plate was offensive to the eye, and that absurdity had a support which the cherry-coloured ribbons have not—the reluctance of the trade to give up a pattern producible in any number at the lowest price.—*Spectator*.

THE MICHIGAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The Convention are at present working steadily upon the new Constitution, and will be through with their labours, we think, by the middle of August. They have voted to allow towns and cities to aid railroads to the extent of ten per cent. upon the assessed valuation. The discussion upon this question occupied several days, and was most ably fought upon both sides. The aid can be either by bonds or tax. They have also passed, by three majority, the article giving suffrage to women. But the advocates of that doctrine should not take this result as final, as it is well understood that several members who voted for it did so for buncomb, and that there is no probability of its final passage in the Convention. In our judgment, such action upon the part of any member, deserves the condemnation of the people. It is well for them that the yeas and nays were not called upon the question, or the matter might have been brought home to their knowledge in the future. Thousands of men and women have signed petitions for this object, and were at least entitled to fair and respectful treatment, which they did not receive from those whose gallantry seems to be outside show, and is no indication of their final vote upon the question.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican*.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?—To the Editor of the *New York Times*.—A few years since the idea of woman suffrage was supposed to be confined to the brains of a few erratic or fanatical men and women, but within a year or two some, not ordinarily ranked with this class, have greatly advocated this right. Now I do not intend to enter into a philosophical or theological discussion of this question, but desire to call the attention of your readers to some probable results should so unwise a measure be adopted.

In the first place it is generally alleged by the advocates of female suffrage, that the tendency will be to purify the ballot, that the higher virtue of woman and her nice sense of justice will lead her always to cast her vote on the right side. But those who thus argue forget that the most refined and virtuous women are not going to the polls. On the contrary, the abandoned and vicious, the fish-women and the

market-women, the low Irish and the coarse German—in short, the very off-scouring of the whole female sex, are those who will go to the polls, who will be governed by whisky and unscrupulous politicians as much as their husbands or associates. Query ?—Whether this element will elevate the moral tone of our elections. On the contrary, will it not sink it lower, if that is possible ? But, in the second place, suppose the better class were to go to the polls, are they to vote with their husbands or against them ? If with them, then the result is not altered either for good or ill. But, if against them, can we picture to ourselves the domestic strife that will ensue ? In the hour of political excitement, when the worst passions of men are often inflamed to the highest pitch, imagine a man, after wrangling all day with his fellow-man, about parties and candidates, fighting the same battle over at night. We apprehend that this suffrage business would be an apple of discord in the domestic domain far worse than the fabled one we read of, which produced such strife and confusion among the gods. For, if anger can dwell in “celestial minds” it might possibly reign among the angels of the domestic realm, saying nothing of the meekness and amiability of their lords.

Under such circumstances, therefore, for the sake of peace, we should have to confine the suffrage of women to the single strong-minded ones or the thousands of “anxious and aimless,” whose interests our good Governor has so much at heart. But, all jesting aside, can any candid mind see anything but evil in this wild scheme of so-called reformers ? If the vile women, as well as the vile men, are to influence our elections, then we shall sink even lower in the political scale ; or, if our wives are to descend into the political arena and contend with us for victory, then we should ask heaven for other helpmates to share our homes and rear our children.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Thursday, July 25, 1867.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—In the debate on the motion of Mr. Mill to admit women to the franchise it was stated by Mr. Karlake, M.P. for Colchester, that “during the three months he had had the honour to have a seat in that House, although he had received day by day petitions and applications of various kinds upon subjects which he regarded as of a most trivial character, he had not received one single application, one single notification, verbal or written, in favour of the proposition of the hon. member.” On Thursday night Mr. Karlake presented a petition from 129 ladies and others, his constituents, at Colchester, in favour of this proposition.—*Daily Telegraph*.

ENGLISH GOVERNESSES IN RUSSIA.—To the Editor of the *Times*.—Sir,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to convey a few

useful hints to English governesses coming out to Russia for the first time.

Before signing any agreement with persons of whom they know nothing, it would be advisable to make inquiries of the diplomatic or consular agents, in London or St. Petersburg, as to the respectability of the families with whom they are treating, or to apply to the British chaplains of St. Petersburg, Cronstadt, or Moscow, who would be happy to furnish any information in their power to ladies who are unacquainted with this country. The position into which young persons who have neglected those precautions have been brought has, in many well-known instances, proved painful, or at least embarrassing.

Many families quit the capital during the summer months either for their estates or for foreign watering-places. Ladies who may wish to come to Russia, therefore, on the chance of finding occupation, would do well to delay their arrival till the end of August, and thus avoid incurring a heavy expense for board and lodging before they have an opportunity of making any suitable arrangement.

With the view of offering a respectable *pied à terre* to governesses on their first arrival in St. Petersburg, the British Governesses' Home was established in 1866, under the patronage of the Ambassadors and under the superintendence of a committee of ladies, assisted by the chaplain of the British Factory and the minister of the British American congregation.

The charge for board and lodging is very moderate ; but, as the object of the establishment is to assist persons of respectability, and at the same time to offer some guarantee to Russian families that ladies who have resided in the Home are worthy of their confidence, applications for admission must be accompanied by an introduction to a member of the committee.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. F. MACHIN, Hon. Secretary to the Committee
for the British Governesses' Home.

2, Povarskoe Percoulouk, St. Petersburg, May 17.

The Memoirs of Lord Haddo, in his later years Fifth Earl of Aberdeen. Edited by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, M.A. Second Edition. [Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday].—The materials from which this memoir is composed, were collected by the late well-known Mr. Elliott of Brighton, and on his death they were placed in the hands of his brother to select from the letters, and to add such remarks as seemed necessary. The life of Lord Aberdeen was not an eventful one, but his social rank and his natural gifts made his position in the world an important one, and Mr. Elliott has, in the memoir before us, done full justice to Lord Aberdeen's deeply religious character, and his singularly reserved and unobtrusive disposition. As a child he was shy and sensitive, thinking and feeling much, but finding a great difficulty in expressing his feelings to others. When fourteen years of age he became a pupil of Mr. Elliott, and afterwards went to reside at Tuxford with the editor of the present volume.

At Cambridge his friends were among the most studious men of his college, such as the late Henry Goulburn, and he especially distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematical science. After leaving Cambridge he accompanied Sir C. Vaughan to Constantinople but the mission being recalled he visited Smyrna and Greece alone coming home in 1838 to be present at the Queen's coronation, but returning the next year in order to explore Greece thoroughly, with his father's journals. After his marriage with Miss Baillie, he devoted a great deal of his time to his favourite pursuit—painting, especially during the four happy years spent at St. Leonards, near Windsor. A landscape by him, which was in the Academy for 1843, was praised for "Claude-like effect," but afterwards he seems to have feared lest devotion to art should deprive him of time he could better spend in what he regarded as more immediate service for God. The circumstance which changed his life is thus recorded in his own words—

"Jan. 29, 1849.—About this time last year, or perhaps a few days earlier, I first began to change my habits of life. It was at Brighton, 132 Marine Parade, about seven o'clock in the evening, that I received such a deep impression of eternity that the effect has continued to the present day—and by the blessing of God will remain to my dying day. I had just dressed for dinner, when the sight of the clothes which I had thrown off suddenly impressed me with the thoughts of dying—of undressing for the last time—of being unclothed of this body. . . . I felt the terrors of dying unprepared in a degree approaching to reality. In the bed I saw, not a place of nightly repose, but a place intended to receive the dying struggle. In short, the prospect of death was impressed on my imagination with overwhelming force; and not of death only, but of eternity; of the Day of Judgment, an offended God, and the sentence to eternal torment. I felt the imperative necessity of preparing for death at any cost, in any sacrifice. The prospect of heaven added little or nothing to my resolution. Safety was all I aimed at. This I felt was within my reach, and I grasped at it with feelings of a drowning man."

From this time Lord Haddo felt that no hardships were worth consideration in comparison with the assurance he sought, and all his old pursuits appeared frivolous, but so great seemed the difficulties presented by society, and so oppressing was his nervous dread of the remarks of his relations, acquaintances, and even servants, that at one time he seriously thought of leaving England and giving up his inheritance. Abandoning this scheme, he devoted himself to visiting the poor, the Sussex County Hospital, and on leaving Brighton he took upon himself the duties of a regular visitor in Whitechapel. Four years after this the symptoms of ill-health began to appear, and after trying Dr. Gully's treatment at Malvern, he was ordered to Egypt; his disease was dyspepsia in an aggravated form. The accounts of his voyage up the Nile, his residence at Alexandria, Cairo, and visit to the Pyramids, are full of interest. In 1859, his health began to fail again, and he had to take a second invalid journey to Egypt in 1866, during which he did much missionary work among the Copts, and at his suggestion a Turkish Bible was presented to the Viceroy of Egypt, and a Testament to his wife, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was during this voyage that he heard of the death of his father. His next journey was to Spain, on the Matamoros Mission, from which he returned in apparently improved health, but during the autumn of 1863 he appeared to lose all strength, and entered into his final rest on the 22nd of March, 1864. We recommend this memoir to all who care to read the lives of truly good men, which cannot fail to be instructive and useful, as a guide, help, and incentive. Precepts but point the way, but examples carry us along. Lives well spent, and characters uprightly sustained, are the most eloquent lessons of virtue.

"Ever their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty, and words of good."

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. [Longman.]—This work (which we have already noticed), has reached a second edition. In Appendix C the following remarks are made upon the proposition brought before the House of Commons on the 20th of May—

"Mr. Mill's speech was not exhaustive only perhaps because his subject, like all subjects, is inexhaustible. Besides, though the real issue is narrow, there are so many mis-named corollaries, that to satisfy the demands of all cavillers, as distinguished from objectors, would be to bury the subject under a mass of irrelevant matter. None the less, Mr. Mill's speech may be regarded as conclusive under the criticism of his opponents, Mr. Karslake, Mr. Laing, Mr. Onslow, and Lord Galway. Indeed, we feel bound to admit, that the unexpectedly large minority of seventy-nine, including six pairs, which supported the motion, was partly owing to the almost incredible weakness and silliness of the opposition speeches. Whether the enfranchisement of women be, as we believe, just and expedient, or, as the *Morning Herald*

insists—of course without condescending to argue the question—abhorrent to all humanity except a few splenetic individuals, it is certain that none of the opposition speeches added a single fact, argument, objection, or consideration of any kind, to the fund of information previously possessed.

“We subjoin a list of the minority which supported Mr. Mill’s motion ; and also a list, complete we believe, of the petitions presented to Parliament for the enfranchisement of women in the course of the present session :

“MINORITY.

“Allen, W. S.	Hibbert, J. T.	Peel, J.
Amberley, Viscount	Hodgkinson, G.	Peto, Sir S. M.
Baines, E.	Holden, I.	Platt, J.
Barnes, T.	Hughes, T.	Pollard-Urquhart, W.
Barrow, W. H.	Hurst, R. H.	Power, Sir J.
Bass, M. T.	Jackson, W.	Pritchard, J.
Bazley, T.	Jervoise, Sir J. C.	Rearden, D. J.
Beach, W. W. B.	King, Hon. P. J. L.	Robartes, T. J. A.
Biddulph, M.	Labouchere, H.	Robertson, D.
Blake, J. A.	Langton, W. G.	Stansfeld, J.
Bowyer, Sir G.	Leatham, W. H.	Stock, O.
Bright, J.	Lefevre, G. J. S.	Talbot, C. R. M.
Cowen, J.	Liddell, Hon. H. G.	Taylor, P. A.
Dalglish, R.	Lusk, A.	Watkin, E. W.
Denman, Hon. G.	M’Kenna, J. N.	Whatman, J.
Eykin, R.	M’Laren, D.	White, J.
Fawcett, H.	Maguire, J. F.	Whitworth, B.
Goldsmid, Sir F. H.	Moore, C.	Wyld, J.
Gorst, J. E.	Morgan, Hon. Major.	Wyndham, Hon. P.
Grant, A.	Morrison, W.	Yorke, J. R.
Gridley, Capt. H. G.	O’Beirne, J. L.	Young, R.
Hadfield, G.	O’Donoghue, The	
Harvey, R. B.	Oliphant, L.	Tellers
Hay, Lord J.	Onslow, G. J. H.	
Hay, Lord W. M.	Padmore, R.	Mill, J. S.
Henderson, J.	Parry, T.	Gurney, R.

“PAIRS ON MR. MILL’S AMENDMENT.

For.	Against.
“Mr. E. James	Mr. J. Goldsmid.
Mr. G. O. Trevelyan . . .	Mr. R. P. Dawson.
Mr. T. B. Horsfall . . .	Mr. G. Moffatt.
Gen. Forester	Mr. B. Osborne.
Sir John Gray	Lord Claude J. Hamilton.

“PETITIONS PRESENTED TO PARLIAMENT IN 1867 FOR THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

“On March 28, a petition signed by 3,559 persons ;

“On the same day, a petition from Dumfries, signed by 34 persons ;]

“On April 5, a petition signed by 3,161 persons ;

“On the same day, a petition signed by 1,605 unmarried women and widows possessing the legal qualification of an elector ;

“On April 11, a petition from Edinburgh, signed by 2,849 persons, including 800 women possessing the property qualification ;

"On the same day, a petition from Manchester, signed by 246 women fulfilling all the conditions required from parliamentary electors; also a supplementary petition from Manchester, signed by 4,200 persons;

"On the same day, a petition from Hastings, signed by 54 persons;

"On July 25, a petition from Colchester, signed by 129 persons."

Cometh up as a Flower. An Autobiography. Two vols. [Bentley]—We understand that this is the first literary effort of an exceedingly young lady; we can only say it is very far above the average of novels, and is deserving of very high praise. It is entirely devoid of affectation or "sensational," and possesses considerable intellectual power; is well written, easy, and graceful, though here and there it is so daringly fresh and original that it almost borders on coarseness. The story turns upon the daughter's devotion to a father of good birth but straitened circumstances, who, by reason of her sister's secret plot to divide her from her lover, and in obedience to a mistaken sense of duty, marries a wealthy baronet, entailing upon herself the misery and wretchedness consequent upon such an act, but bearing it with an unusual display of patience and fortitude. The heroine introduces herself soliloquising on the top of a stone wall, in a venerable holland frock, during which she encounters the hero of the tale, who stands before her in the churchyard path, which the stone wall overlooked, with his hands in his pockets, and his meerschaum in his mouth, "viewing the landscape o'er." The next day she meets him at her first introduction to one of those "solemn symposiums which form the Englishman's idea of festivity"—a dinner-party, at which she feels as much a stranger as a native of Kamtschatka could, and completely discomfited by reason of her scant and skimping frock, which clung like a bathing-dress, and her "carrotty locks" which she discovered were dressed in a fashion that had died the death at least a year and a half ago. All her annoyances, however, were put to flight by finding that her unknown hero, whom she had already christened King Olaf, was under orders to take her in to dinner—

"But when he had so taken me, and had deposited me on a gorgeous velvet chair beside him, he did not seem in any violent hurry to cultivate my acquaintance. He ate his soup deliberately, and left me to the contemplation of his outward man.

"Perhaps he knew that he was pleasant to look upon, and trusted to that pleasantness to prepossess a stranger in his favour; perhaps he did not care whether I were prepossessed or not. I was soupless, so I amused myself by glancing obliquely at my neighbour. Very curly Saxon hair—so curly as to excite in envious, lank-haired brother officers a suspicion (a base and unfounded suspicion) of the agency of tongs—a beautiful bronzed face, with the scar of a sabre-cut running down the cheek, close to the ear; a beardless, whiskerless face, hairless save for the tawny moustache.

"'I wish he'd speak,' said I to myself at last. 'Perhaps he has nothing to say; good-looking men seldom have the gift of tongues, Dolly says.' I would as soon have

thought of cutting off my head as of originating a conversation with a perfect stranger, so I held my peace, and wondered how he had acquired that scar. At last, as if he had read my thoughts, he turned towards me.

“‘I’m afraid I startled you rather, last night?’ said he, with a smile.

“‘Not much,’ responded I briefly, turning my head half away, after the manner of shy girls.

“‘Did you think I was an evil spirit or a bogy,’ going about seeking whom I might devour?’ he asked more familiarly.

“‘I suppose he saw I was young, and a raw recruit in the ranks of the *beau monde*, and consequently that he might treat me as such.

“‘No I didn’t,’ said I ‘because—’ and there I stopped.

“‘I was going to say ‘because you are too good-looking for a bogy,’ but I recollected in time that it is an inversion of the order of society for a young lady to pay broad compliments to an unknown gentleman.

“‘Because what?’ asked he.

“‘Because—because—’ said I, floundering about, and seizing desperately the first reason that occurred to me, silly as that reason happened to be, ‘because I never heard of a bogy with yellow hair.’

“‘My hair is not yellow,’ responded he, carelessly, ‘nothing half so nice, sandy decidedly.’

“‘It is not my idea of sandy,’ I maintained stoutly.

“‘What is your idea of sandy, then, may I ask?’

“‘Mrs. Coxe’s is sandy,’ said I, with youthful rashness, looking towards the lady of the house, ‘and very hideous it is.’

“‘I am sorry you think her so hideous,’ responded he coolly, ‘she’s my sister.’

“‘I was covered with confusion. I would fain have slipped from my chair underneath the table, and spent the remainder of the dinner hour under the feet of the company. I reddened to the roots of my hair, which, as I have before mentioned, was red too. My shame-faced eyes sought my plate, and studied the parrot-poppy depicted thereon in glaring colours. I attempted no apology, but sat dumb-founded. Then a deep voice, stifling much laughter, sounded close to my blazing ear.

“‘Never mind, I won’t tell of you. By-the-by, Mrs. Coxe is not my sister, and I only said so to frighten you.’

“‘How could you tell such a story?’ I asked reproachfully.

“‘It was not a story, as you call it,’ he answered with an almost imperceptible mimicking of my indignant intonation. ‘In one sense she is my sister. We are all brethren, aren’t we? At least we call each other dearly beloved brethren in the prayer-book every Sunday.’

“‘That is very flippant,’ said I gravely. I had a great respect for the prayer-book, and did not like to hear it mentioned so lightly. I fancied he looked slightly surprised that a country chit like me should venture to rebuke a man of the world like him, but he said nothing to that effect, and rather abruptly changed the subject.

“‘Is it one of the manners and customs of the young ladies in these parts to sit among the tombs toward nightfall?’ he inquired.

“‘I don’t know much about other young ladies, / sit there sometimes.’

“‘You are a strong-minded person, evidently; cart ropes would not drag one of my sisters within half a mile of a churchyard after dark.’

“‘Indeed! how many sisters have you got?’

“““Sisters and brothers, little maid
How many may you be?””

“‘Are they like you?’

“‘Not a bit—much better looking.’

"I felt incredulous, but I hope I kept my incredulity out of my countenance.

"Have you been here long?" I resumed, catechetically.

"Since last Tuesday."

"Are you going to stay here long?"

"That depends upon how I like my quarters. Is there anything more you wish to know?"

"Oh I beg your pardon! I'm sorry I asked so many questions," I said, contritely, fearing I had committed a grievous sin against good manners. "I did not intend to be rude, indeed."

"Rude?" said he, "nonsense! I should not think such a pretty mouth could say anything rude if it tried."

"It was rather impudent of him, certainly, and I ought to have told him so, I suppose; but, as he spoke, the dark grey eyes looked full into mine, with an expression I had never seen in mortal eyes before; an expression that sealed my lips and sent a sort of odd shiver—a shiver that had nothing to say to cold—through my frame."

This quotation will give some impression of the forcible writing which will be found in this book, but we advise our readers to form their own opinion of its merits for themselves.

The End of Life, and the Life that has no Ending. [Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday].—An unpretending but well-written book, drawn up on the plan of a preceding work, "Old Gems Re-set." The doctrines of Christ's atonement and the work of the Holy Spirit are specially dwelt upon, in order to bring out, with sufficient distinctness, the manner in which those truths actually and individually affect the work of personal salvation. The writer holds himself responsible for the anecdotes he narrates, and we must thank him for much pleasant and instructive reading on a great variety of subjects. We can only add that the essays "The Westminster Abbey of the Bible" and "A Large Church, a Strange Text, and a Short Sermon," will please a wide circle of readers.

Crefydd's Meals for the Million. [Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.] We do not hesitate to say that no household should be without this book where the income varies from £100 to £300 a year. The information that it contains is most valuable, and given in such a thoroughly practical way, that we can imagine nothing more likely to benefit and help young inexperienced housekeepers.

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OCTOBER, 1867.

COLLECTING MANIAS.

BY J. ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THERE are few people who doubt the fact that some mental conditions are as infectious as some physical ones. There are also certain pursuits, which, like certain diseases—the influenza, for example—may be said to attack society. A long dissertation might be written for the purpose of proving this ; but the existence of those well-known manias for collecting articles which are one day unthought of or neglected by all, and the next day sought after with frantic energy by hundreds, is a proof which is amply sufficient. During the period of such an epidemic, people who are usually provokingly inert become painfully energetic ; the timid, when they begin the great work of collection, assume an air of boldness ; the characters of all one's friends seem to be mysteriously changed ; and the change is not generally a pleasant one.

Never can I forget the horrors through which I passed during that fearful and wonderful mania for the acquisition of album portraits. I know that I was not a solitary sufferer, but that knowledge increased rather than mitigated my pangs ; for it is only a selfish nature which finds comfort in companionship in misery. Little did those whose fortune (or misfortune) it was to be the centre of a large circle of acquaintance think when they read in the scientific corner of their newspaper that a novel application of photography was expected to add the inexpressive visiting card of the past to the list of extinct social phenomena, what trials of their temper and what drains upon their purses were to be the effects of the last stride of art.

My album lies before me as I write. It is not one of those elaborately finished works known to our grandmothers, in which leaves of delicately tinted paper add a factitious charm to acrostics whose rhythm is somewhat halting and whose rhymes are dubious, or to sonnets rich in mild and watery sentiment, but the substantial morocco-bound volume which is the delight of young England ; with its burnished clasps and hundred portraits, some few of friends near and dear, and ever so

many of "persons I have met," and whom I hope I shall never meet again. The husbands and wives are, of course, together ; so are the brothers and sisters ; but the majority are unattached people, and they are jumbled together in a manner at once heterogeneous and absurd. Custom seems to have decreed that a lady and gentleman should figure on the same page ; and politeness insinuates that they should be placed face to face, so that one may not turn his or her back upon the other. These rules necessitate somewhat strange and incongruous combinations. I open the book and see the likeness of my friend Robinson, a man who is full of gentleness and goodness, and who overflows with genial humour. But his companion on the page, Miss Jones, is one of the most spiteful and cantankerous old maids it has ever been my misfortune to meet. She feloniously obtained one of my counterfeit presentments, and then added insult to injury by forcing upon me a representation of herself. We happened to be staying in the same house at the time, so I could not well manage to exclude the objectionable *carte* from my album. By the time I left the place it seemed to have acquired a sort of prescriptive right to be there ; and now, in my calmer and more benevolent moments, I think of its violent ejection as an action which would have a certain amount of barbarity about it. And so Miss Jones remains in the book to this day. This is a specimen of one class of miseries connected with the *carte de visite* mania ; but I found that in this matter as in all others, the greatest discomforts were caused, not by the unpleasant people, but by the pleasant and agreeable ones. (This little bit of social philosophy is given to the reader gratis : there is no extra charge made for it.) Mrs. Smith is one of the nicest people I know, and to gratify her I rashly promised to sit for a new negative, as in all those which had been produced previous to her request, I bore a striking resemblance either to a desperate burglar or a drivelling idiot. From that moment Mrs. Smith became a terror to me. I dreaded her presence, and yet I seemed to be always meeting her. Whenever I visited a common friend some mysterious impulse drew her to the same place. I could not take a walk in the lane without seeing her phaeton advancing towards me. The thorough-bred mare appertaining to that vehicle was my banshee ; it was like the spectral horse in Mr. George Macdonald's story of "The Portent ;" I never heard the beat of its sharp trot without a pang of fear. Smith, junior, was her driver, and whenever she saw me she ordered him to bring the animal to a halt. Her first inquiries were invariably concerning the promised *carte*. For a time these inquiries were sprightly enough ; but, as hope deferred made Mrs. Smith's heart sick, they assumed, after a time, a tenderly reproachful tone. Still I dreaded facing that terrible one-eyed monster, the camera ; still I wished to delay the operation which I hated, though the miseries of delay were

almost as great ; just as one who has an aching tooth which he wishes to be rid of, will bear much present pain ere he make up his mind to bear the prospective pain of extraction. At last, however, the reproaches of Mrs. Smith and my other photographic creditors became unbearable, so I summoned up all my resolution and put myself into focus. The relief, when the ordeal was past, was of an indescribable nature. I could meet my friends without fear once more. I felt as the immortal Mr. Richard Swiveller might have felt if some kind soul had paid his little bills, and so opened to him the thoroughfares which they had closed.

Such are some of the miseries connected with the collection of *cartes de visite* ; but it has its pleasures, of which it would be churlish not to speak. Filling an album is like human life ; it has its troubles, but it has its counterpoise of enjoyment. You can never be wholly solitary when it is in your power to call at any moment a *levée* of your friends. My rooms are small ; but between the boards of my album I accommodate scores of the stoutest gentlemen and the most expansively attired ladies. I have no fear of unpleasantness arising from ill selection of the company. Robinson and Miss Jones would not be congenial companions in ordinary life, but they get on very well together here, and have stood side by side through two summers and winters without a jarring word. My friend the perpetual curate of S. Gengulphus' has a holy horror of schism and schismatics ; but he smiles quite benevolently upon little Hoyley, the shepherd of the ugly conventicle, who, in turn, surveys him placidly, and who, marvellous to relate, has been silent for more than six months concerning the spread of Puseyism and the number of the apocalyptic beast. It would need a braver person than I pretend to be, to introduce Potts, the retired ironmonger—whose manners are, to say the least, quaint and original, and who considers a knife the most appropriate eating implement—to Sir Rufus Pendragon, who traces his descent from King Arthur, and will not associate with Lord Mangel Wurzel because he is a *parvenu* ; but they have been for a long time constant companions at my photographic receptions ; and though the baronet never speaks to Potts, he shows no surprise at his company, and has expressed no displeasure at being so constantly connected with an uncultivated tradesman. (I should perhaps mention, in parenthesis, lest my introduction of the name of so great a personage should be misconstrued, that I have not the honour to be numbered among Sir Rufus Pendragon's friends. I have simply been presented to him at a public dinner, when he discoursed to me for full three minutes upon the subject of the weather with the affability which always characterises truly great men. So much did I admire his exceeding condescension, that I purchased his portrait—price eighteenpence—the very next day.)

I am singularly fortunate in my entertainments ; my *levées* always go off well ; there is never any unpleasant hitch in the proceedings. A hundred people are present, some of whom are not remarkable for wisdom ; but no one ever talks nonsense without my permission. The matter-of-fact reader may say that this is impossible, because there is no audible speech whatever ; and from the matter-of-fact point of view he is, no doubt, correct. But what is the use of imagination if it will not supply me with conversations for my silent friends ? That enchanter has but to raise his wand, and every member of the company expounds his pet heresy, or mounts his favourite hobby. No one of the party has anything to say to his or her companion, unless I desire a dialogue ; but they all speak to me in their own manner ; they tell me of their likes and dislikes, their thoughts and opinions, and I am pleased to listen to them. This *carte de visite* mania has provided me with plenty of company ; I mix in society which never bores me, and entertain acquaintances who cost me nothing.

This society and converse may be enjoyed by a person of very limited imaginative power ; but surely it would require a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Burke, to endow with human interest the expressionless portraits of the emperors, kings, queens, and presidents, engraved upon the sticky labels which we affix to letters. The postage-stamp collection mania was a most incomprehensible phase of public enthusiasm. That wild fanaticism was, to me, invested with elements of dark mystery. It seemed to spring up at once in the midst of society without warning, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, or Aphrodite from the foam of the sea. "The pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten their founders," said quaint old Thomas Fuller ; but we know as much of these legendary individuals as we do of the first postage-stamp collector. Who was he ? Who was she ? Was the person a man or a woman ? Was he or she an inmate of a lunatic asylum, or some reputedly sane individual, whose fortune was so small that no kind relation felt it his duty to agitate for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* ?

Fashion induces us all to do extraordinary and often extremely silly things ; but the mystery is, what motive could have inspired the anonymous eccentric who set the fashion of collecting the defaced vignettes of the rulers of the world. These works of art have certainly no prosaic utility ; for the black smudge of ink upon them has reduced them to that infinitesimal money value which may belong to any square inch of defaced paper. The collector, too, whatever be the objects of his pursuit, has always a lofty contempt both for the higher and lower forms of usefulness. Sixpence will buy a loaf ; but it will also purchase that rare stamp, upon which appears the head of his Majesty, Cormoran I., King of the Cannibal Islands ; and what true stamp-

Collecting enthusiast would hesitate to secure the latter inestimable treasure by the investment of his sole remaining coin, and go to bed supperless with a joyful heart? If you insult him by a whisper of *cui bono*, he will tell you to apply it to the great picture collection of the Duke of Blankshire, which you are known to visit whenever an opportunity presents itself. You observe a pitying expression upon his face as you mildly answer that though the picture gallery may be useless in the low materialistic sense of the word, yet in its true philosophical sense it is in the highest degree useful, as a repository of the greatest ideas of great minds expressed in forms of beauty and sublimity. You think of Mr. Ruskin, and his eloquent scorn of the men who regard "sight, thought, and admiration, as all profitless," and you wonder what he would think of the postage-stamp mania. You wonder what there is to gratify sight, to suggest thought, or to inspire admiration in the pink, black, blue, and green likenesses of the great ones of the earth. There is no beauty in these ink-marked squares. The mighty Kaiser looks undignified with a smear over his nose. The inscrutable Emperor looks more inscrutable than ever when his eye is obscured by the black stamp of the post-office. They have not the interest attached to age. They are certainly called old postage-stamps; but the queen's head which was gummed to the envelope enclosing the tailor's bill that I received this morning is old, according to this use of the word; for it is defaced, and its work is done. It is now fit to be put into the album of a collector, just because it is fit for nothing else. Could I see a stamp bearing the image of Cheops or Darius, or even of Charlemagne, I should survey it with interest; but I have no enthusiasm to waste upon the "rare" miniature of Jeff Davis, the rebel of our own time.

Postage-stamps are essentially prosaic. One could not imagine Charles Lamb, with the fine poetical vein in his nature, being a collector of these royal visages. Horace Walpole would have been a much more likely man; but I have doubts even concerning him, and I am sure that had the mania infected society in his day, he would have preferred to look at the crowned heads unmarred by the inky trail of the post-office official. The associations connected with the many-coloured labels are intensely commonplace and unromantic. The queen's head suggests considerations concerning the revenue; the letters in the corners—mysterious and inexplicable—only lead the mind in a statistical direction.

I used to see in some shop-windows a magazine which proposed to be the organ of the stamp-collectors. I wonder what it was all about? I wish now that I had purchased a copy; I am sure it must have been a veritable curiosity of literature. By this time it has doubtless gone to the limbo of defunct periodicals, leaving its remains, in the shape of

old numbers, to buttermen and trunk manufacturers. One can imagine a table of contents, probably very unlike the real one. The heavy matter of a number might consist of articles on "The Place of the Postal System in Modern Civilisation," and "Celebrated Forgeries on the Post Office." Dissertations of this order might be relieved by a dialogue between a postage and a receipt-stamp, or a sonnet to the square-inch vignette of some dead or deposed sovereign. I believe that some rare specimen was given with every number of this magazine, with the object of attracting purchasers; and that its advertisements were supplied by collectors who wished to vary and increase their collections by judicious purchases, sales, and exchanges. I sincerely hope that both magazine and mania are dead and buried, never to rise again.

The collection of coins is a somewhat more dignified and interesting employment than the collection of postage-stamps. The collector is generally a man of learned leisure. As a rule, he is past middle age, and has settled down after the toil of life in some quiet country mansion, or old-fashioned town house in a street with no thoroughfare, to enjoy the well-earned *otium cum dignitate*. He is given to reading the most elegant of the classical authors, and may perhaps be considered pedantic from his fondness for quotations in the dead languages; but he is quite unconscious of the effect of his display of learning, and would never think of following the example of Captain Wragge, and asking you to "excuse the classical allusion." He lives in a world that has passed away, and knows more about Titus and Caligula than Napoleon III. or Mr. Gladstone. He is more enthusiastic about a Roman denarius than about an English sovereign; and while he respects—though he perhaps hates—his brother collector, he has a supreme contempt for the mere millionaire whose vast collection is of an exclusively modern coinage. He is more intensely in earnest than the stamp collector, but he is much less troublesome. You look through the postage-stamp album because politeness compels you to do so when it is thrust upon you; but the coin collector has generally too much of the high-bred courtesy of the past to bore you in this essentially modern manner. He discloses not his treasures to unappreciative eyes; and you feel that an honour is done you when the valued collection of gold and silver and copper is exposed to view. You must be an unimpressible person if you are not, for the time at least, infected with the enthusiasm of the exhibitor.

I think it not a sign of weakness to be enthusiastic about a coin. It is a chapter of history epitomised. As we take up one and see that the image and superscription are those of Cæsar—whether Julius, Augustus, or Tiberius, matters not much—we feel as if we were opening some ancient tome, and reading the story of the events of the time. With

our eyes of flesh we see only the profile of an emperor, but with the clearer eyes of the spirit we see the man himself, his palace, and his courtiers ; we survey his lordly capital, or glance over his far-stretching empire ; we see his subjects clamorous with exultation at his triumphs, or more clamorous with anger at his crimes.

The ancient coin is a link between the ages. In it lies a spell that brings the far off centuries near. It lies now in your hand, as the penny might lie which came from the mint yesterday ; but no ordinary coin would raise the strange hypotheses suggested by this one. Whose fingers have enclosed it ? Who knows but it may have lain on the palm of Cicero or Virgil. It may have been touched by holier hands. Who can tell ? At least none can say that it has not had distinguished possessors, men whose names are graven on the tablet of history—and so let not fancy be checked in her journey over the ages.

I saw only to-day a small silver coin of Mary Queen of Scots. It bore the legend—*In Tua virtute libera me*. It seemed to bring me into the very presence of that beautiful, sorrowful, though I am afraid not very virtuous queen. The coin with its encircling inscription was, in my eyes, surrounded with a strange atmosphere of pathos. It was struck in an hour of prosperity, but the *libera me* seemed somehow prophetic of sorrow and death, of the prison and the block. The round bit of silver had an unmistakable influence upon my moral perceptions. While I gazed upon it I could hardly assent to the national verdict of “good Queen Bess.”

I doubt whether the most sensitive person ever grew sentimental over a postage-stamp, but the ancient piece of money has an influence over the feelings and the imagination which cannot be resisted. Let us not then despise our friend, the coin collector. as, when we have looked through his cabinet, we bid him goodbye.

“FAITHFUL TO DEATH.” *

BY S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

THE cold, ill-omened night glooms darkly round
The battlements of Kyburg. Every sound
That sighs and soughs through creek and cranny there
Seems full of mystery—almost despair ;
Making the hair to bristle and the eyes
Dilate, to meet some new and dread surprise.

The long gaunt branches of the tall trees seem
To point at something, and the transient gleam
That flickers on a pane, through scudding rack,
Leaves the grim chamber wrapped in deeper black ;
While the old chimnies howl with dismal tone—
’Twere well to be quite sure you were alone !

Though loneliness in such a scene were far
From very pleasant, still such gentry *are*
Whose weird companionship were worse than none,
And at its worst in absence of the sun ;
At least so haunted-headed poets say—
But they’re quite mad by night, half-crazed by day.

Who wanders through those corridors obscure,
With stealthy foot, and tries how firm and sure
Each rusty bolt, so stiff to turn about,
Blessing the storm of wind and rain without,
And dreading nought that could herself befall,
Having one only thought absorbing all ?

Darkness profound enwraps the scene again ;
On roll the storm-clouds and the blinding rain ;
The guards below have quaffed some potent cup
To keep their flagging spirits gaily up,
And sleep to drowsiness succeeds apace—
“She’s safe enough to-night in this dull place.”

* Said of the devoted Gertrude, wife of the Baron von der Wart, who was unjustly condemned to be broken upon the wheel, by the order of Agnes, Queen of Hungary.

“Who, in their senses, would explore the strange
Uncanny-looking stairs for love of change
In such a night, or e'en for freedom sweet !”
So thought each warder, nodding on his seat,
And dreamt not of a love than death more strong :
For “life,” 'tis said, “is brief, but love is long.”

The storm abates ; the warders know it not ;
The din, the spectres, and their charge forgot.
What heavy thud upon the sward was given ?
The clouds have rent, as though the moon had striven
To yield some aid where earthly aid was none.
There, there ! what figure seems the light to shun ?

On, on, through tangled bush and briar it makes
A rapid way. Poor wretch, the warder wakes,
And finds the casement open, and pursues ;
And thou wouldst find but little left to choose
’Twixt sad surrender, death, or dungeon-keep—
Yet hie thee on, brave heart ; they sleep—they sleep.

Oh, what could tame the soul, or palsy nerve,
Or make the feet or ready hand to swerve,
When love holds sway o’er all the human powers,
O’er mind and matter ? When its fire devours
All other passions, dungeon, death were nought,
Though by the rack itself the deed were wrought.

The scene is changed. A bloody wheel, raised high
Upon a pole, appals the wondering eye ;
And on it, stretched in agony of pain,
A mangled, writhing man. His sunk eyes strain
To catch some glimpse of brightness in the sky,
Where’er the clouds may open, far and high.

For him this life is over. Limb by limb
Crushed into mummy. How their eyes grew dim
That watched the quivering form, that heard the crash
And from their raiment wiped the crimson splash
That followed, when the mallet, swung on high,
Came swooping down. Oh deed of infamy !

Oh fouler yet when wrought by woman's will—
Agnes, thy womanhood became thee ill !
Within thy grasp an infant's agony
Awoke no pity in thy murderous eye ;
Nor did thy victim look for grace in thee,
Bound on that wheel to sate thy cruelty.

See, through the opening wood a stealthy form
Appears ; it hastens near. Howl on, thou storm ;
Ye chilling winds, that have no power to stay
When love, the "waters quench not," marks the way,
And at the cannon's mouth itself could stand,
Waving the spirit onward to the promised land.

Footsore and weary, yet not well aware
Of either, in her anguish of despair,
She halts before the wheel ; now staggering reels,
Stunned with a shock of woe, then gropes and feels
On the dim ground for aught she might obtain
To raise her nearer to that bed of pain.

The guards have left her to her deeds of love ;
They could not brook to watch her bend above
The dying man, and with her kerchief dry
The death-sweat from his brow. Each moistening eye,
Long dry 'mid scenes of blood, to grief unknown
Melted beneath the warmth of love alone.

Sharper than any steel man's blood that drew,
Deeper than any wound tho' through and through,
E'en as a venom'd barb, "into her soul
The iron entered," and its poison stole
All through her gentle being, till she yearned
Each sunset for the next, as each returned.

What goblet, though of price untold, so fair
As that small shoe, that brought him water there ?
What nectar half so pure, so strangely sweet,
Made sacred by the touch of those dear feet !
That cup a relic were, to feed deep thought,
And tell what woman's love devised and wrought.

In vain he bids her leave him, still she laves
 His brow, his parchèd lips, and fondly craves
 To tend him still. Then 'neath that altar kneels,
 And prays all-pitying heaven, that ever feels
 For human woe, would take the lingering soul
 To peace above. How slow those dark hours roll !

Intolerably slow, and seem to crush
 Our hearts beneath their wheels, while with a rush
 They cleave their rapid, never-tiring way
 On through a lifetime when the heart is gay ;
 And the delights that filled these souls of ours
 Vanished like vapours with the fleeting hours.

The morrow breaks at last. The Queen rides by
 To see the wreck of noble manhood lie
 A spectacle of horror. And a frown
 Knit the dark brow, when gazing fiercely down
 Upon the kneeling Gertrude, bent in prayer
 Beneath the gory wheel, so young—so fair !

“ Have her away, she hath no business here.”
 No vassal dared refuse ; so much in fear
 Of punishment himself. For she who spoke,
 Clothed with religion as a flimsy cloak,
 Was but a she-wolf in a lamb's disguise,
 And glared upon them with a demon's eyes.

They bore her from the spot. Thank heaven, the men
 What did that bidding cursed the deed ; and when
 She rode away, and left them to their will,
 They bade the wife her holy task fulfil ;
 For some had wept a wife—a kinsman, too—
 And could not thwart a love each bosom knew.

Mount, blessed one, the infernal wheel again !
 Steep the dry parted lips with living rain.
 The priest hath blest thee. “ Faithful unto death
 Be thou, and heaven receive thy parting breath ;
 Its opening portals shall thy crown reveal,
 Its never-ending bliss thy pangs anneal.”

Her arms once more around her lord entwined,
She scarce could listen, though the words were kind.
This the third day of lingering life in death
And still the baron gasps a thickening breath,
And to her passionate tenderness replies
By looks of speechless love from those sad eyes.

“My God!—art living yet?” she moaned aloud,
As her long locks his patient face enshroud.
She held his mangled form in close embrace,
And kissed with maddening love the wan, white face,
And whispered gentle words, as though she pressed
Some sobbing infant to her loving breast.

But all things, be they e'er so sad or sweet,
Come to an end. For both the hours are fleet,
And night draws in, and morning comes anon,
And all our sighs are sped, our smiles are gone,
Till 'neath our tottering feet the ground is ta'en—
To dust our cherished dust returns again.

So gathered in that solemn night to him,
And little recked he then each broken limb.
“Faithful to death, indeed!” he whispered low—
The last fond words he uttered. If for woe,
Poor Gertrude, any comfort were, 'twere this!
She sank upon his breast,—in that last kiss
His spirit passed away.

BULSTRODE.

BULSTRODE—renowned in history from Saxon times—the favourite resort of cavalier, roundhead, holy monk, and high-born dame, never presented a fairer aspect than it does to-day ; the new house encircled by the park in its autumn beauty, reminds one of some quaint jewel in a brilliant setting.

The mansion of Bulstrode, finished above a year ago, is built in the old English manorial style ; the walls of deep-toned brick relieved by facial ornaments of vitrified brick devices and Bath-stone dressings. Crowning the north tower, in which is the entrance-hall, a bronzed bull supports the weather-cock. The Somerset coat-of-arms and motto—"Foy pour devoir"—are carved over the principal doorway. Beautifully-designed cyphers ornament the walls ; the Phoenix crest and Seymour wing quarterings surmount several of the peaked gables. The roofs are covered with green slate from the Coniston Quarries in Lancashire.

The interior of the house combines beauty with comfort--spacious sitting-rooms, a long corridor, a wide staircase ; the chimney-pieces of the principal apartments on the ground-floor are constructed of exquisite Pyrenean marble of different varieties, and alabaster, in each of which is inserted the cypher "S."

The library is a pleasant room, with its southern aspect, mediæval grate, and well-chosen volumes, which, in fact, clothe the walls in lieu of paper, there being little left of vacant space except a few panels of wood near the windows. The upper shelves are reached by a light gallery leading from a small staircase that descends outward to the corridor.

Among the fine old pictures gracing the galleries and staircase—scions of the ducal houses of Somerset and Hamilton, rare landscapes, historical pieces, and portraits of eminent men—hangs a full-length portrait of Charles X., given by him to the mother of the present Duke, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton ; and if the "*Vicissitudes of Bulstrode*"—*vide* Burke's interesting book—are worthy of note, how much more the changeful fortunes of the Bourbons of France, from great Henry of Navarre charging for the "Golden Lilies" to exiled Charles in ancient Holyrood !

From the apartments over the entrance hall the view is extensive—hill, dale, and cheerful hamlets—the grey towers of Windsor rising in the distance. A narrow spiral staircase leads to a large chamber at the top of the north tower, in which are nine huge reservoirs or cisterns that supply the house with water.

A mosaic-paved verandah, looking to the south, shades the sitting-rooms and opens on a wide raised terrace of gravel. The pavement is composed of Minton's Encaustic Tiles, rich in colouring and design.

The terrace to the left of the house leads to an ivy-covered tower, the only remains of a residence begun and left unfinished by the third Duke of Portland. Flocks of white fantail pigeons now give fresh life to the old building.

An aisle-like avenue of lime trees leads from the dovecote tower to the pleasure-grounds, which have already peculiar historical interest as the scene of Mrs. Delany's and the charming Duchess of Portland's tea-parties and cheerful chat in the grotto they built and ornamented at the head of the large piece of water. These grottoes were the fashion of the times, and were decorated with shell-work, fossils, mosses, flint, etc. At Versailles and Oatlands there were famous specimens of those cool retreats.

Part of the old house, the Gerrard's Cross wing—supposed by some people to be only the orangery—is still extant, and adjoins the new mansion on the right. This old part reminds one of a still more distant time, when fierce Judge Jeffrey's ominous voice rang through those halls, instead of the soft accents of Mrs. Delany telling her latest London gossip to her friend. This low wing is built of brick, with large chimney-shafts and storm-windows looking into a small court on one side, where swallows congregate, and where masses of broad-leaved Irish ivy have found a resting place. On the other side, the windows of the lower rooms open on to a sunny terrace, some feet lower than the rise on which stands the new house.

Until within the last few years the old wing has been let to different tenants, among others two old ladies, the Misses Reid, resided here for some time with their brother, General Reid. At his death, the sisters built a church to his memory at Gerrard's Cross.

Groves of trees, clumps of luxuriant evergreens, interspersed with picturesque walks, form the pleasure-grounds, alike giving shade at summer noontide, and shelter from wintry winds. Side by side with rare foreign trees are the spreading beech, the majestic cedar, the stalwart horn beam, and other familiar trees, among whose branches wood-pigeons coo, and singing birds keep perpetual holiday. There are willow-fringed ponds in secluded nooks, tenanted by strange water-fowl—a larger piece of water overshadowed by trees, bordered by shrubs, feathery grasses, and wild flowers. Pleasant terraces and flower-parterres adjoin the house.

The park, which occupies about 800 acres, is beautiful ; miniature hills, sweeping valleys, fragrant dells, and green pastures ; groups of grand old trees, from the regal oak and stately pine, to the white-stemmed birch and gnarled hawthorn ; a rookery in one of the

plantations ; herds of cattle, conspicuous among which are the dun Mull and shaggy Highland kyloes, sleek Alderneys, and the graceful small-limbed sheep of Brittany. On a fine October evening, when the light from the setting sun lingers over the tree-crowned knolls, marvellously beautiful are the rich tints of the changing leaves in every shade of tawny brown, bright orange, and soft yellow ; the deep glossy green of the fir and pine enhancing the warm colouring of the rest.

On a hill, south-east of the house, is a large circular Roman entrenchment, enclosing an area of twenty acres.

Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," relates that the Shobingtons, an ancient Buckinghamshire race, held the lands of Bulstrode before the Conquest. When William the Conqueror subdued the kingdom, he granted the park, with its mansion-house and other surrounding possessions, to one of his Norman lords ; the place was not then called Bulstrode. This act incensed the Shobingtons, who applied for assistance to their friends and neighbours, among whom were the ancient families of the Hampdens and the Penns. They made entrenchments, the remains of which are still to be seen in the park, and bravely held their own against the Normans. It is unknown whether the Shobingtons wanted horses or not, but tradition tells us that, mounted on bulls, they surprised the Normans in their camp at night, killed some of them, and put the rest to flight. Shobington having been summoned to appear before the king, went to court riding on a bull, accompanied by his seven sons. The king asked him why he alone resisted when the rest of the kingdom had submitted to his government. Shobington represented that he and his ancestors had long been inhabitants of this island and owners of that estate, whereon the king granted him the free enjoyment of his property, and the family was from thence called Shobington-Bulstrode, but in time the first name was discontinued, and that of Bulstrode alone remained. The mediæval history of Bulstrode cannot be clearly followed out. In the thirteenth century the manor of Bulstrode, either in whole or in part, belonged to the abbess and convent of Burnham, and later to the Priory and Canons of Bisham.

During the reign of Henry VIII., the monks departed from their rich manor and pleasant park, after which the Bulstrode family were again in full possession. In the seventeenth century they became allied with another Buckinghamshire house—the Whitelocks of Fawley Court. Sir James Whitelock, who married Elizabeth Bulstrode, was an eminent judge, and father of Lord Keeper Whitelock, of historic memory.

Sir Richard Bulstrode, a learned lawyer, an author, a brave soldier, and good man, followed the fortunes of the Stuarts through good and bad report. When nearly eighty years of age, he accompanied James II.

to France, and died at the Court of St. Germain's shortly after he had completed his hundred and first year.

After the seventeenth century, Bulstrode passed into other hands. "Praise-God-Barebones" is believed to have pitched his tent there for a time. Judge Jeffreys bought the place from Sir Roger Hill, a Buckinghamshire squire and M.P. for Wendover.

Jeffreys built a fine mansion at Bulstrode, partly from the materials of an older one. "It was of reddish brick—blood-stained, as the people declared it to be in Jeffreys' time." Here, according to Clarendon, he gave an entertainment to James II. and Mary of Modena.

Burke further tells us that, after Jeffreys' death, Bulstrode became the property of his son-in-law, Charles Dyre, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, who married Mary Jeffreys; he sold the estate to the Earl of Portland, Bentinck, the Dutch favourite of William of Orange. His grandson, the second Duke of Portland, chose Bulstrode as his favourite residence. He made many alterations and improvements in the house which had been built by Jeffreys. "The third duke pulled most of the mansion down, intending a complete renovation which he never carried out." The skeleton of the large castellated building he began was taken down by the present Duke of Somerset, with the exception of the dovecote tower.

At Bulstrode, the second Duke of Portland's Duchess, the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, a lover of literature and the fine arts, entertained many of the celebrities of the day—the eccentric Duchess of Queensberry, Burke, Dr. Young, Sir J. Banks, Dr. Solander, Pennant, Garrick, etc.

Mrs. Delany, the Duchess of Portland's dear friend, spent a portion of every year at Bulstrode. In her memoirs she calls it "a palace of delights," and frequently alludes to the beauty of the park, lawn, terrace, gardens, and to the menageries, with their strange animals and foreign birds. The Duchess had a fine collection of pictures, plants, minerals, china, and objects of natural history. She spun and turned in wood, jet, ivory, and amber, while Mrs. Delany occupied herself with embroidery, shell-work, painting, and paper mosaic, an ingenious method of cutting out flowers, invented by Mrs. Delany when she was seventy-one. She was also an adept at the spinning-wheel, and gave Queen Charlotte her first spinning lesson at Bulstrode.

In her letters, Mrs. Delany often speaks of the building operations and improvements going on within and without doors.

She also mentions the comet of September, 1769, when "Mrs. Anne says that the tail is as long as the gallery at Bulstrode."

The royal family, when at Windsor, were frequent visitors at Bulstrode. On an evening visit their attendants carried flambeaux before them, which had a brilliant effect among the park-foliage.

The Duchess and Mrs. Delany—the latter then nearly eighty-two—were present at a royal stag-hunt; the meet took place at Gerrard's Cross, after which the Queen and the Princesses breakfasted at Bulstrode. In June, 1771, speaking of the Duchess being obliged to go to town for some festivity, Mrs. Delany adds—"I believe I shall choose to repose under the shade of Bulstrode groves, preferring the fragrance of the sweet air, the singing of the birds, and even the screaming of the peacock and guinea-fowl to the dust and cries of London."

With William Henry, the fourth Duke, the Bentincks' possession of Bulstrode ended. Another, and a far more ancient ducal coronet came to ornament its gates—that of Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

"The eleventh Duke of Somerset bought the estate from the fourth Duke of Portland in 1810, and it has descended to the twelfth and present Duke, its actual owner, whose marriage with the granddaughter of the orator and dramatist, the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, brings also the name of Sheridan in connection with Bulstrode." *

The furze-scented common of Gerrard's Cross, with the primitive village, is famous for its salubrity. The "Bull Inn" is mentioned by Mrs. Delany as having entertained a large party at one of the Royal stag-hunts. On one side of the common is the memorial church of St. James, built by the Misses Reid, the Duke of Somerset having granted the site. The Rev. W. Bramley Moore, incumbent, is the author of "The Great Oblation" and "The Six Sisters of the Valleys." At Gerrard's Cross Captain Mayne Reid built a flat-roofed house, where he resided for some time. He laid the scene of his "White Gauntlet," a romantic novel, at Bulstrode and its vicinity.

The surrounding neighbourhood is fraught with interesting reminiscences—Burnham Beeches, with its wonderful trees, Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton wrote "Paradise Regained." In Milton's little sitting-room, in the quaint cottage with its garden blooming with old-fashioned flowers, there is a beam across the low whitewashed ceiling, a latticed window, an old-fashioned fireplace, and a cupboard in one corner.

At Jordans is the old Quaker Meeting House, and burial-ground of William Penn, his wife, and children. In 1709, after his return from America, Penn wrote "Some Account of the Life and Writings of Bulstrode Whitelock, Esquire."

Hall Barn was Waller's residence; his marble tomb stands under a venerable walnut tree in Beaconsfield churchyard. In the church is the pew in which Burke sat, and a plain mural tablet to his memory.

Beside the picturesque church of Stoke Pogis is Gray's resting-place.

* Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."

In the farm-dwelling part of the ancient manorhouse of Stoke, the four show-rooms and their contents are in excellent preservation—quaintly carved furniture, old pictures, and curious china. In one of the rooms is an antique hearth-brush with elaborately carved handle. In the dairy is shown a large leather jug, with a crown and C. R. upon it. It was supposed to have belonged to Charles II., and was used for beer in the racket-court of old at Stoke.

ENGLISH GIPSIES.

BY VERNON S. MORWOOD.

CHAPTER II.

"Why floats the silvery wreath
 Of light thin smoke from yonder bank of heath?
 What forms are those beneath the shaggy trees,
 In tattered tents scarce sheltered from the breeze?"

The swarthy lineaments, the wild attire,
 The stranger tones bespeak an Eastern sire."

STANLEY.—*Prize Poem.*

THE origin of the gipsies is involved in considerable obscurity, as shown in the fact that they possess no direct information on the subject, and widely different theories have been entertained by learned men respecting it.

We have already stated that some suppose the race to be of Egyptian origin. It is, however, remarkable that but few words of this language are to be found in the gipsy dialect, and that gipsies have always been regarded in that "land of wonders" as aliens.

Other writers believe them to be of Israelitish origin, and the notion is referred to by the Ettrick Shepherd in the following lines—

"O! mark them well when next the group you see
 In vacant barn, or resting on the lea;
 They are the remnant of a race of old;
 Spare not the trifle for your fortune told:
 For then shalt thou behold with nature blent
 A tint of mind in every lineament;
 A mould of soul distinct but hard to trace,
 Unknown, except to Israel's wandering race;
 For thence, as sages say, their line they drew;
 O mark them well, the tales of old are true."

Philologists state that not more than fifty Hebrew words are to be found in the "Rhoma," or language of the gipsies; and in no part of the world do gipsies observe any ceremony peculiar to the Hebrew nation.

A gentleman of high classical attainments, who has studied this question deeply, arrives at the conclusion that these nomadic tribes, both English and Continental, are the descendants of Moab and Ammon, and that all the prophecies of the Old Testament relating to the offspring of those two men apply to the gipsies, in whose future history the predictions will have their fulfilment.

The supposed Ishmaelitish origin of the gipsies has its advocates,

who argue that the similarity of manners and of physical conformation between gipsies and the roving hordes of Arabia proves their common descent. Hogg states them to have been a "tribe of Arabs who, during the Crusades, were induced to act as guides and allies of the Crusaders against Jerusalem, and were compelled, on the retreat of the Christians, to flee."

Although many arguments may be adduced in favour of these theories, an analysis of them will show that we must look to some other quarter for a solution of the question. Cloudy as the gipsies' origin may be, and with little to guide us but analogy, those who trace them to the Sudras or Pariahs of Hindostan have the strongest argument to support their theory.

It is somewhat remarkable that, scattered as they are over the world, and speaking the language of the country through which they wander, they retain a dialect of their own, common to the gitanos of Spain, the zingari of Italy, the gipsies of England and the North. Grellman, in his "Dissertation on the Gipsies," says—"twelve out of every thirty words of the language are either pure Hindostanee, or bear a striking resemblance to it."

The following list of words shows the similarity between Hindostanee and the gipsy dialect.

Hindostanee.	Gipsy.	English.
Ratch	Ratti	Night.
Ruppa	Rup	Silver.
Bal	Bal	The hair.
Awk	Aok	The eye.
Kawn	Kan	The ear.
Mu	Mui	The mouth.
Tschik	Sik	The taste.
Gorra	Grea	Horse.
Ghurr	Keir	House.
Paniee	Pawnee	Brook, drink, water.
Tschater	Tschater	A tent.

The difference in orthography above probably arises from the gipsies having never possessed any grammar or Lexicon, and that so many Hindostanee and gipsy words are alike in pronunciation affords presumptive evidence that the gipsies originally came from India.

Their singular dialect is composed of a heterogeneous mass of words picked up by the gipsies in their migrations through various Asiatic, African, and continental countries, as might be gathered from the following circumstance :—

A few years since the writer conversed with a gipsy woman of the Buckland family, who, as usual, concluded the conversation by intimating, in the following laconic speech, that he must pay for

the favour. "I wish," said she, "the *rei* would *chiv* his *vast adri* his *putsey* and *delmande* a *shoohora*;" meaning, "I wish the gentleman would put his hand into his pocket and give me sixpence." The request having been granted, the gipsy departed with "*Cushty sala, my rei*" (Good morning, my gentleman). The writer has since often repeated this petition, and it has been perfectly understood, even by children, who are early taught the universal dialect. Other resemblances in pursuits, choice of food, mode of life, and physical features between the gipsies and Sudras strengthen the supposition that in former years they were identical.

The Sudras are regarded as unworthy of notice, having neither faith nor law; and a Brahmin would consider himself contaminated if even a Sudra's shadow fell upon him. The Brahmins assert that the Sudras issued from the feet of Brahma, while they themselves sprang from his head. They also believe that India was specially given to them by God, and think it too sacred to be shared with such outcasts as the Sudras. These Brahminical notions have produced in the Sudras their natural results—aversion to the Brahmins, and indifference to the duties and ceremonies of their religion.

In these particulars the Sudras find counterparts in the gipsies of England, who are indifferent alike to the Christian religion and the beneficial customs of civilised life. They also resemble the Hindoos personally, and although the latter are much darker in complexion, this dissimilarity is attributable to the climate. In support of this we learn that, "when gipsies made their first appearance in Europe, they were nearly black." Many gipsies who have become domesticated differ little in complexion from ourselves, although they retain those features by which the gitano race may be distinguished.

Assuming that the Sudras and gipsies were once identical, under what circumstances did they leave India? When that country was invaded by Tamerlane the Tartar, in 1408 or 9, 500,000 Sudras and others were put to the sword, but many of the former made their escape from his barbarities, and were probably the progenitors of the people now called gipsies.

It is conjectured that in their migrations they passed along the shores of the Persian Gulf, stopped at Bassora, crossed Arabia, and thence made their way into Turkey. But there is better reason to suppose they crossed the Isthmus of Suez, made their appearance in Egypt, and then journeyed southward to Nubia. Here probably they remained for some time, living a nomadic life, and obtaining from the natives additions to their already acquired practices of legerdemain, fortune-telling, etc.

The ostensible cause of the main body of gipsies departing from Egypt they state to be, "the severe persecutions to which the

Christians and themselves were subjected by the Moslems, who wished to subjugate and then make them converts to their own faith."

Be this as it may, they soon spread over Europe, and by their questionable and erratic mode of life incurred the displeasure of the civil authorities, who passed the most severe penal enactments for their extermination. It is probable that the gipsies first appeared in Europe in the fifteenth century. On this subject a French writer gives the following information—"On the 17th of April, 1427, appeared in Paris twelve penitents of Egypt, driven from thence by the Saracens; they brought in their company 120 persons; they took up their quarters in La Chapelle, whither the people flocked in crowds to visit them. They had their ears pierced, from which depended a ring of silver; their hair was black and crispy, and their women were extremely filthy, and were sorceresses who told fortunes." Mr. Ward states that—"When they first appeared in Germany, they represented themselves as Egyptians, doing penance for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and Son, and condemned for their unbelief to wander over the earth for a period of seven years." The precise date and manner of their introduction into England are as problematical as their origin. The writer, however, infers from an old work, written by S. Rid, "To Expose the Art of Juggling, etc.," that the gipsies have been at least 340 years in this country. Their introduction into Britain was probably brought about by speculating adventurers in London who, having heard of their successful practice of legerdemain, etc., in France and other countries, went in search of the most proficient in these arts, and afterwards induced them to perform before large audiences. So long as these performances continued a novelty the speculation was successful. But when the excitement was over, and money ceased to flow into the coffers of the gipsy importers, the deluded immigrants were sent adrift, and as a natural consequence resumed their wanderings. Subsequently gipsy immigrants appeared on the shores of England in such numbers that they became, not only a prominent, but a formidable feature in the country. The means they adopted to obtain a subsistence, and the persecutions to which they were subjected during the early part of their sojourn amongst us, will be gathered from the following enactments.

By a statute of Henry VIII. they are described as "an outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great company, and used great subtle and crafty means to deceive the people, etc., etc. Wherefore they are directed to avoid the realm, and not to return under pain of imprisonment, and upon their trials for any felonies which they have committed they shall not be entitled to a jury *de medietate lingua*."

It was afterwards enacted by Statute Philip and Mary and 5th Elizabeth, "that if any such person be imported into this kingdom, the importer shall forfeit £40; and if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in this kingdom, or if any person being fourteen years old (whether natural born, subject, or stranger), who had been seen in the fellowship of such persons, or had disguised himself like them, should remain with them one month at once, or at several times, it should be felony without benefit of the clergy."

Such were some of the laws in operation against the gipsies until a few years before the Restoration, when, "At one Suffolk assize," Judge Hale remarks, "no less than thirteen gipsies were executed upon these statutes." In testimony to the frightful effects of these penal enactments George Borrow (a great authority on this subject) states that "Three hundred years ago the gibbets of England groaned and creaked beneath the weight of gipsy carcasses, and the miserable creatures were obliged to creep into the earth to preserve their lives. Happily, however, the above statutes were repealed by George III., and gipsies are now only punishable as vagrants under the Vagrant Act."

But the abrogation of these statutes has not allayed the bitter personal antipathy which has always existed against the gipsy race. Although these outcasts have occasionally met with a few warm-hearted and sympathising friends whose efforts for their welfare have been so many oases in the dreary desert of their lives, yet persecution has hunted them in every nook, hovel, moor, lane and glen. Villains have perjured themselves in our courts of justice to obtain the reward of £40 for the apprehension and conviction of gipsies infinitely more innocent than their accusers. Many of this despised race have suffered long imprisonments for crimes they never committed. But what has been the result of these severe laws and bitter persecutions? Simply signal failure to accomplish their intended object. The gipsies are not a small and deteriorating race, but as a people have continued to increase. In the time of Queen Elizabeth they numbered 10,000. It is estimated that they now number from 18,000 to 20,000 in Great Britain and Ireland alone, and their existence in such great numbers is a token of their remarkable preservation by Him who is the benevolent Father of all mankind. Their very name has become a household word. The novelist has drawn largely upon his imagination with regard to them, and romance has shrouded their strange lives in mystery most captivating but impenetrable. The poet has clothed legendary tales of these wanderers in language which, though beautiful, has rendered the deception still more effectual. The painter has given a romantic aspect to his picture, by introducing a gipsy tent, a black-eyed sybil with elfin locks, and an old crone enveloped in a red cloak, plying her profitable vocation of fortune-telling.

We recognise these people in our streets as tinkers, scissor-grinders, vendors of clothes-lines, pegs, and tin ware. They are seen at our feasts, fairs, and races as horse-dealers, fiddlers, it may be as sharpers; gay colours, red or yellow shawls and kerchiefs distinguishing the females, and slouching hats, velveteen coats, and corduroys marking the men from the rest of the excited crowd. Here they mingle with others even more degraded than themselves, and are brought under demoralising influences.

Few of them are ever seen in our places of worship; seldom are their voices heard amongst those which send up strains of praise and thankfulness to the "Bounteous giver of all good." As a people they are living without a knowledge of God or a sense of the duties imposed upon them by the religion of His Son. They bestow no thought on the great hereafter; their only concern seems to be for the perishing body; they are shrouded in moral darkness and under the blight of spiritual death, but we trust that in God's good time brighter days may dawn upon them.

FACTS AND FACES.

BY MAY.

CHAPTER V.

MIDNIGHT.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.—Calm, still, star-lit hour in the country fields—crowded, noisy, gas-lit hour in the London streets ; and yet in the most bustling thoroughfare we look for a moment upwards—up above the jostling crowd, above the gas lamps, above the tiled roofs, above the smoky chimnies—there stretches the same calm blue canopy of heaven, and there shines the same pale silver moon, that is casting her sweet smile over the peaceful slumbers of hill and dale, and is now tearfully gazing down on the vanity, the misery, and the vice of the town. The carriages dash along the streets from the opera ; the night is hot, and Lady Fashion, the envied—the rich woman with her velvet dress, and diamond tiara—lets down her carriage window, and she turns towards it to inhale the air. Air, in this wretched street—air, in this swarming den ? Air is a blessing unknown here—smoke and breath take its place, and pestiferous vapours assail the lady's nose, unholy sounds fall on her ear, sad sights meet her eye. In the filthy gutter of a narrow by-street, whose principal inhabitants seem to be pawn-brokers or rag-dealers, sits, or rather sprawls, a dirty child, a mere baby, disputing with a stray dog a crust of mouldy bread ; and with slow dawning intelligence takes her first lesson in life from the scene around, and learns by example to swear and to drink before she has learnt to walk. Quickly the carriage turns the corner of the next street ; crowds are pouring out of the heated dancing-rooms, and in the midst of that noisy throng the fair face of one woman strikes the lady's eye—a fair face, a young face, it might have been an angel's face, but ah ! how stamped with vice, how distorted with the world's wickedness ; and Lady Fashion sees with horror this wretched woman, with her brocaded skirts sweeping the pavement and her fine hair streaming in disorder from beneath her gaudy bonnet, standing in the full glare of a gas-illuminated public-house, tossing off a glass of gin—then, with unholy fire in her eyes, and unearthly fire in her brain, she dances recklessly across the street. Lady Fashion's coachman with difficulty prevents his fiery steeds from trampling on the wretched woman, and, as a short cut home, takes a nearly deserted and dark turning ; there is no gas here—no gay casino, no brilliant gin-palace, no pleasure-seeking crowd—all is dark, all is lonely, all is dismal ; a heap of rags—a mass of disease and misery—is huddled in the darkest corner ; an old

starving woman has hidden herself here to die ; on the cold damp pavement, where she played in her infancy and danced in her youth, she stretches her aching limbs in her old age to die. With many sighs, Lady Fashion draws up the window, and hastens home, to dream of schools and refuges, and to plan a reformatory system of her own, from which I am glad to learn she means to banish "tea-drinkings" and "tracts," as useless accessories in turning the wicked one from the error of her ways.

One o'clock a.m.—Myriads of wax candles are burning, masses of sweet flowers fading, fair forms are moving, rich dresses are rustling, and the inspiring strains of a delicious waltz are floating through the gay ball-room. Couples of dancers twirl past ; the light gossamer skirts of the ladies winding round their partners' feet, their wavy hair flinging in their partners' faces, and their bare arms and shoulders being bruised and scratched by the jostling crowd. A row of dowagers and chaperons line the walls ; there they sit, gossip, doze, and manœuvre until some charitable man who wants an excuse for a glass of wine takes one down to supper, where she saws away indefatigably at a chicken bone ; her cavalier is now evidently in a hurry to go up again, for he keeps saying repeatedly—"Then you won't take anything more ?" or, "It is to be hoped you won't lose your seat ;" or, "I really hope no one will run off with your shawl ;" but the dowager is too sharp for him. Her seat ?—oh ! she can get another ; her shawl ?—she has it on her arm, and she will take some jelly. The despairing man gives her the smallest bit of the nastiest jelly, and then says, as a last resource, "This was to have been my waltz with your fair daughter Miss Sophia, but I fear in my absence some other of her numerous admirers will carry her off." He has hit the right nail at last ; the good, devoted, anxious mother sees in imagination her darling Sophia actually sitting waiting for this faithless swain, her pretty cheeks burning with envy of the girls around, whom she sees claimed one after the other by their respective partners, with spite against all her admirers, who all seem engaged and appear to take delight in tantalising her by coming up—to ask her to dance ? no !—to claim Miss A—— next her, or Miss B—— just behind her. So then up goes poor mamma in great haste, and takes her seat, where she alternately chats and dozes until the small hours of the morning arrive, when she may be found either fighting for her cloak or struggling for her carriage.

The doorway is choked up by a crowd of young men, who are apparently pasted to the door-posts, and are evidently come only as spectators ; they seldom go inside the ball-room, for various reasons. "They don't want to be detained ;" or, "They don't mean to dance ;" "The women bore one so ;" or, "The girls nab one so." Suddenly they will turn their backs upon the dancing, run down to the supper-room,

toss off some glasses of champagne, and in five minutes are standing on the pavement, with huge overcoats thrown on their shoulders, busy lighting up ; that pretty girl in pink crape, following her mother to the carriage, thinks they must be discussing her elegant figure, her fine eyes, or elaborate toilet ; but what words fall on her ear, as the carriage passes them ? “Cremorne, hansom, whist club, jolly supper,” etc. An hour after, and that dear Captain Curlyhead, who waltzed with her three times, who pressed her hand in the Lancers, and stole a flower from her bouquet, may be found lolling against the rails at Cremorne, joking and chaffing any one ; and the flower—the choice bit of variegated geranium he would have, about which Miss Sophia blushed so, and about which she is now dreaming—dreaming, perhaps, that it rests beneath his pillow ! Dream on, poor girl, happy at least in your total ignorance of the truth. The flower fell from Captain C.’s buttonhole, as he alighted from the hansom at Cremorne. Cabby spies it in the dust, picks it up, and absently sticks it into his steed’s ear. There wait cabby, horse, and flower, for two hours and a half ; the former takes home to the Brompton neighbourhood two very quarrelsome gentlemen and two very lively ladies (a good load for a hansom), and then home goes cabby to the stable-yard ; the flower is cast aside ; it may on the morn serve as a toy to the dirty street child, who cruelly pokes it into a crevice between the stones, and it is left to fade, to perish, to die—like a despised neglected weed ; the once fragrant blossom in a fair girl’s hand—the apparently treasured love—in a buttonhole.

But let us return to the ball-room ; it is nearly three o’clock, and they are still dancing in a whirl of heat, and glare, and noise. Flowers are losing their freshness, women their complexions, men their breath, dresses their trimmings, cravats their starch ; but still the music and the feet keep up the dizzy round ; the men talk more freely, the girls listen more eagerly—the supper has endued them with new zest ; the heavy swells persuade the young married women to break through their resolution of “never waltzing ;” the patient chaperons nod and snooze behind their fans, the fathers and husbands slip downstairs and quietly walk home ; the deepest blackest deception is practised in the ball-room ; it is here men and women coolly, and often cleverly, act a tissue of falsehoods. Life in the ball-room is like a pool in the forest, whose surface is bright and smooth, but in its depths lie nought but tangled and noisome weeds. That girl is acting a lie when she carelessly promises to dance with that young man, who coldly asks her for the nineteenth waltz as he passes, to which she answers with utter indifference, “With pleasure, unless we are gone ;” nineteenth comes she happens still to be at the ball, he claims her, they take a few turns, he leaves her at her mother’s side, with a stiff formal bow—below the

surface none could see the anxious wish to remain for the nineteenth, when she carelessly told her chaperon "they might as well stay a little longer," none could see the fervent pressure of their hands when they met in the dance, or the ardent grasp of the arm around her; none could hear the wild beating of those hearts throbbing against each other, or the murmured vows and protestations, the whispered rendezvous given, as they are whirling round. That woman—that married woman—is acting a lie when, going to her carriage on her husband's arm, she simply shakes hands with that young man on the stairs, and, without looking at him, says "Good night;" none could see below the surface—none could see the neatly folded billet that passed between those palms; and yet this woman will discharge her maid for telling her a story about a scent-bottle, viz.—"She didn't break it, but it fell out of her hand;" and will punish her child for telling her a fib about a cake, "She didn't eat it, but pussy did." All the time ignoring, or forgetting, the black loathsome lie she is acting, every day of her life, towards her husband and heaven. That handsome man, standing in the conservatory with that pretty girl in blue, who listens so intently to what he is saying—"I wish I could stay, my sweet one, instead of going to this other ball; I must go to escort my sister home (kind brother!) but I am never happy except by your side, my angel!" (The fond brother!) Spare thy blushes, fair one, save thy tears and smiles, withdraw thy little hand placed so confidently in his, open thy blind eyes and look below the surface. He leaves the ball, he jumps into a hansom, he smokes a cigar on the steps of the club, relates for the amusement of some other fellow how "awfully spooney" little Miss Tarletan is on him, and how she really would be good-looking if she had forty thousand pounds; and now he calls another hansom and is whirled off to Brompton to supper.

Five o'clock, a.m.—"Lady Gaiety's carriage," shouts the footman; up it rattles, down sweeps her drowsy ladyship, and her bevy of fagged wearied-looking daughters, whose dresses look very tawdry and their complexions very pasty in the glowing light of morning—"Please, my lady, the link, my lady; when's the wedding, my lady, sure to be this season, my lady (eh! time too, as you've got three in the market)," he adds, as the carriage is gone without even a threepenny for the poor tipsy link. Mamma finishes her forty winks, Sophia carefully wipes her face, Jemima loosens her waistband, Clementina her bootlaces; they arrive at home, they reach the dressing-room with its dissipated-looking candles, and the tired maid yawning over a novel.

It is here the flowers, the gauzes, and the ribbons are thrown aside; it is here the young ladies don their blue dressing-gowns, and sit down to discuss the ball; from what I could gather all the ladies were ugly, badly dressed, and got very few partners; Miss A.'s wreath cost only

7s. 6d., Lady C.'s dress had been turned, Miss B.'s gloves were cleaned, and Lady D. had a spot on her nose. "Then," continue the amiable ladies, "we looked the best and danced the most of anyone in the room, and Lord So-and-so said I was the loveliest, and Captain M. said I was the lightest, and Mr. W. said my dress was the prettiest ;" and so they go on, while the maid hangs up the skirts and stows away the crinoline. Now in comes mamma, and from beneath the frills of her nightcap the warning words—"To bed, to bed, girls—you'll lose your roses!" send each fair creature to her pillow ; Sophia to dream she is waltzing on a sixpence, Jemima to dream of her new steel skirt, and Clementina (*faute de mieux*) to dream she is at last married to the linkman !

This is the life of these children of fashion ; they dress, they dance, and they dream, till it is time to dress and dance again ; so they ruin their health, waste their time, and squander their money for the sake of being stared at, flirted with, and talked of, by a set of brainless, heartless men, whom they have set up as gods ; men who walk through the world as through a garden, plucking the choicest blossoms with a wanton hand, and casting them aside to perish when a fresher flower meets their sight.

The belles of London ball-rooms have one and all the same dream—a coronet will fall from the clouds on their fair brows, and there must be a town-house, an opera-box, and a carriage. This dream lasts four, six, eight seasons, when, waking suddenly, the ambitious Lady Adelina sees the ugly Miss Mugg, the sugar-baker's heiress, coolly pick up the coronet, etc. ; so, to mend matters, her ladyship runs away with the footman.

Then there's the belle of the county balls ; the rosy-cheeked, plucky young lady we meet driving about the country roads in a tiny basket-work pony-carriage, and with whom we dance in the evening at the So-and-so Rooms when we are quartered at Polkstone. She comes up to London to spend a week with some fashionable friends. Once in a London ball-room she loses her happiness as quickly as her dress does its starch. Her rosy cheeks pass as a "red face ;" her white dress as "school-girlish ;" her passion for dancing as "vulgar ;" her admiration of flowers is "missish ;" she is altogether very "green ;" she knows no one, so she sits among the dowagers. She sees the lady of the house persuading a very weary-looking scornful gentleman to dance ; at the idea of which he seems much disgusted. "Now do, Captain Dasher—let me give you a partner ! I'm sure you will just dance this, to oblige me ?" "Oh, of course, if you wish it, with the greatest pleasure !" says the captain, with a sneer ; who is forthwith presented to the country belle. The belle begins to talk, and the captain only stares, and when he does speak, alas ! he answers in a language well-

nigh unknown to our fair friend. She asks if he likes dancing—poor simple-minded girl!—he answers “‘test it;” she asks if he is fond of flowers, he answers “‘dore them;” she remarks the room is very full, he replies, “awful cram.” He then gets communicative, points out the belle of the season as “that gurl going it with young Clipper of the So-and-so,” adding, “she’s great fun.” Then points out the newly-married Lady Flirtabout as being “awfully spooney on young Whisker of the Guards;” and then tells her, confidentially, that “that old dowager with the silk wig is trying to catch him for her ugly daughter who hasn’t a rap; but he isn’t to be caught with chaff.” But he never thinks of mentioning the ugly heiress he has been trying in vain to catch for the last six years. Then he asks her to come down and have something. Accordingly, after a complete squash at the door, and an absolute squeeze on the stairs, and a perfect fight in the supper-room, our fair friend finds herself in possession of a large tumbler of champagne (and seltzer ?), of which she takes three sips, and which, as soon as she turns her back, the captain tosses off—of course, he prepared it for himself. Then he takes her into the conservatory, and they sit down in the dim light, and she fans while he talks; he seems to be in a very melancholy state of mind, talks of the ups and downs of life, of the turns of fortune, of the chances of happiness, and then compares London life to a race-course, and London people to race-horses, whose only aim is to out-do one another. The fact is, the unfortunate man has staked his all on some horse for the Derby next week, and he can think of nothing else, very naturally; but the *débutante* thinks his allusions very clear. Then he continues, with many deep sighs, “I shall dream to-night” (“How interesting!” she thinks)—“I shall dream of a very pretty creature” (“Of me,” she thinks; “Of the horse,” he means)—“I shall dream I am asking something very anxiously” (“For my heart,” she thinks; “Who’s the winner?” he means), “and I shall wonder if I am ever to be”—a pause and deep sigh (“Loved,” she thinks; “Lucky,” he means)—and then he falls into a sort of dreamy state, with vivid pictures of races, horses, and betting-books passing through his mind, quite forgetful that his eyes are fixed with an eager expression on his fair companion’s face, that he has been pulling her bouquet quite to pieces, and that he has been sitting there for more than half-an-hour; he sees not the blush on her cheek, he notes not the stress on the word when she murmurs, “I am *so* sorry we are going now!”

The mamma being on the move, he escorts the fair one to the cloak-room, and while arranging her bernous, she says reproachfully, “Oh my curls!” “Oh yes,” he says—the cloak tassels he thinks she means. From thence to the carriage. The bright daylight of a lovely morning streams into the hall—“What a lovely day for the”—he soliloquises.

("Wedding," she thinks, "Derby," he means.) She gets in the carriage and goes home. Vain, silly, green little girl! jumping at such conclusions, fancying that because a man dances with you, talks to you, looks at you, he means to, or dreams of, marrying you, much more loving you; live a little longer, and you will find that men will say that they love you, vow it, swear it; they will press your hand and profess their love, they will kiss your lips, and repeat it; there will be tenderness in their voice, passion in their eyes, and there will be no vestige of love in their hearts. We forgive you, fair *débutante*, unskilled as yet in man's deceit—we forgive you your mistake, your simplicity; but ye wiser women, ye women of the world, old in experience though so young in years, there is no excuse for you when ye listen for the hundredth time and believe, when for the hundredth time ye listen to the empty words, permit the profane kisses, accept the deceptive vows, and desecrate love's holy altar! And when, in after years, ye have broken hearts, blame not the charming lovers of your youth, but blame your silly selves for having listened and believed, for having trusted where there was no truth, for having sought an idol in an empty shrine.

Four o'clock, a.m.—Sleepy and tired the hostess goes to her dressing-room; the rosy morning light is streaming through the windows, one by one the flickering waxlights are extinguished in the ball-room, where faded flowers, dust-covered mirrors, and faint heated atmosphere are the only traces of the night's revelry.

The conservatory alone is fresh and pleasant; in here it is broad daylight, and the windows are wide open; in flutters a wandering butterfly to learn from the flowers all they have heard in their sweet bowers during the hours of darkness. Yon flowering myrtle told how a fair young girl plucked at its leaves, as she blushing listened to an avowal of fond true love from one whom she already trusted and believed. It told how she smiled and he whispered, and how happy they were.

Then yonder azalea told how a beautiful woman (whose husband was in yonder ball-room and whose babes were slumbering at home in their cradles) stood for an hour, screened from view by the pink masses of blossom, and listened to words which, falling from any lips save her husband's, drop like burning coals on the soul of a married woman—scorching, searing, withering up every vestige of purity and virtue by their touch; and the azalea told how he had argued and persuaded, and tried to smooth the miry path he was leading her along; and she, having heard the first word, listened for the second, then wished to hear the rest; she looked back, but she still stepped forward; her heart said, "Go on"—her soul said, "Come back;" she hesitated, and she who hesitates is lost.

Then the graceful fuschia told its tale, two fair girls had been sitting near for some time, resting for a while from the dance ; they were friends, and they talked confidingly of their other friends, their partners, their lovers ; and the men whom they spoke most of, whom they most admired, whom they liked the best, were the fastest, the boldest, the most worthless men of their acquaintance. It is not in ignorance or in innocence that they have drawn their opinions ; they are well versed in the ways of the world, they are well skilled in the manners of its denizens, those fair young daughters of fashionable London ; they can tell by the cut of a man's coat whether he be a swell or a spoon ; they can tell by the first word he utters whether he be a "ya ya" or a "yea nay ;" they can tell by the way he ties his cravat whether he be a monied snob or a beggared lord, and they set their caps accordingly ; for the former, the monied snob, they have sense, prudence, and economy ; they flatter him, captivate him, marry him, and, this point accomplished, begin to hate, to despise, to ruin him, and end the matter by running away from him. For the latter, the penniless swell, they set a different trap ; one which never fails, however, to bring shoals of these abundant fish to net. They have impudence, extravagance, and chaff ; they dance with him, and flirt with him, and laugh at him, and are too sensible ever to fall in love with him, and too sharp ever to think of marrying him. So one of these girls said, in speaking of a friend lately married—"Indeed Clementina is to be much envied, she must be the happiest woman in the world ; for though her husband is generally drunk by eleven o'clock in the morning and gambles half the night, swears like a trooper and keeps an establishment in Paris, still he has ten thousand a year, and a splendid place in Dampshire !"

Then yon damask rose-bush told its tale ; two young men had stood there, chatting—young men whose dress, conversation, and style, stamped them as two of that herd, who differ from one another only in complexion and size ; whose sole aim is amusement, and whose sole amusement is vice ; men whose conversation is a tissue of slang and lies, whose manners are copied from the stable or the race-course, whose debts are heavy, whose purses are light, to whom love is a silly fairy tale invented for school-girls and servant-maids, to whom women are but pretty dolls, with empty brains and hollow hearts. Yes ! it was two of these men who stood talking near the damask rose-bush. One boasted of the lark he was having with the beautiful Lady Maud, now dancing in yonder quadrille ; boasted how he met her every morning in Kensington Gardens, and met her lady's-maid every evening in St. James's Park ; how he wrote long love-letters on pink paper, and slipt them into the Lady Maud's palm in the chain of the Lancers ; and how he wrote still longer ones on buff paper to her ladyship's younger sister, and left them for her at the post-

office, which young lady has to bribe her Abigail by heaps of chocolate and gloves to fetch for her; and the devoted Abigail accepts the bribe, gets the billets, reads them through carefully, taking a hint or two for her own correspondence, and delivers them to her young lady in the dressing-room. And so the two men talk on; tale follows tale; scandal follows scandal. With hideous lies they dress up the merest skeleton of truth; where a woman sighed they say she spoke, where she gave her hand they say she gave her soul, where she dreamed they say she acted, where she wished to go they say she went, what she tries to be they say she is; and after all they do not exactly tell lies, they only look forward—they only say what will be; and these men, though too hardened to be shocked, too wicked to blame, have just sufficient sense and light left in their perverted minds to despise and scorn the women who step down from their pedestals of virtue day after day to captivate them. Little do women know—I mean well-born, well-educated women—when they lay aside, one by one, their garments of purity and modesty; when they envy not man's pure and holy affections, but the admiration, the notice, and base likings he bestows upon the lowest of their sex; to gain which they leave their gilded drawing-rooms, forsake their scented boudoirs, and (as it were) descend into the mire, and joining with the herd of starving wretches, who sell themselves for their daily bread, unhesitatingly sell their souls to satisfy their unbridled passions; little do those fine ladies know of the scorn, the hate, the opinions men throw after them; how the letters are passed round for public inspection, how the rendezvous are described, how the words are repeated, how all is told, and jeered at, and heard, and scoffed at; and how every man in the depths of his heart will forget and forgive the blackest sin among the ignorant and destitute, but will point out and condemn the slightest fault among the affluent and happy!

Preach not to your poorer sister, noble lady of the land! Scorn her not as a creature too horrible for your sight—too loathsome for your notice; you are in the same boat with her, though you will not believe it—travelling surely to the same shores; you bear the same plague-spot on your fair fame as she bears on her painted skin; but you are rich, and you can hide it with costly lace, while she is poor, and has only her tattered rags to cover it; you ride in your carriage, and she must walk on the pavement; you may die in your perfumed chamber, she must die on an hospital bed; but you will both meet in the same judgment-hall, and men will be your accusers, heaven your judge.

CHAPTER VI.

AUGUST—LONDON OUT OF TOWN.

THE fashionable folk leave the first ; the rich folk fly the farthest ; the vulgar folk are content with shrimps at Margate, and the poor folk starve at home—yes ! often starve. When the wealthy nobleman departs for his splendid country residence, with his servants and horses, and gladly leaves the hot dusty metropolis, he little dreams that he is actually snatching the bread from the mouth of many a humbler brother ; the crossing-sweeper at the corner in vain looks for the occasional ha'pence from the benevolent hand of the great man, and in vain he peers down the area for cook's bits ; cook is gone too, what servants remain are on board wages, and can only afford to keep themselves ; and so the sweeper sells his broom for bread, and when the bread is eaten he becomes a beggar, and when the beggar feels he is starving he thieves ; what does he steal ? a large rotten cabbage from a stall in Tottenham Court Road, dimly lighted by a flaring dip candle in a paper shade ; and this prize he devours raw, his first food for two days, the last food he will ever want ; for ere morning dawns death has claimed another victim, and the next day the sweeper is numbered in the increasing returns of cholera cases—recorded so punctually in the newspapers—to be glanced at as an interesting fact by “my lord,” lounging in his breakfast-room thousands of miles away, grumbling over the plenteous wholesome food before him, for the want of which so many fellow creatures are dying hourly. The well-to-do tradesman, with his fat wife and numerous progeny, collects his savings and starts seaward, and for a week, or perhaps fortnight, enjoys the varied attractions of Ramsgate sands ; any hot afternoon in August you may see him just arrived in that glorious watering-place, with Mrs. Tape in the rear with the children, and Tilly panting with the baby. Every “to let” attracts Tape's eye, and in about two hours' time two stuffy bed-rooms are engaged for the week's holiday ; the rent is more than Tape meant to give, but still he don't mind as it's the year's treat ; so four children and Tilly are stowed into one room, while Tape, wife, and baby occupy the other, which will serve as parlour, dining-room, kitchen, or nursery, as required, during the day-time. The shop below is one of those wonderful toy emporiums, half bazaar, half stall, at which we linger on our way to the sands—where shell pincushions in every form of animal life, ricketty little brassy telescopes, dried seaweeds, china mugs, bunches of wooden spades, and shoals of yellow sand-shoes, form the principal ware. Mrs. Dips, widow, with greasy black ringlets and gilt watch and chain, is proprietress of the shop, and a good thing she makes of it, what with letting her lodgings to the

Tapes, and the upper floor to a photographic artist, and her back premises and yard to a laundress ; she has her name on several bathing machines and towels, and on the saddle-cloths of several donkeys on the sands, and on the shafts of one or two flies on the stand near the pier ; and when things look bad in the winter time, Mrs. Dips turns her mind to extracting the corns of any resident elderly gentleman, and pays long mysterious visits about dusk to the kitchens of "stopping families," whose servants she tempts with many a moth-eaten shawl, or mangy white boa, "come direct from France." Nurse receives a mysterious summons from the housemaid to the lower regions, about four in the afternoon—just when the buttered toast and stewing tea is steaming up the kitchen stairs. "I'll mind the children while you go down," whispers Jane ; so down goes nurse, after taking her quarter's wages out of an old fashioned tea-caddy on the top shelf of the cupboard. Jane's *repertoire* of songs and tales has been oft repeated e'er nurse returns ; and when the oft repeated question, "Where Nanny gone?" is always answered by—"Gone a gipsying, to be sure," the infant crew with one assent begin to cry ; just then, nurse comes up—Jane runs down ; nurse has something under her apron, which she instantly stows away in her hair trunk under the bed, and returns to her wondering charges with a sour face and a snappish tongue.

Six o'clock p.m.—Mrs. Dips departs by the back door from "Sea View House," *minus*—a worsted comforter, two cotton knitted night-caps, a hair chain with brass snap ; *plus*—a handful of silver in her purse, a hearty meal in her stomach, and to-morrow's dinner in her basket.

The West-end snob and his charming family take a house for a month at some much more *gentled* watering-place than Ramsgate. Paterfamilias reads his paper on the beach, with mamma in a mushroom hat by his side, with her novel ; the children bathe or dig, the girls ride about on skinny hired hacks, and the boys boat ; the girls wear the smallest of hats, the boys the loudest-patterned tweed suits. A large quantity of draught-beer and a great number of fruit pies are consumed at two o'clock, when the family dine. The young gentlemen are very great at the "library" of an evening, and the young ladies "come it very strong" at the "weekly assemblies ;" and unless the children happen to catch the measles or whooping-cough from any of their beach acquaintances, this interesting family, before "the sere leaf falls," returns to "our town 'ouse ;" as the nursery-maid tells her sweetheart, the butcher's boy, "our heldest young miss is a keeping company with a hoffer in the army"—viz., her father's office-boy shot up into a volunteer. The splendid mansion in Portland Place, where the Earl and Countess have been "going it" for about six weeks, is now closed ; their fair daughters, the Ladies Last-Gasp, have danced and flirted till their cheeks are pale and their eyes are hollow, and as

they now find all the men are beginning to prefer grouse-shooting to waltzing, and the wide moors to Rotten Row, they agree with mamma it's no use dressing any more, and with papa it's no use spending any more ; so the carriage is sent off to the coach-builders, the flowers to the nurseryman's, half the servants are discharged, the bills are *not* paid, and the family leave for their country seat.

'Tis here they have to do penance for having given balls and dinners in Portland Place ; for having ridden, and driven, and dressed like other people in London for six short weeks ; it is here they hide, and save, and pinch, that they may do the same next season. The very people who dined and danced and talked and laughed beneath their roof, have long forgotten their existence. They were invited, they went, they met their friends, they enjoyed themselves ; what care they if the fruit was so dear, or the flowers so expensive ! What care they now though the bills are unpaid, the servants' wages owing, the tradesmen all dunning, and the unhappy family quarrelling with each other ?—the usual consequence of everyone being in the wrong. So, for many a long dreary month, while the bright summer wanes, and the leaves perish and fall, and while the days grow colder and shorter, and thick snows crust the ground, "my lord" sits in a patched dressing-gown in his cheerless study "doing his accounts," with a handful of fire in the huge grate, and the prospect of cold mutton for dinner. "My lady" invariably keeps her room, lies on the sofa, and reads her Bible, there not being a novel in the house, for subscribing to the library is out of the question ; and the amiable Ladies Last-Gasp while away the weary hours either walking about the country roads in the shabbiest possible boots and bonnets, or telling each others' fortunes in their tea-cups by the fire, their only diversion being church twice on Sundays, where they are eclipsed in beauty, toilette, and happy looks, by every village girl ; their eldest brother, Viscount Hardup, pays them a flying visit of three days, during which time, however, he contrives to wheedle sufficient "tin" out of "my lord" to convey him safe to Boulogne, to incur heavy debts at the few shops in the neighbourhood, and to break the heart and ruin the prospects of the lodge-keeper's daughter.

The invalid widow-lady, with her only daughter (a daily governess), leaves her little shabby-genteel house in that city of the dead the neighbourhood of Bedford Square, for a humble white-washed lodging taken by the week at Gravesend. You may see the pair arriving there on a glorious sultry evening by the smoky crowded steam-boat. The mother leans upon the daughter's arm, as they approach No. 3 Hope Cottages—it was the name attracted the widow's good son, when he came down last Sunday to look for a lodging for them. A boy follows them carrying their joint wardrobe, in a cracked lilac-papered box. A few straggling sweet-peas and overgrown hollyhocks adorning the little

square bits of garden in front of Hope Cottages, seem to the weary eyes of the poor Londoners "most lovely country flowers," compared to the leafless poplar in their own back-yard, or the scentless little bunches of wall-flowers sold in the streets.

A happy fortnight do these two women spend ; they do not see that the parlour is glary with its vulgar chimney ornaments, and hard horse-hair sofa ; they do not notice that the bedroom is poky, with its hard fusty bed, and rippled mirror ; they only know that dear John has kindly taken it for them ; they only feel—the daughter that she is resting from the weary drudgery of verbs and scales, the mother that she is, like all her richer neighbours, "out of town." Thanks to the early closing of a certain large linendraper's in Oxford Street, dear John comes down on Saturday afternoon so as to spend Sunday with them ; and thanks to the early closing of a certain milliner's in Regent Street, Miss Tuscan, dear John's sweetheart, is able to accompany him ; so sister Mary meets them at the boat, and takes them home to mother, who is presiding over tea and shrimps.

On Sunday they all go to church together, and have pig for dinner, at one o'clock, after which dear John has his pipe in the garden, and mother naps in the sunny parlour, with the white blind down, while the girls go upstairs for a chat. In the evening they all take a long walk, mother and Mary lingering far behind, leaving the young couple to themselves. When Monday morning comes "dear John" is among the silks and ribbons, brisk and fresh, with an enchanted vision of Gravesend delights in his mind's eye, when he remarks to his first customer, while neatly pinning up her parcel—"Nice weather this for the country, ma'am ?" to answer which he receives a snappish "Good-morning" from the lady, a broken-down gentlewoman, perhaps, with no industrious son to take her a lodging even at Gravesend. Miss Tuscan is civil and amiable among the bonnets and caps, and tries on and alters with untiring zest, with her eyes on her flimsy work, and her thoughts on her heart's Eden, Gravesend ; and in a fortnight's time mother and Mary return, the former better in health, more cheerful in mind, to make her trip her pet subject for the next ten months ; and after the priggish little lodging her own old-fashioned shabby house looks very comfortable and home-like.

So thinks Mary, particularly when in a few weeks' time she has to go every morning at nine o'clock to the teaching duties, some three miles' walk through bustling crowded streets and squares ; but she hastens on with a lighter step and a happier face, as she thinks of the holiday at Gravesend.

CHAPTER VII.

AUGUST—LONDON.

CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS SPENDALL has had his opera stall and his phaeton, his club and his hack, his rooms and his valet ; he has been to all the dinners, all the balls, all the fêtes, all the races ; he has danced and flirted with the prettiest women, he has eaten the dearest fruit, drank the choicest wines, smoked the most expensive cigars, and had credit at every fashionable and extravagant shop.

Four o'clock, p.m.—Cross the water, and enter the suburb of Southwark. A collection of mean, dirty shops and houses, divided into neglected deserted roads and narrow lane-like streets and alleys, where the swinging black doll announces the rag-dealer's vicinity, and the faded regimentals and gilt balls mark "my uncle's residence." Enter yonder gates, pass through the lodge, and you are in the precincts of the Queen's Bench prison. In that dissipated-looking individual lolling out of that window, with his unshaven chin, his rough pea-jacket, and his clay pipe we recognise Captain Augustus Spendall ; where are all his luxuries now—where are all his fine and rich friends now ? All disappeared like butterflies at the first dark cloud. The Captain will tell you "lots of fellars been t'see him, lots of friends'll help him out of this mess in a few days." But the days grow into weeks, and the weeks into months, and when the long delicious summer days have died out, we still find him smoking his pipe, playing at rackets within those walls ; and when the long dark winter nights are drawing near, we see him dividing his time between the card-table or the beer-tap, trying beneath that roof to be jovial, and like a caged bird to sing in his captivity.

Tom Brown lodges in Camden Town, and a very cheap, clean little lodging it is. Every morning at nine o'clock Tom walks into the city, through sunshine or rain, through heat or cold, to the merchant's office, to his high stool in that office. At one o'clock he dines off a chop or steak at a neighbouring coffee-shop, and at seven in the evening he walks back to Camden Town, where his tea and his book await him.

From Monday to Saturday the same routine, week after week the same. He reads in the papers that London is full and gay, to him it seems full only of omnibusses and office clerks ; he reads of the attractions of the operas and theatres, of the splendour of certain balls and fêtes, but all this occurs in such a distant world to the one in which he lives that the account scarcely interests him. So he lives on, regular as clockwork for weeks, for months, for eleven months ; then comes a change. He gleefully packs up a tiny portmanteau, bought in Holborn, pays up his landlady and his laundress—his only bills—and on the first of August starts for his month's holiday.

His first aim is to travel cheaply, his next to travel fast, his third to travel far ; and he succeeds. Many a sunrise he sees over the snowy Alps ; many a sunset on the glowing Italian lakes ; many a bright hot afternoon does he spend with his books in the deep shades of the pine-forests of Switzerland ; many a calm moon-lit evening does he pass amid some romantic ruin of the legendary Rhine ; and fit haunter he is of these places, well read in their histories, well versed in their poetry, free-hearted and pure-minded enough to enjoy thoroughly their wild romance or their quaint associations. Then, punctual to a day, the month over, back to London Tom goes ; back to his lodging and his office, with ample food for pleasant thought until the next year's holiday in due time arrives.

August—travelling-bags and suits for the seaside advertised in the newspapers. Every variety of cloak, viz., tweed, holland, alpaca, and mohair, dazzle temptingly in the shop windows. There is a great demand for *Bradshaws*, box-straps, wideawakes, and railway-wrappers. Ladies invest largely in kid boots and round hats. Gentlemen get into debt for velvet coats and yachting jackets. Ladies' maids dream of nothing but large trunks and parchment labels ; men-servants of plate-chests and hampers. Butlers give farewell wine parties to their "brothers in office ;" and cooks "mind the 'ouse and do upon their board wages."

"Mind there !" cries the railway porter, and then rumbles by the huge truck of luggage—strapped, directed, labelled, five trunks, four boxes, two portmanteaux, two hampers, bonnet-box, hat-box, guitar-case, gun-case, if first-class luggage ; one black box, one wooden box, three carpet-bags, one tin bath, with bedding packed therein, iron bedstead, fishing tackle, and perambulators, if second-class luggage ; one paper-box, one mangy hair-trunk, one counterpane-bundle, one bandbox, and a basket, if the third-class.

First-class passenger arrives, carrying a lap-dog and a bouquet ; maid staggering behind with dressing-case, wrapper, tartan cloaks, and cashmere shawls. Second-class passenger comes, carrying a child, a bird-cage, and a bag of cakes ; Tilly lagging behind with a baby, a bundle, a basket, and a camp-stool. Third-class passenger appears, carrying apples in a silk handkerchief, a newspaper parcel, a basket with a bottle sticking out, a pair of clogs, and a cotton umbrella.

We have slept one night at the hotel, and though we carefully only ordered chops for dinner and bacon for breakfast, find we have been eating money somehow or other ; so to-day we search for lodgings, and, resigning our larder and tea-caddy to the mercies of our landlady, go out and saunter on the pier.

Here lounge the fashionable ladies, looking just the same as they did a week ago in the park, only their chintz dresses are looped up

over their lindsey petticoats, and their conceited little heads are crowned with "pork-pies." About them hover the dandies one sees fluttering in Hyde Park in June (in full glory of their mail phaetons, or their swinging cabriolets); here on the pier we meet them in complete sailor-garb, and with flopping white linen shoes. You may see them up in the High Street very busy provisioning; two or three of the crew, with "The Sylph," "The Arrow," or "The Wildfire," whatever may be their yacht's name, in gold letters round their glazed hats, being laden with the purchases—the bread, the fruit, and the bottled-beer. Just before dinner-time you will meet these yachting gentlemen coming slopping down the pier with their cigars, and their pockets stuffed with newspapers; they run down some stairs and drop into the "gems' gig" that has been waiting there all the afternoon. There they go, bobbing over the waves, towards their "marine dwelling," with its French cook, and its happy lazy life.

Then there are the parties; those given by the "resident gentry," to whose marriageable offspring the season is "market day" of the year; so they make the most of it, and set caps at every swell that dawns upon their limited horizon, and look very blue when the aforesaid beau, having adorned their dinner-party, their lunch-party, their pic-nic, their dance, announces his intention of being off on the morrow for a cruise, or for a run to Homburg, or to get some shooting, or to get through with some visits; and yet, while the fair daughter of the resident gentry is pining over her wasted attractions, and imagining the faithless swain in the whirl of a Homburg saloon, or amid the fascinations of a country-house life, the harmless man is very probably smoking his weed on the steps of the "Rag," or looking in, half-price, to a deserted London theatre.

Then there are the pic-nics—the very large pic-nic, where the people look as shy of each other as at a flower-show or a conversazione—and the very small pic-nic, where the parties flirt so terribly that they are "marked people" among the scandalmongers of the place during the remainder of their stay.

There's something about this place that makes one get so familiar with even the nob's names; the imposing dignified Lord Augustus Fustus Tomnoddy, of whom we only catch a glimpse once or twice in town, driving his splendid turn-out up Pall Mall, one sees so much of here, in his rough suit and no gloves, that in our mind he becomes "Lord Gus." And Lady Letitia Jemima Gossamer, minus barouche and opera-box, we designate, in her straw hat and red petticoats, as "little Lady Titia." And then for unknown individuals we have an endless list of names wherewith to christen them—as "White-feather," "Blue-feather," "Long-whiskers," "Black-beard," "Girl with the curl," "Man with the glass," etc., etc.

(To be continued.)



THE WOMEN OF THE LATIN AND GERMANIC RACES.

BY MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA, AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN IN THE EAST," ETC., ETC.

(Authorised Translation.)

XIV.—SPANISH WOMEN.

The Iberians—The Basque Women—Latin Spain—Decay of Spain since the Death of Isabella I.—Annihilation of Spanish Liberties—Maria de Pacheco's Struggle against the Despotism of the House of Austria—The House of Bourbon and Napoleon—Reign and Cruelties of Ferdinand VII.—The Salic Law in Spain—Accession of Isabella II.—Regency of Maria Christina de Bourbon—Revival of Liberty—The Reign of Isabella II. arrests the Decadence of Spain—Isabella's Decrees against the Convents of Men—Development of Spanish Civilisation under her Reign—Obstacles to the Complete Regeneration of Spain—Influence of the Nuns—Sad State of Education—Literary Women—Novels—Senora Fernan Caballero—Biography of F. Caballero—Her Retrograde Ideas—Her Idealisation of the Past, and Caricature of the Present Time—Her Flatteries of Old National Prejudices—Interest of F. Caballero's Works—F. Caballero as a Painter of Andalusian Life and Spanish Women—Poetry—Dona Gertrude Gomez di Avellaneda—The Mystic Philosophy—Santa Teresa—Civil Condition of Spanish Women—Nuns in Spain and Spanish America.

THE peoples called Latins, because they speak languages derived from the Latin, do not, like the Germanic and Slavonian races, belong to the same family. I have spoken of the origin of the Italians. The majority of French are Latinised Celts, the Roumanians have not caused the disappearance of the Dacians from the territory they occupied before Trajan's conquests, and the ancestors of the Spaniards and Portuguese were the Iberians whose traditions have been preserved by the Basques of Spain and France. MM. Arndt and Rask, it is true, connect the Basques with the Finns, and M. Dartey gives them a Semitic origin. But the general opinion coincides with that of Pritchard, that they are the remains of the ancient Iberian race.

The great Celtic invasion drove back the Iberians into the Pyrenees, natural fortresses where they set at defiance the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, the Franks, and the Mahometans.

The feudal hierarchy which has covered the whole West never existed with this people. In Guipuzcoa, in Biscaya, and in Alava, the constitution recognised neither nobles nor titled persons. No profession was deemed derogatory.

The race is remarkably handsome, and the women possess its characteristic features in a high degree. Their countenances, at the

same time regular and animated, their large eyes full of expression, their mouths almost always partially open in a somewhat satirical smile, their long hair falling in tresses nearly to their feet or rolled round the head like a diadem, instantly strike even the most careless observer. The shoulders and necks of almost all are remarkable for the purity of their form, and this trait of beauty, usually so rare, gives them an eminently graceful appearance.

The moral and intellectual character of this people corresponds with their exterior. Their houses are remarkably neat. The instinct of poetry and music is developed in the Basques. Active, proud, and independent, they disdain their French and Spanish neighbours.

But the mass of the Spanish population has not resisted foreign influences as successfully as the Basques. The country was Latinised even before Northern Italy (Cisalpine Gaul). The Iberian peninsula belonged to the Romans 225 years before Christ. From the time of Nero it furnished Rome with her principal philosophers (Seneca) and her best poets (Lucian); lastly, when Trajan was adopted by Nerva, it gave her those Spanish Cæsars who founded the Roumanian nationality and who for a while led Tacitus and the republicans to believe that government by a prince and liberty were not incompatible. (See A. Thiery, "Tableau.")

But when the empire was invaded by the barbarians the fortune of Spain was very inferior to that of Gaul. The hope in which she for a moment indulged of organising herself under the kings of Germanic origin (the Goths) was annihilated by the African invasions, and in the struggle with the disciples of the prophet, the nation contracted habits of fierce intolerance, which became aggravated when the Austrian dynasty deprived Spain of those liberties which all the revolutions related by M. Rosseuw-Saint-Hilaire ("Histoire d'Espagne," new edition, 1846-56) had not succeeded in wresting from her.

It is glorious for our sex that a magnanimous woman was the last rampart of Spanish liberties when the hour of decadence had struck. The noble part played by Juan de Padilla, the martyr of Villalar, is generally known. But it is too easily forgotten, that when the intrepid defender of the *comuneros* had paid with his head for his heroic resistance to the despotism of the Hapsburgs (1522), his widow, Maria di Pacheco, struggled to the last moment against his executioners and against traitors. Cut off in Toledo, but undismayed by the desertion of the cowards who had sworn to defend the "league," she raised soldiers, and ran through the city, the child whom the tragic death of the Castilian hero had made an orphan, in her arms, a picture representing her husband's punishment being carried before her. In vain they attempted to corrupt or to terrify her. She allowed herself to be invested in the town, and would have defended it to the last gasp, were

it not for the treachery of the Catholic clergy, always favourable to absolute power. Forced to quit Toledo, she reached Portugal in the midst of dangers of every kind, and died in exile, bravely supporting misery and oblivion. "Maria Pacheco," observes M. Genevay, "is one of the noblest and most energetic figures to be found in the martyrology of peoples."

From that disastrous epoch, Spain declined daily. Her decay really dates from the death of the celebrated Isabella I. A too docile instrument of the policy of the Hapsburgs, who aimed at universal monarchy, the Spanish nation, by serving this policy, became odious to the other Latin peoples, in whose eyes she personified the Inquisition, despotism, and oppression of nationalities. She was not long in reaping the bitter fruits of the blind ambition of Charles V. and Philip II., debauched and persecuting princes, whose true characters M. Mignet has acquainted us with in "Charles Quint à Yuste," and "Antonio Perez et Philippe II." Under their successors the evil became so great that Spain descended to the lowest ranks of the Latin nations. Consequently, the movement imparted to the Latins by the revolution of 1789, was met by her with more distrust than by Italy herself. It is true that Napoleon, a politician of the school of Charles V., Louis XIV., Nicholas I., and their like, instead of peacefully initiating the two peninsulas into the new ideas, wished to make these populations the tools of his blind ambition, and the vassals of a new Western empire. The Spaniards rose as one man, and the soil which had given birth to the Cids and the Pelasgii swallowed up the invaders.

But the contact of Spain with the soldiers of the Revolution was not without its use. The most illustrious defenders of Spanish nationality were brought to remember the old liberties of their fathers, and to pronounce against absolute power. No sooner had the incapable and ferocious Ferdinand VII., whose correct portrait you will find in Count Toreno ("Histoire du Soulèvement," etc.) re-ascended a throne which he could not defend, than he persecuted the best patriots to such a degree that an insurrection broke out (January, 1820), and he was obliged to make great concessions to the constitutional party without the intervention of the French Bourbons (1823).

After Ferdinand's death, the "apostolic" or absolutist party, invoking the Salic law, established by Philip V., the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, wished to offer the throne to his brother Carlos. But the natal land of Blanche de Castille and Isabella I. has no taste for this Gallic importation. After 1789, a solemn Act of the Cortes (the assembly of national representatives) had abolished Philip V.'s law. I have told you how Maria Christina, regent during the minority of Isabella II., was obliged to resort to the liberal party. Louis Philippe, King of the French, repaired the evils done to Spain by Louis XVIII.,

by firmly supporting constitutional royalty with the co-operation of England, and notwithstanding many Carlist conspiracies, and the disturbances caused by democratic insurrections, notwithstanding the faults with which the Queen is justly reproached in the *Frauen der Zeit*, Isabella, up to the present time, has resisted the tempests better than the Bourbons of France, Naples, or Parma.

Assuredly I am far from approving of all the acts of Isabella's reign. But whatever judgment we may form of this sovereign individually, or of her acts, we should remember that genius is as rare on thrones as anywhere else, and especially we should never forget that the regeneration of Spain dates from the reign of Isabella. You remember the mournful picture of Spain drawn by Ruy Blas in a drama by M. Victor Hugo. This picture, it must be acknowledged, is in accordance with history. The public revenues were disgracefully squandered, commerce ruined, agriculture annihilated, the original genius of the nation kept down by the Inquisition. The Bourbons, faithful to the absolutist traditions of Louis XIV., the son of a Spanish princess, did not remedy the evils of the country. A single prince, comparatively enlightened like Charles III., could not heal so many wounds. When this prince ascended the throne (1769), he found Spain depopulated. By dint of burning the heretics—in Voltaire's time (see Michelet, "Régence") they still amused queens with the horrible *auto-da-fé*—of banishing the Jewish merchants, and of expelling the Moorish cultivators of the soil, the population was reduced to nine millions of souls. The efforts of a patriotic prince who had the courage to set Catholic kings an example by driving away the Jesuits, the talents of such men as Campomanes, Aranda, Olavidez, Florida Blanca, retarded the decay, but could not arrest it. It began again with Charles IV., never to cease till the death of Ferdinand VII.

When his daughter ascended the throne, Spain was devoured by monachism, which maintained ignorance, idleness, and mendicity, by setting the example of vices too conformable to the inclinations of southern races. In 1834, a country which wanted hands for agriculture, commerce, and navigation, had 1,940 convents, a population of 30,905 monks, and 27,700 nuns. The decrees of July 29, 1837, and September 1, 1841, legalised the suppression of monasteries of men, which had been effected in 1835. Whilst the queen's government restored mortmain to agriculture, it employed itself in opening Spain to commerce by the creation of a network of railways, which is extending every day; it enabled industry to easily penetrate to the most distant provinces, and, finally, it abolished passports, thus setting a brilliant example of liberalism, and disdain of the superannuated traditions of the middle ages, to states more advanced in other respects.

Notwithstanding the serious attacks on religious liberty which the

Chambers encourage instead of blaming, the spirit of progress will probably triumph. Monachism—even with the protection of Sister Patrocinio—is no longer the arbiter of the destinies of Spain ; the press, though not exactly free, is extricated from the fetters which interdicted its every movement, and men whom Ferdinand VII. would have hanged or strangled (the horrible *garotte* is still in use in Spain), fill the highest offices in the State.

Education unfortunately has not advanced with such rapid strides as the construction of railways or the re-organisation of the Spanish army. As in almost all Latin countries, elementary education is in a very sad state. In 1852, the number of Spaniards knowing how to read was estimated at only 1,898,288, and the number of those who could both read and write, did not exceed 1,221,001. The instruction of girls, it is needless to say, was still more neglected than that of boys. These had 17,009 elementary schools at their disposal, while the girls had but 5,021.

We must not be astonished when we see women who have had no education remaining strangers to the intellectual movement. Whilst in Germany, England, and France, our sex counts so many writers, Spain can claim but two, and one of these, Señora Fernan Caballero, is not of Spanish origin. It is true that this lady has so adopted the prejudices of the conservatives of the Iberian peninsula that it is impossible to recognise a countrywoman of Lessing, Kant, and Herder, in the author of the "Tales and Pictures of Manners." As we read the writings of this daughter of a Germanic republic, we are reminded of what the Baroness de Reinsberg says, in "Niko Veliki," speaking of an Anglo-American who had become a countess ; "Grace was as aristocratic as a genuine republican."

M. Bohl de Faber, a Hamburg merchant and consul of this republic at Cadiz, chose the Marquis d'Arco Hermoso for a son-in-law. Doña Cecilia having become a widow, married Don Antonio de Arron, Spanish consul in Australia. Under the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero, the name of a little town of La Manche, Cecilia Bohl has published several novels, the reputation of which has penetrated beyond the Pyrenees. In Latin countries, after such success, a writer seldom is satisfied to devote himself to the culture of letters in solitude ; he hastens to some capital, where he can show himself at clubs, parties, and in the *corsi*, to quickly gather the merited tribute of admiration. But with a practical good sense savouring of her Germanic origin, Doña Cecilia has preferred to enjoy the popularity of her books in peaceful retirement. Whilst the vulgar were astonished, almost indignant, at never meeting "the most celebrated novelist of Spain and the Indies" at Madrid, Señora F. Caballero continued to date her tales from Jerez, from Puerto Santa Maria, San Lucar, etc. Doubtless she

was not ignorant that her establishment in the capital would have as little satisfied the idle gossips of fashion, as her own taste for a retired and studious life. When Madame de Staël shone in the salons, it was maliciously asked when she found time to write her books. If Señora Fernan Caballero pursues an exactly opposite line of conduct, "the world" will not fail to be angry with a novelist who pretends to describe it, without studying "in the great centres." Fernan Caballero is assuredly of the opinion of the miller, the creation of one of the best painters of Latin society—

"Qu'on me blâme ou me loue,
Qu'on dise quelque chose, ou qu'on ne dise rien,
J'en veux faire à ma tête."

The poet, not satisfied with adding that he "le fit, et fit bien," gives his readers this significant warning—

"Allez, venez, courez, demeurez en province ;
Prenez femme, abbaye, emploi, gouvernement,
Les gens en parleront—n'en doutez nullement." *

Though fully capable of disdaining the vain demands of the crowd when her mode of life is in question, in the manifestation of her ideas Señora Caballero is not as independent of the traditions of the country where she lives. Spain would have need of decided and clear-sighted writers, who by their initiative would enable her to redeem the time lost during ages of torpor and sleep. Far from this task, worthy of a noble heart and a great mind, having tempted F. Caballero, she seems to have devoted her powers to the championship of ideas which the Countess Hahn, old and disenchanted, has taken under her protection. Like those people who are always regretting Paradise lost, in "Gaviota" she laments over the ruins of those convents, whence have issued so many executioners, inquisitors, and disgusting satyrs, whom, in spite of history, in the face of the innumerable facts contained in the writings of Llorente, Rosseuw-Saint-Hilaire, Toreno, etc., she would wish to present to us as modest and pious anchorites. She has the effrontery to affirm that the inmates of these "rich and sumptuous monasteries," asylums of idleness, ignorance, and passions more dangerous still, "cured at the same time the diseases of the soul and of the body." She wishes to make us believe that the cross of the Galilean, "gentle and lowly of heart," who pronounced so many eloquent discourses against the chier priests and pharisees, "seemed to bend under a weight of grief," on beholding the closing of those gates whence issued the chiefs of "the armies of the faith," those monk-brigands who have been the disgrace and the terror of the Peninsula.

* La Fontaine, Book III., Fable 1.

It is by virtue of the same system of idealisation that the peasant who has remained faithful to the errors which have caused the rapid and shameful decay of this fine country, becomes the true representative of the national ideas and virtues. If we are to believe Doña Cecilia, Fénelon's Salente must be sought in some village far "separated from the world (of civilisation) by high mountains," where "the little girls (and too often the big ones) kiss the curé's hand," in some Val de Paz, whence "the knowledge of this innovating age has disdainfully turned aside."

To idealise with incredible thoughtlessness the entire past—except the bull-fights which are the aversion of the Germanic race—such is half the work which Señora Caballero imposes on herself. The other consists in overwhelming with epigrams the man who does not regard the era of the Torquemadas as the acme of progress of the human race. Don Andres, who succeeded in "different enterprises, amongst others that of demolition of the convents," is, in her eyes, the "type of the modern citizen," and in this quality he presents an amiable collection of every fault. The "modern citizen," inasmuch as he is a member of the human race, is neither infallible nor sinless, but he is very superior to those monsters who, even in the last century, gloated over the anguish of so many human victims in the *autos-da-fé*. In an age when toleration had already so many illustrious defenders, "Spain," says M. Michelet in "La Regence," pursued the career of the *autos-da-fé* at full speed. In 1721, the town of Grenada alone—on the plaster scaffold where four red-hot furnaces (typifying the prophets) consumed human flesh—Grenada alone burnt nine men and eleven women to ashes. This was the year of the "Lettres Persanes." In the year of the "Henriade," Philip V. celebrated at Madrid a fête worthy of the "great artist" Nero—"the terrible fête of a broiling of nine living bodies."

Neither the English, who bravely expelled the Inquisitors, nor the French, who, in 1789, began the regeneration of Latin society, can please Señora Caballero. The former are notoriously "heretics," and M. de Maistre (du Pape) has proved that the latter are all but "schismatics." The unflattering portraits of the countrymen of Elizabeth and La Fayette which Doña Cecilia introduces in her novels, seem to have been composed with the view of keeping alive beyond the Pyrenees the old national ill-will, that "chauvinism" which is quite as narrow-minded and as deplorable as the "Teutomania" of certain writers of the Germanic countries. Doubtless a Spanish writer is justified in telling the countrymen of Cervantes, Calderon, and Lope de Vega, that if they only firmly resolve to do so, they can march by the side of the great peoples of Europe. But where is the use in trying to persuade a nation just beginning with difficulty to emerge from the abyss into which the enemies of knowledge and liberty had plunged it, that it has no cause

to envy the glorious United Kingdom, or the flourishing empire of the Gauls? It is vain to murmur "Saxon apostates," and "Voltairean French," for after all, apart from the Reformation and the Renaissance, the emancipating and tolerant spirit of which is admirably personified by Luther and Voltaire, there is no civilisation, there is nothing but barbarism more or less proud. The day when the excellent monk of Wittemberg said, "to burn heretics is against the Holy Spirit," he deserved to be ranked with the apostle who said, "there *must* be also heresies." The day when Voltaire protested against the executioners of Calas, he proved himself a better Christian than the priests of his time.

I should not, however, wish you to believe that Señora Caballero's novels entirely resemble those dogmatic works of fiction with which the West is inundated, which are nothing but somewhat stupid arguments in favour of Catholicism, Methodism, Pietism, Pantheism, etc., and which are so very unlike the modest masterpieces called, "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Tom Jones," and "Manon Lescaut." The writings of the Spanish novelist would doubtless gain, were they purged from certain malevolent declamations or insinuations, but we find in them conscientious studies of a country too little known, and which particularly interests all the Latin nations. Had F. Caballero lived in a capital she would only have seen a world which is everywhere nearly the same, in Berlin as in Paris, in St. Petersburg as in Madrid. But the authoress is well acquainted with provincial life, the cities of Andalusia, and the villages of one of the most curious regions of the Peninsula. She leads us to Cadiz, to Seville, which are in almost all her works; to Rota ("Poor Dolores"); into the world of fashion ("Lagrimas"); and to the hamlet ("The Alvaredo Family"); into the solitary dwelling of the poor labourer ("La Gaviota"); and under the roof of the wealthy husbandman ("Clemencia").

It is impossible but that amongst all these pictures, we shall find many details on the condition and tendencies of Spanish women. "La Gaviota" (the sea-gull) for instance, that fisherman's daughter, of a wild, stubborn, whimsical disposition, who, thanks to her voice, becomes a courted artiste, who sacrifices the love of a grandee of Spain to a *torero*, and who at last becomes the surly partner of a despised barber—is she not an original type? The women in "Clemencia," are equally deserving of our attention. We love to contemplate in her rustic majesty the mistress of the house, cold and austere, who feels all the social importance possessed by the partner of such a rich and influential farmer as Don Martin Ladron di Guevara, "who would have spoken to the king in the same tone as to a beggar," her beautiful daughter Clemencia, a young woman of a good disposition, but who, yielding to the seductions of a world which charms her, cannot recognise sincere and devoted love in her unpretending country cousin. We

must also note a character like that of Rita ("The Alvareda Family") the model of village coquettes, who, though the mother of two children, listens to the flatteries of an old trooper, and whose temper presents such a striking contrast to the melancholy disposition of her sister-in-law. From these remarks, which it would be easy to multiply, I conclude that if the philosophical theories of the author of "One in the Other," "A Last Consolation," and "To be Silent During Life," do not deserve a quarter of an hour's consideration, her observations on one of the most important and least known sections of Latin society, and on the domestic life of Spanish women may be studied with profit. It is to be regretted that a writer, capable of seeing things exactly as they are, should have made less concessions to the legitimate aspirations of her time than a theologian like Balmés, and that she should have preferred rivalling Donoso Cortés, Marquis di Valdegamas, in exaggerations. But childish declamations will not hinder the Latin peoples from interesting themselves strongly in the future of Spain. Thus the country of the Cid will always have a particular attraction for the Roumanians, as it was the native land of Trajan, the great emperor whom they regard as their Romulus, as the founder and magnificent expression of their nationality. As to the Latin nations of the West, they wait with impatience for the day when the reign of toleration shall complete the regeneration of a country which in our days has been purified—how much innocent blood has flowed in the Peninsula!—by the martyrdom of Riego, of Torrijos, and of his friends.

Though not so well known out of Spain as Fernan Caballero, Doña Gertrude Gomez de Avellaneda has practised her hand in the most elevated and most difficult classes of literature. Amongst the most ancient poets we find Inez de la Cruz, a woman who lived in a Mexican convent. Doña Gertrude has not only cultivated lyric poetry ("Poesias Lyricas," Madrid 1841), but also tragedy, comedy, and novel writing. Her tragedies have been received in the most flattering manner, and her tale entitled "The Two Wives," is considered her best novel. The premature death of her husband, Don Pedro Sabator, who was taken from her a few months after her marriage, seemed to give her a distaste for literary life; but she was not long in resuming her pen, and giving significant proofs of her activity, and the variety of her talents.

Whatever may have been the success of Fernan Caballero's novels and Doña Gertrude di Avellaneda's tragedies, the Carmelite Theresa di Copeda, canonised by the Romish Church in 1621, must be considered as the most eminent writer to be found amongst Spanish women. Her autobiography ("Discurso o Relacion de su Vida," 1562) is one of those writings which throw the greatest light on the causes and effects of that sensual mysticism which the philosophers of the Romish Church, with Theresa, call "the path of perfection" (*el*

camino de la perfeccion). But Theresa's writings possess a value independent of their scientific interest. Her poems allow her to rank amongst the classic poets of that sixteenth century which justified such great hopes, and which gives such an elevated idea of the natural genius of the Spaniards. Her prose works, her ascetic dissertations, the most celebrated of which is "The Castle of the Soul," give us a very favourable opinion of her eloquence and the vivacity of her imagination. As Maria di Pacheco's life shows that Spanish women can comprehend liberal ideas and devote themselves to their worship, so Theresa's works, now translated into every European language, would of themselves prove that they would be susceptible of great intellectual development, if their education were not so utterly neglected, and if the prejudices of a former age did not interdict them from the examination of philosophical questions.

Spain has not, like her neighbour, France, been the theatre of animated discussions on the condition of women. The legislation which regulates this condition is borrowed from the Roman law, the principles whereof have retained such an influence over the modern Latin nations. The same laws govern the greater part of Spain (*España uniforme*). Some districts have kept their *fueros* (privileges); these are the provinces formerly belonging to the Crown of Arragon (*España assimilada*), the Basque provinces, and the Kingdom of Navarre (*España forcal*). This difference in the laws is explained by the diversity of destinies.

It is no wonder if the Basques, having more successfully resisted the invasions of the Germans and the Arabs than the rest of the population, have, with their old name of "Esculdunæ," preserved a language and traditions foreign to the Indo-European race, and that the genius of ancient Iberia has been preserved in the region where their influence is predominant.

In *España uniforme* the condition of daughters is consonant with the laws of Justinian. By the *majorats*, an aristocratic and Germanic institution, real estate, until lately, descended from male to male in order of primogeniture. But this institution having been abolished, the principle of equality receives its full application in the matter of heritages.

The exercise of the right of property is no longer fettered for girls. As soon as they attain their majority, that is to say the age of twenty-five years, they can manage their property. But the draft of the code (as yet usages only exist) reasonably taking into account that it is not necessary to defer majority till the age of twenty-five, especially in a southern country where development is rapid, proposes to fix the age of freedom at twenty years for girls as well as for boys.

As regards marriage, the daughter is not obliged to wait her majority

to marry without her parents' consent. She may dispose of her hand at twenty-three.

Any girl under age may be married by legal authority, as soon as any young man of age declares that he will answer for her consent, which in such a case supplies the authority of the parents. A girl of full age, on the other hand, can marry in the same way with a minor, by making a similar declaration before the court.

The daughter thus carried off by the law is placed in a safehouse, where she is left some weeks for reflection. Should she then persist the marriage is proceeded with, and the parents have no resource but to disinherit her.

Marriage places the wife again in a state of minority. She has no legal authority over her children, who are exclusively subject to the father's power. She preserves, it is true, the ownership of her property, but the husband is its sole legal administrator. Should she survive him, she inherits half the property acquired in common, called in Spain, *los gananciales*.

As in France, widows are assimilated to daughters in their majority. The minority of the wife ceases with the life of the husband. Unless she has given signs of mental alienation, extravagance, etc., she resumes the management of her property. The guardianship of the children belongs to her by right, if the husband have not deprived her of it on equitable grounds.

The Spaniards, occupied solely with the endeavour to deliver themselves from the monks, have hitherto given scarcely a thought to the convents of women. Thus a great number of nuns still exist in the states of Her Catholic Majesty. M. Dalbadie, who has visited the old Spanish colonies, attributes great immorality to them.

XV.—PORTUGUESE WOMEN.

Origin and Development of Portuguese Nationality—Greatness of Portugal under the Aviz Dynasty—The Spirit of Intolerance ruins the Kingdom—Submission to Spain—The Braganza Dynasty—The Pombal Ministry—Reign of Maria I.—Birth of the Liberal Party—John VI. and the Revolution of 1820—Queen Carlotta and Dom Miguel, the Chiefs of the Absolute Party—Peter IV. Abdicates in favour of Maria II.—Dom Miguel seizes on the Government—Fall of the Usurper—Beginning of the Regeneration of Portugal—Maria II. closes the Convents—Progress accomplished since her Death—Civil Condition of Portuguese Women—General Review of the Latin Race—Civil Condition of Latin Women from the Foundation of Rome to Justinian—Consequences of Invasions in the East and in the West—Revival of Roman Law in Latin Society—Ideas of the Germans on the Future of this Society—Danger and Puerility of Discussions of this kind.

NOTWITHSTANDING the name of "Lusitani," whereby the Romans distinguished the inhabitants of the greater part of Portugal from the

other populations of the Iberian peninsula, M. Boudard's researches have proved that the Iberian language was spoken in Lusitania as in Hispania. Other races became mingled with the original inhabitants. As in Spain, Celts, Romans, Sclavonians (Vandals), Teutons, and Arabs have succeeded one another on Portuguese soil. Delivered from the Mussulmans, this fine country for a time formed part of the dominions of Castille. Alphonso VI. gave part of Portugal in feoff to a descendant of Robert, King of France, Henry of Burgundy, who had married Theresa, a natural daughter of the King of Castille. Count Henry became independent on the death of Alphonso VI., and his son, Alphonso I., the Conqueror, assumed the title of king.

The male branch of the Burgundian dynasty having become extinct with Ferdinand I., John I. the Great was the first sovereign of the illegitimate branch of Burgundy, also called the Aviz dynasty. Under this dynasty Portugal became one of the most flourishing of the Latin states. Overleaping the boundaries of their territory, the Portuguese attacked the barbarian world with a chivalric resolution which elicited the admiration of Europe. After the conquest of Ceuta, taken from the Mussulmans, they opened for themselves the road to the Indies, and secured rich possessions in Africa, and especially in Asia. The names of Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco di Gama, Almeida, Albuquerque, and Alvarez Cabral, who gave Portugal the immense territory of Brazil, prove that the Latins, under an enterprising government, can rival the energy of the Anglo-Saxons.

Unfortunately a fatal genius took possession of Portugal under John III. At the time when the spirit of intolerance began the decay of Spain, the King of Portugal delivered his states to the Inquisition; he persecuted the Jews, whose commerce enriched his people; in short, he allowed the Jesuits to establish themselves as masters on his territory, and to prepare the ruin of the house of Aviz, by urging it to the most insane enterprises. The imprudent expedition to Africa, and the battle of Alcaçar-Quivir, in which King Sebastian perished, reduced the kingdom to the last extremities. On the death of Cardinal Henry, Sebastian's successor, Portugal, incapable of defending herself, was again united to the possessions of the King of Spain, the fierce Philip II. (1580.)

The house of Braganza had the glory of restoring their independence to the Portuguese. But the countrymen of Viriathus, that bold adversary of the Roman power, degraded by despotism and superstition, did not, with the autonomy of their country, recover the manly virtues of their ancestors. The Cortes was no longer convoked after 1697, and in 1703, the treaty of Methuen, which transformed the kingdom into a commercial colony of Great Britain, was signed with England.

Joseph Carvalho-Melho, Marquis de Pombal, one of the greatest statesmen of the Latin race, and a disciple of the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, undertook to restore his country to the splendour which she enjoyed under the glorious dynasty of Aviz, and to make her resume the rank which she formerly occupied in Europe. The struggle in which he engaged against the combined forces of the Inquisition, the Society of Jesus, and a degenerate aristocracy, was a long combat of twenty-seven years, in which he displayed all the energy, but also all the severity of the magistrates of the Roman republic. On the death of Joseph I., the Jesuits were expelled from Portugal and Brazil, the disasters caused by the terrible earthquake of 1755 were repaired, commerce revived, the State treasury contained 240 millions, and the retrograde factions saw themselves reduced to impotence. Maria I. (1777), unfortunately, was too narrow-minded to comprehend the necessity of the reforms undertaken by her father's minister. She was hardly seated on the throne which, more than her government, she shared with her husband, Peter III., till 1786, when she hastened to disgrace Pombal, herein giving a proof of weakness of mind, which, during the French Revolution, was to end in madness (1792). The queen's malady prevented her knowledge of the great events related by Dom J. M. de Souza in his "*Historia de Portugal desde o Reinado de D. Maria I. até a convenção d'Evora Monte*" (Lisbon, 1838). Her son John, appointed to the regency, only escaped the French invasion (1807) by embarking for Brazil.

But the soldiers of Napoleon and of England, while contending on the Portuguese territory, awoke ideas which seemed to have died with Pombal. The French Emperor and his legions closed the convents everywhere, and their eagles became real Medusa's heads for the monks. The Protestant soldiers of Great Britain did not prove more favourably disposed towards the monastic orders. On the other side, military ardour revived amongst the Portuguese, jealous of proving to the English that they were worthy of the aid of their allies. John VI. on succeeding his unhappy mother (1816), was obliged to take this state of feeling into consideration, to make concessions and to abolish the Inquisition. These concessions so little satisfied a nation which felt itself ripe for liberty, that a revolution broke out in Oporto on August 24, 1820. The king, personally, was well enough disposed in favour of the constitution, which he took an oath to respect, on his return from Brazil. But Queen Carlotta, daughter of Charles IV., King of Spain, who was as destitute of intelligence as her father, and Dom Miguel, his third son, were prepared to resist the progress of liberal ideas by every means. M. J. F. Freire de Carvalho has detailed the causes which decided the party glorying in the title of legitimist to have recourse to usurpation. ("*Ensaio Politico sobre as causas qui preparam a*

Usurpação de D. Miguel," Lisbon, 1842). Overpowered by the opposition of the queen, Dom Miguel, the clergy, and part of the nobility, the weak king suppressed the constitution of 1822. But as the absolutist party (the *serviles*) found that he did not act with sufficient vigour against the liberals, it commenced a struggle against John VI. which did not terminate till the death of that prince on March 10, 1826.

John's second son Peter, better known by the name of Dom Pedro, and the constitutional Emperor of Brazil since 1822, was summoned to succeed his father. But this prince, after having given a new constitution, the "Carta de Ley," abdicated in favour of his daughter, Doña Maria da Gloria, who was to marry her uncle Miguel, and whose happy disposition promised better days for the Portuguese. But Dom Miguel, whose ambition equalled his incapacity—at nineteen he could neither read nor write—was not disposed to rest satisfied with being "the husband of the queen." He made use of the authority his duties as regent conferred on him to abolish the constitutional government, and to rule as an absolute sovereign. Supported by the monks and the populace, whose bigotry he shared, he ruled Portugal with a rod of iron. One fact will suffice to give an idea of the government of the *serviles*. In 1831, in the town of Oporto alone, there were 11,000 individuals suspected by the police. Fortunately the constitutional states were not disposed to permit such a government. The quadruple alliance (April 22, 1834), signed by King Louis Philippe, the Queen of England, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, represented by her daughter's guardian Dom Pedro, brought about the defeat of Dom Miguel, and the capitulation of Evora (May 24, 1834). This solemn act, which bears his signature, does not prevent the old chief of the absolutist party from styling himself legitimate sovereign of "Portugal and the Algarvas." He married Adelaide, Princess of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosemberg, in 1851, and since then he has been labouring to reinstate a family which is the hope of the Portuguese clerical party.

The regeneration of a noble race in Portugal, as in Spain, dates from the reign of a woman. The rule of the intrepid Maria II. began by the abolition of the monastic orders, which had supplied the retrograde faction with its most fanatical champions (1834). Although the law has not yet proclaimed religious liberty, dissenters have enjoyed a toleration which had been denied them since the reign of John III. In a country where even philosophers—we need but remember what Count A. de Saint-Priest ("Histoire de la Chute des Jésuites") says of certain acts of Pombal—were not exempt from cruelty, the punishment of death, though not abolished, has ceased to be enforced for many years. The Government, unmoved by those declamations of the monkish press which, in the present day, terrify more than one

sovereign, resisted the encroachments of the clergy, and the sisters of charity in Lisbon have had an opportunity of convincing themselves that their adroit policy is better understood in that city than in Paris or Madrid. *Le Monde* now awards Portugal the title of "persecutor of the holy daughters of Vincent de Paul," because she does not permit Miguelist intriguers to disturb the lower classes, and hatch conspiracies under the pretext of solacing their miseries.

Such have been the general results of the reigns of Maria II., Peter V., and Louis I. Doña Maria, who died in 1853, did not live to enjoy the transformation of her country. The agitations which follow every revolution filled her reign. But her sons have continued her work; Peter V., the eldest, embarked at Ostend when I was there in the autumn of 1855. This young prince, who had been travelling over several European states, and had visited the Great Exhibition, was going to assume the reins of Government, confided to his father, Ferdinand, during the regency. Removed from his country by a premature death, he was succeeded by his brother Louis, whose alliance with the King of Italy—he married the Princess Maria Pia, second daughter of Victor Emmanuel II.—evidences an intention to resist the partisans of the theocracy.

It is to be desired that the kingdom of Portugal should undertake, as soon as possible, the preparation of a civil code which would place its legislation in harmony with the liberal tendencies which it manifests. The present legislation is based on the rules for governing the kingdom, which go back to the time of Dom Emmanuel the Happy (1495-1521) rules modified, it is true, by laws of more recent date, especially by those voted by the Chambers since the establishment of constitutional government.

The civil condition of women presents the same contrast as in the other Latin states. The "*Ordemnacão*" (Book IV., vol. 96) founded on the "118th Novelle, c. 1," allows equal division between girls and boys. Every girl of full age is allowed to manage her property. However, it may be remarked that in a country where the organisation is so early developed, the age of twenty-five years, fixed by the old laws for the majority of both sexes, does not seem very well chosen. Nevertheless, the code of proceedings of 1841 (art. 453), has made no alteration as regards this point.

For married women there are two systems, the dotal and that of community of property; but whatever be the system, they have no part in the exercise of the *patria potestas*. In the question of the Salic law,—for the Portuguese nation thinks with the *Revue Germanique* (May 1, 1863), that "female genius is well adapted to the part of a constitutional queen"—it considers "that it has made it of so much use and importance to society, that in our days the political exclusion of women,

almost universally realised, does not threaten to dispossess them of the last entrenchment where they can exercise their governing capacity."

Independently of the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, many other groups belonging to Latin civilisation exist in Europe. Of such are the Walloons of Belgium, the Roman Swiss of Geneva, Valais, Neufchâtel, Friburg, and the Bernese Jura; the Romanches of the Canton of Grisons, and especially the Roumanians of the united principalities of Bessarabia, of Austria, and Turkey. The Roumanians are not less than ten millions of souls, dwelling in fertile countries which are capable of supporting a population four times as great, and the immense resources of which have been brought into notice by M. César Bolliac, in his "*Topographie de la Roumanie*" (Paris, 1856).

I shall not speak to you of the Roumanians beyond the Danube any more than of the others; first, because I wish to discourse only of the nations of Western Europe, and, secondly, because I have already given extensive information respecting the Roumanians in "*Les Femmes en Orient*," and even in passages in the "*Excursions en Roumélie et en Morée*," where I have treated of the Roumanians under the government of the Padishah. I shall merely add that the legislation of independent Roumania is founded on the Roman law, and dowry is as inviolable as it was in the time of Justinian.

If we cast a glance backwards, we shall perceive that from the time of Romulus to our days the condition of Latin women has always had a connection with the elevation of the ideas entertained of justice.

Let us begin by transporting ourselves to the Roman Republic, about the time of the decemvirs. The aristocratic spirit sways everything. The foundations of the family are paternal power and marital power. The "father of the family," the sole master, has, to use the forcible expression of the law, "the domain of the house." He alone can hold property. Over his slaves he exercises the lordly power, which is unlimited; over his children, the *patria potestas*; over his wife, the marital power, and these last are scarcely inferior to the lordly power. I have shown you the consequences of this system, according to MM. Michelet and Martin.

The woman who ceases to be in the power of her father or husband falls, in the former case, under the guardianship of his agnates (collateral descendants on the male side), and, in the latter, under that of her husband's agnates. An agnate, even a minor, can be the guardian of a woman. For the Roman of this epoch, as well as for the French Republican of our days, man represents reason.

At the fall of the republic paternal power is still in force, but it shows a tendency to become less rigorous.

It is especially in what concerns marriage that we perceive the influence of the new doctrines inspired by Grecian philosophy. Those forms of marriage which create the marital power are begun to be avoided, and unions by consent increase. Afterwards, the condition of wives in the power of the husband is legally and actually ameliorated by the institution of independent settlements, as is proved by M. Laboulaye in the excellent chapter of his "*Histoire de la Propriété Foncière en Occident*." Doubtless, the dowry system, in its first attempts, is still far from producing what it will realise hereafter; the dowry falls under the quiritian domain of the husband (a domain the legality whereof is beyond all dispute), who may alienate it, on the condition of subsequent restitution, a condition which numberless circumstances may render deceptive; but at all events a fruitful principle is established—the wife is acknowledged as a proprietor, she has her own property in the family.

The guardianship of women, which was compulsory, and always vested in the agnates, now becomes optative (from *opto*, I choose); by virtue of the will of him who had her under his control, the wife can name her guardian.

The empire, feeling the need of creating allies for itself against the republican patriciate, laboured skilfully to ameliorate the condition of the women of the conquered peoples. The works of the jurisconsults of the time of Septimus Severus and Alexander Severus, show us the alliance of national and universal justice in its finest development. In proportion as we depart from this age the indigenous element loses ground, and in the legislation of Justinian, whom Sclavonians and Roumanians alike claim as a brother, the Roman law is almost the same as the law of nations.

In a few words I shall give you an idea of the situation under Alexander Severus.

The paternal authority has become less rigorous. The father has been deprived of the power of life and death over his children, and heads of families who have dared to invoke this right, still inscribed in the law, are punished as assassins. The right of selling children is almost abolished.

The marital power, which, under the republic, gave the right of life and death over the wife, has fallen into disuse, and with it the modes of marriage which create it. *Confarreatio* is no longer practised except by the *pontifices*, by their position preservers of all old abuses. The dotal system has become developed; the wife's dowry, become inalienable without her consent, will soon become so with or without it. Repudiation, which the husband could use or abuse, is replaced by divorce. The guardianship of the wife is no longer anything but a mere form, and she is altogether freed from it if she have children. A little longer,

and the wife will not only be released altogether from guardianship, but she can herself exercise that office.

Justinian's legislation gives daughters an equal right with sons to the inheritance of the family, though it continues to regard the wife as a minor. This emperor put the finishing stroke to the Roman law, which occupies a truly immense place with the nations who have had their origin in Roman society. "If the Roman laws," says Bossuet, in the "*Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*," "have appeared so sacred that their majesty still subsists, notwithstanding the ruin of the empire, it is because common sense, which is the master of human life, pervades them everywhere, and because we nowhere see a finer application of the principles of natural equity."

In the East, the Asiatic invasions cause Christian civilization to recede, by hindering the development of the law. Mahomet was born during the reign of Justinian's successor, and Islamism was not only to seclude a multitude of women in the harem, but, by a deplorable imitation to strengthen all those Christian prejudices which were favourable to the gynœceum and to sequestration. In Western and Central Europe the barbarians, by founding a new patriciate on the ruins of the Western Empire, almost everywhere restored the condition of our sex to a state as opposed to reason as to justice. Divorce was abolished, but repudiation was audaciously practised by the chiefs of the society which succeeded the Greco-Roman world. The community system, the logical consequence of primitive communism, took its place by the side of the dotal system, created by civilisation, when it did not supplant it entirely. But since the Renaissance, and especially since the French Revolution, a contest has been going on between the Roman law and the relics of feudal and Catholic barbarism. In proportion as we leave the middle ages behind us, the modern spirit tends not only to oppose the Roman law to the communistic traditions of the barbarian world, but to complete it, by securing for the wife a position in accordance with the principle of equality.

Germanic society, on its side, has commenced a new era with reform. Proud of the advance she made under Luther's standard, she occasionally shows herself severe towards the Latins, who still experience so much difficulty in throwing off the yoke of theocracy and superstition.

But no nation has a monopoly of truth, justice, and holiness. The "Teutomaniacs" and the "Chauvins," then, are equally worthy of the contempt of thinkers, and every impartial observer will find qualities in a German woman which are wanting in her sisters of France, and gifts in a Frenchwoman which have not been bestowed on her German sisters. "Allah," says an Arab proverb, "has not disinherited any of his creatures." Allow me to oppose the authority of this "infidel" to the insane quarrels of the Westerns, and to wish

a little Christian charity to peoples justly proud of their knowledge and their progress. Belonging myself to the Pelasgian race, that illustrious race which has given Eschylus, Socrates, Dante, and Michael Angelo to humanity, I might—in accordance with custom—have thrown to the dogs everything foreign to the Greco-Roman world. Childish provocations—like Fallmereyer's declamations against the Greeks—would perhaps justify the peoples of the South in like reprisals. But such would be unworthy of the true friends of liberty and humanity, who believe that Europe—fatigued with merciless struggles which can only serve the cause of despotism—will at length become one great family, whose glorious task it will be to summon the rest of the world to the fraternal banquet of civilisation.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

[From Mrs. B——'s seventh letter.]

"WE cannot help taking a good deal of interest in looking at the productions of our several colonies to be seen in the Exhibition, not only on account of their own intrinsic value, but still more because they seem, as it were, to foreshadow the future destiny of those distant lands.

"The Queensland Section, though sent from a comparatively young colony, may be considered in many respects as the type of the produce of the other colonies in Australia. In that Section we find specimens of almost everything that is either indigenous or cultivated in the north-eastern corner of the great Australian Continent, of which that small portion alone covers more than six hundred thousand square miles. Thus the Colony of Queensland occupies on the surface of the globe about twice the amount of space as that contained within the territory of Canada, and about four times that which composes the whole of France. We must remember that Australia in itself is a vast region, equal in extent to four-fifths of the Continent of Europe.

"Brisbane is the name of the Capital of Queensland. It is situated about twenty-four miles from Moreton Bay, so famous as being the native place of the Moreton Bay Pine, a handsome pyramidal tree, which grows to the height of two hundred feet, and often measures sixty feet in diameter. This superb tree affords excellent timber, and yields a large quantity of colourless resin as clear as rock-crystal, and which hangs from it in huge drops, like icicles two or three feet long.

"By far the most useful as well as the most valuable of the productions of this colony, and that of which it exports the largest amount to the mother country, is generally allowed to be Wool. Several fine white fleeces are exhibited from different sheep-runs, and those sent by Messrs. Hodgson and Watts from their flocks in Eton Vale, Darling Downs, are remarkable for their softness and elasticity. Four entire pieces of woollen cloth, manufactured at Eastington Mills, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, from the produce of the same flocks, are exhibited by Mr. Hodgson, and appear to be everything that can be desired.

"Darling Downs, as well as Darling River, take their name from General Darling, who was once Governor of New South Wales. They are composed of high Table Lands or Downs, which extend upwards of a hundred miles in length and about fifty miles in breadth. Allan Cunningham, the scientific traveller who was so fortunate as to

discover those fertile regions in 1827, gives a faithful description of them :—

“ ‘Those enormous tracts of clear pastoral country’, he says, ‘commence at about the parallel of twenty-eight degrees south latitude. Deep ponds, continually fed by streams flowing from the higher lands immediately to the westward, extend along their central lower flats. The lower grounds thus permanently watered present a series of flats which furnish an almost inexhaustible range of cattle pasture at all seasons of the year, the grass and herbage generally exhibiting in the depth of winter an extreme luxuriance of growth.’

“ Almost everything that is exhibited from Queensland bears testimony to the productiveness of its soil, and to the variety of its climate. Sugar, coffee, cotton, spices, cocoa-nut-palms, arrowroot, tamarinds, banana-fibre, maize, and corn, tell of the fertility of the earth in the warm vallies and on the hot plains, while vines, olives, and orange-trees flourish on some of the cooler hill-slopes. Specimens of sandal-wood and rosewood, beautifully speckled wood for cabinet-makers’ work, portions of lofty timber-trees, and large collections of stuffed birds, denote the nature of the forests. Gold, both worked and in native grains and nuggets, some few diamonds, blocks of marble and of coal, rich copper ore, and massive pieces of malachite, indicate that some amount of subterranean wealth may be found in the colony.

“ The beautiful green and blue carbonate of copper, which is usually called Malachite, or sometimes Velvet-copper ore, has its name from *malakos*, the Greek word for soft. Malachite is found in Siberia, Australia, and other places where there is much copper. In the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, London, you will see a glorious lump of blue malachite which was brought over from the copper mines in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. In the Exhibition there is a massive block of green malachite to be seen.

“ Major Sedley tells us that malachite is the purest and most valuable form under which ore of copper has ever been found in any part of the world. He says, too, that a great quantity of malachite is imported from Queensland, and a much larger amount from South Australia to the Swansea Smelting Works. Those Smelting Works are in the habit of furnishing from their furnaces every year upwards of twenty thousand tons of refined copper, two-thirds of the ore that is smelted there being derived from the copper mines in Cornwall, and the remainder from those in Cuba, Chili, and Australia.

“ As you are, I fancy, rather partial to Queensland, you will be glad to hear that the gold medal of the Exhibition has been adjudged to the samples of cotton sent to the Champ de Mars from different places in that colony, some of them hundreds of miles apart. Good samples of what is called Sea-island-cotton are exhibited, which look almost as

glossy and lustrous as white floss silk. This sort of silvery-white cotton has its name from the small islands that fringe the sea-coast of Georgai from Charlestown to Savanna. It grows there to perfection, and is unrivalled for strength and beauty. For spinning the finest yarn to weave delicate cambrics and thin muslins, Sea-island-cotton is prized beyond all other kinds of cotton hitherto cultivated.

"Cotton appears to grow well in Queensland, but, in the northern portions of the colony, those which lie nearest to the equator and are best suited to cotton crops, the climate is much too hot for British emigrants, and Indian fever and ague often attack them. The price of labour is consequently so high in those parts of the country, that the culture of cotton, or of other tropical plants, to any great extent is not thought likely to be remunerative at present, notwithstanding the fertility of the soil.

"The botanical name of the cotton plant is *Gossypium*, and it belongs to the Mallow or Hibiscus family. In the common cotton plant of Hindostan the petals are of a bright yellow colour, with a purple spot at the base of each. When the fruit that succeeds the blossom is quite ripe, it bursts open, and the snowy-white cotton which surrounded the young seeds as if to protect and keep them warm, like tender little chickens in their nest, now puffs out in all directions. In another Indian species called the Tree-cotton, the colour of the petals is a deep Cactus-red, with a dark spot at the base. This sort of cotton is so long and silky that the natives reserve it for weaving the finest muslins for turbans to be worn by the privileged classes and by them only. In the Chinese Nankin species the cotton is of a pale buff or apricot-colour, and it has the faculty of never washing out, as we find is the case in the ugly cotton cloth called Nankeen. When the Greeks began to import Indian cotton, they gave the name of Tree-wool to all the different species.

"From the earliest times cotton textures were worn as clothing in the East, but native cotton that has been manufactured in Manchester is now often preferred by the inhabitants, especially by the Chinese. It is supposed that in the tenth century the Arabs or Moors were the first to introduce the art of spinning and weaving cotton to the Spaniards, and that from them it spread gradually through the north of Italy to the Netherlands. When Antwerp was taken by the Duke of Parma, several Protestants fled for refuge to England, and took up their abode in the neighbourhood of Manchester, where they taught the people of the country to spin and weave, in return for their hospitality in allowing them to live there on friendly terms.

"In those days the distaff and the spinning-wheel, such as are still used by the primitive inhabitants of some countries, were the only implements ever heard of for spinning flax and cotton, and one thread

at a time was all that could be spun by hand. Now we have spinning machines worked by steam, containing from one to two thousand spindles, and which can produce threads said to be a thousand miles long, and all under the guidance of one person. In the gallery of machinery in the Exhibition we see long ranges of spindles every day at work, somewhat after the manner of those colossal machines, and guided by a girl only, who seems quite equal to managing them.

"The principal cotton manufactories in France are those at Rouen and in Alsace. Rouen is famous for dyeing yarn with fast colours, chiefly red and blue, and for weaving a peculiar kind of cotton texture called *Rouennerie*, which is composed of stripes and checks of different coloured threads. In Alsace almost every sort of cotton texture is made, and some kinds are distinguished by the names of the places in the East from which they originated; Calico, Percale, Nankin, Jaconat, Madapolam, Madras, Perse, Chintz, and so on.

"We have heard and seen so much of cotton of late, that Mrs. Selby and I agree in thinking that the life of a cotton plant would be an interesting subject to study. Its basking infancy till, torn from its sunny home, it passes through transforming stages, and becomes a part of some woven fabric; the last transformation, a printed leaf to recross the ocean, bearing back joy and gladness to the land of its birth.

"In the Canadian section, amongst much that is rich, and much more that is full of promise, the object which fills our minds with the greatest astonishment is one single beam of pine-wood of gigantic dimensions—forty-eight feet in length and of uniform thickness throughout—which is laid across the tops of several shorter beams. More in number than we had time to count, specimens of wood of every possible variety of grain and every shade of colour, from pale creamy Bird's-eye maple to Blistered-black walnut, are advantageously exhibited, and we examined them minutely with admiring curiosity.

"A gracefully formed Canadian Sledge, fitted up with the softest and blackest of sealskin wrappings, which seemed ready for immediate use, next attracted our notice. We longed to jump in and glide swiftly away over the hard-frozen snow, as we used to delight in doing at Vienna and Dresden. Then we walked quietly down a long line of presses with glass doors, all full of warm clothing suited to the keen climate of the country. It is a simple unpretending show, but not the less interesting on that account. We were told that some of the articles of clothing are the work of private families in Canada, and of young women who, for the most part, live in farmhouses, where the long winter evenings are generally spent in that useful occupation.

"The last thing we stopped to look at before we took leave of that Section was a model of the French Canadian village called St. Anne, which is situated on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, below

Quebec. The school of agriculture, the parish church and schools, farmyards, dwelling-houses, gardens, orchards, and meadows are all represented in relief, and, no doubt, depict correctly an old-fashioned primitive mode of life.

"Our colony of Mauritius, which is situated in the Indian Ocean, La Belle Ile de France, as the French used to call it when they had it in their possession for about a hundred years, fills a small Section of the Exhibition with valuable Tropical productions. The Dutch owned the island for a few years, and gave it the name of Mauritius in honour of Maurice, Prince of Orange. About thirty widely scattered smaller islands belong to the colony and, notwithstanding the unhealthiness and excessive heat of the climate, they are of great value because they are found to be extremely favourable to the growth of spices and cocoa-nut palms of a superior kind. Those little islands form the group that is called the Seychelles, which is the French name, for French is the language of the colony, and a great number of French families and French merchants continue to reside there, though it has belonged to England since 1810.

"The Botanic Garden at Pamplemonsse, which is the name given to the most beautiful and most fertile district of Mauritius, is celebrated for containing the choicest vegetation to be found in the East, in Madagascar, and at the Cape of Good Hope. That magnificent garden was begun about a century ago by Labourdonnaye, then Governor of the Islands of France and Bourbon. It was Pierre Poivre, a friend of Labourdonnaye, who first introduced the culture of cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, and the like from the Moluccas or Spice Islands, which proved to be a source of considerable wealth to the colony. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, who spent some years at Pamplemonsse, has poetically described the exceeding loveliness of the scenery, and, at the same time, immortalised the important services rendered by Labourdonnaye to Mauritius. He thus tells us what he saw from his own door.

"*La rivière qui coule devant ma porte passe en ligne droite à travers les bois, en sorte qu'elle me présente un long canal ombragé d'arbres de toute sorte de feuillages ; il y a des tatamaques, des bois d'ébène, et de ceux qu'on appelle ici bois de pomme, bois d'olive, et bois de cannelle ; des bosquets de palmistes élèvent çà et là leurs colonnes nues, et longues de plus de cent pieds, surmontées à leurs sommets d'un bouquet de palmes, et paraissent au-dessus des autres arbres comme une forêt plantée sur une autre forêt. Il s'y joint des lianes de divers feuillages, qui, s'enlaçant d'un arbre à l'autre, forment ici des arcades de fleurs, là de longues courtines de verdure.*

"*A la fin de l'été, plusieurs espèces d'oiseaux étrangers viennent, par un instinct incompréhensible, de régions inconnues, au delà des*

vastes mers, récolter les graines des végétaux de cette île, et opposent l'éclat de leurs couleurs à la verdure des arbres, rembrunie par le soleil. Telles sont, entre autres, diverses espèces de perruches, et les pigeons bleus, appelés ici pigeons hollandais. Les singes, habitants domiciliés de ces forêts, se jouent dans leurs sombres rameaux, dont ils se détachent par leur poil gris et verdâtre, et leur face toute noire ; quelques-uns s'y suspendent par la queue et se balancent en l'air ; d'autres sautent de branche en branche, portant leurs petits dans leurs bras. Jamais le fusil meurtrier n'y a effrayé ces paisibles enfants de la nature. On n'y entend que des cris de joie, des gazouillements et des ramages inconnus de quelques oiseaux des terres australes, que répètent au loin les échos de ces forêts. La rivière, qui coule en bouillonnant sur un lit de roche, à travers les arbres, réfléchit çà et là dans ses eaux limpides leurs masses vénérables de verdure et d'ombre, ainsi que les jeux de leurs heureux habitants."

"Samples of sugar and sugar-candy, coffee, vanilla, and arrowroot ; spices, capillaire, and citronelle ; aniseed, coriander-seeds, and cardomoms, or Grains of Paradise—which are the seeds of a plant of the ginger tribe ; excellent Rum distilled from Molasses, are exhibited by several of the colonists. But it is not easy for mere lookers-on to appreciate the merits of such productions. We can more readily enter into the beauty of a series of drawings from nature of the flower and fruit of the Mango which are exhibited by a lady living in the colony. Another lady has sent over a collection of wax models of tropical fruits, which appear to us to be admirable imitations of what they are intended to represent. Bananas, Shaddocks—colonially called Pumblesos—Dates, Alligator Pears, Tamarinds, and Mangosteens or little Mangos, are there agreeably portrayed to us, without our having the annoyance of taking a long voyage. The Mangosteen is a native of Malacca, and one species is supposed to yield the fine yellow resin called Camboge, which is sent to Europe from Siam.

"Dr. Mellor, the director of the Botanic Garden at Pamplemonsse, exhibits samples of Mauritius-grown cotton ; some leaves of the Screw Palm, which are used in the colony for making bags to hold sugar, and about sixty specimens of different sorts of wood growing on the island, forty-five of which are indigenous to the soil. Amongst them we saw some Camphor wood, which is so useful in keeping away insects, for they cannot endure the odour, and fly as far from it as possible.

"In the Section furnished by our Colony of the Bahamas there are some good specimens of upholstery and ornamental cabinet-making, which do credit to the country. We thought the collections of different sorts of sponge, of coral, and of helmet-shells, which are used for cutting into cameos, as well as the samples of sugar, spices, confectionary, cotton, and pineapple-leaf fibre exceedingly interesting.

"The small section set apart for the Sandwich Islands, otherwise called the Hawaiian Archipelago, is fitted up with much taste and simplicity. In the twelve volcanic islands which compose that group the soil is very fertile, and produces sugar, bread-fruit, calabashes, and other plants of tropical growth, several of which are exhibited, besides a goodly show of flour, salt, sulphur, tallow, and whale-oil ; some smooth-looking cloth woven of wood-fibres and dyed a dark purplish brown by the natives themselves ; a few tippets also made by them of the coloured feathers of birds of the country, one tippet having been lent to the Exhibition by Lady Franklin, and a calabash-bottle or two, attracted our attention more than anything else that we saw from that colony.

"Close at hand we came up to a whole army of Sewing Machines which have been sent in by eighty-one exhibitors. Several obliging persons who were working at some of the machines were willing to explain to us what we saw, so that we were very much interested, and spent an agreeable hour in that part of the Exhibition.

"It appears that in the original sewing-machine, invented by Howes of New York, three hundred stitches a minute were made, but there are now machines that make five hundred stitches a minute. Thirty stitches a minute is the greatest number that a skilful workwoman can ever reach, and that is by no means common.

"The American sewing-machine, made by Weed, is decidedly the most perfect in the Exhibition, and as such obtains the gold medal. We were told of a machine of like nature for embroidery, invented by an Englishman, and a marvellous knitting loom made by an American, but we did not see either of them. It is said that some of the newly invented French sewing-machines are driven by steam. If that be the case we may hope some day to boil the tea-kettle and hem a dozen pocket handkerchiefs all at one time, and seated by our own fireside. Judging from the sewing machines which we have seen at work in the usual manner, I should say that no house ought to be without one of them. For the accommodation of persons who may find the large machines troublesome to manage, what is called the Hand-sewing-machine has been invented, which can be fixed like a vice to the edge of a table, the upright needle being worked up and down by turning a light handle.

"We cannot but rejoice to hear that those who are sightless easily learn to work with the sewing machine, and derive much enjoyment from the variety it imparts to their occupations. Thus the ingenious inventors have the happiness of rendering a far greater service to humanity than they probably ever anticipated doing."

(To be continued.)

COBLENTZ VIA ROTTERDAM.

MY DEAR F.—A London season always entails expense, and we found ourselves with light purses at the end of July. As we had to go to Coblenz, we voted that strict economy should be the order of the day. In our case strict economy meant going via Rotterdam, with cherry baskets probably for our fellow passengers. The next consideration was, whom we should ask to go with us, out of the family—for a family party for travelling is altogether a mistake—you want a wholesome restraining influence more especially then; somehow you don't allow yourself to get so tired when strange elements are introduced, and a more enlarged style of conversation fills up the gaps than the remarks of a strictly family party. So we got our friends A. M. and C. F. to promise to go, making with mamma and our three selves a party of six ladies. Mr. M. and Mr. K. asked to go with us, but on hearing our plan of going via Rotterdam, they said they would prefer meeting us at Coblenz, so our Belgian servant was the only man of the party. But, as you know of old, we do not mind a "hen" party, so we looked forward very cheerfully to our economical journey. The wharf from which the steamer started being at the other end of nowhere, the carriage was ordered two hours before the time of its starting, the luggage having been sent three hours before. Of course at the last moment everyone seemed in a hurry, our mutton chops and coffee were devoured in haste, and about nine o'clock we drove off, after tender adieux to the small white dog belonging to Z., my own, of course, going with us.

We found the boat had been changed from the "Cologne" to the "Leo," and instead of the cherry baskets, we were to have a stud of thorough-breds going over for the Prussian government—beautiful animals—with their legs carefully bound up in white linen bandages. We had to pass through a long line of them to reach the saloon—the ladies' cabin where we had taken our berths being quite at the extreme end of the ship.

The grooms in charge of the horses were not a distinguished set; they advised us to be "careful of them ferocious animals," as we passed the horses; that being their notion of a joke. The drive having taken three quarters of an hour instead of two hours, we had a tiresome time to wait before quitting the wharf. There was a slight excitement in wondering whether owing to the change of boat our friends would come to the right place—also in watching the other passengers arrive, and in buying plums and pears from an old woman. At last we recognised a grey alpaca in the distance, which we knew belonged to

A. M., and she and her brother came on board at a quarter to eleven, having been wandering up and down the different wharfs.

The bell rang—the brother disappeared; and we started down the river, between the wonderful picturesque crowd of ships and barges. We sat on deck watching it, and I longed to have Turner's power of drawing all that confused mass of rigging and sails, mistily mixed with the buildings in the distance, with a tawny barge sail here and there coming out clear and distinct. We had not many fellow-passengers—a nice, regularly English family, from the country, consisting of father, son, and two daughters, fresh-looking girls with striped dresses and neat waterproofs and dogskin gloves; a German merchant, his wife and children, rather smarter in their get-up; a lady and her daughter, who were desirous of going to Dresden, via Rotterdam, without the faintest idea of how their journey was to be achieved—lady-like people, but not intelligent about their Bradshaw. However, A. M., with the philanthropic energy which distinguishes her, found out their route, and, during the whole of our sojourn on the sea, whenever she and the mild lady with grey hair came in contact, Bradshaws were instantly opened and a mysterious conversation began, of which I, being “wanting” so far as an understanding of Bradshaw is concerned, could make out nothing but a seemingly most useless repetition of the names of towns—Paderhorn, Soest, Leibnitz—Leibnitz, Soest, Paderhorn, etc. We had the story of “The Sea Gull” with us, so, when we had talked enough, J. began to read. At two o'clock came dinner. It was a very good dinner, and fairly served. I was much amused in watching the men who had charge of the stud—something above grooms and something very much below gentlemen. Such faces they had, not half so intellectual as any of the stud! They remained after dinner in the saloon, betting between each other which had the biggest toe, and asking, “Which would you rather do—kiss the Pope's toe or Mrs. Beecher's toe?” You see the company via Rotterdam is not select.

We had passed the Nore when we went on deck. There was a Boulogne steamer, very much crowded, just ahead of us. We soon saw it change its course and turn back, making signals for us to stop. A boat with three men was sent off to us, and when they came they called out that their cook had jumped overboard, and asked if we had seen him. Our boat started off with two men in search. The sea was calm, but the eddies there are so strong that no one thought it much good looking. However, they wandered about for some time, the steamers standing still—then the Boulogne boat resumed its course and we went on; the general expression of the feeling of the passengers being that such things were very dreadful; not original, but quite true enough for the occasion. We watched the water for

some time, thinking to see something, but we saw nothing. The Foreland lighthouse was now only a long speck of light, and the coast was quite dim. The evening was lovely, the sun set in a perfectly cloudless sky, and the moon rose almost round, a day short of being full. At seven o'clock we had a substantial tea, and by the time we were on deck again it was twilight. We walked up and down, and found a Rotterdam steamer an enjoyable place under the circumstances. At half-past eleven it was thought more proper for us to go downstairs. I could not sleep, as my berth was just under the steerage, and the chains of the wheel made a great noise. There was a lovely view of the moon from the window above my berth, so I sat up and looked out. Everything became quiet by three o'clock, and we found in the morning that the pilot had come on board at twelve. It appears there are two passages into the river, but, for the last twelve months, the old passage has been filled with sand. The new passage was thought feasible by the captain, owing to the moon's being so bright that night. But the pilot said it would be dangerous to try it then, and that he must wait till the next tide ; so the boat stopped.

At five o'clock we went back a little to get a better sea for fishing. I went on deck about nine and saw a low coast not far off, with the tower of the church at Brill, which served as a lighthouse at night. The fishing boats looked pretty, glistening in the morning sun ; and it was very pleasant on deck. Breakfast was ready at half-past nine, and we ate the fish they had caught. At twelve we began moving again, and we passed the new pier building, which will I believe in future prevent such *contretemps* as remaining, as we did, in the open sea ever so many hours. The sides of the river were like a series of Rembrandt's landscapes—of course flat as flat can be—rich green meadows, with spires and groups of houses and innumerable windmills rising up from the flatness. Canals run up from the river to the villages, and barges and fishing-boats crowd the sides of the miniature quays which are overshadowed by rows of trees.

On getting into the Maas, the river on which the town of Rotterdam is situated, we passed many barges, some fitted up extensively as dwellings, the little windows having miniature Venetian blinds, and decorated with pots of geraniums. As you near the town the river shoots off into many canals, all bordered by trees and dark formal houses, not unlike English houses, the street running between the trees and houses. The sides of the river in the town are the same, only with a wide flagged quay outside the trees. The New Bath Hotel, where we were to dine, is on the quay, likewise the bank where our English money had to be changed.

On arriving at the hotel we were shown into rooms looking straight into a canal, and informed that the *table d'hôte* was at 4.

The windows of the long and cool dining-room looked into a garden, and large dishes of ice were on the table. Our fellow-passengers and some Dutchmen were the only company. We were to leave by an eight o'clock train for the Hague, so after dinner, while mamma rested, we four sallied forth to see the town. It is all the same; the canals, bridges, and trees curious and new, the houses only are prosaic, and rather too much like English houses to be picturesque. The churches have generally coloured slated domes, out of which small steeples rise. We heard that a fair was going on in the town, so we wandered about in hope of coming upon it. The shop-people were sitting outside their shops with their children, all most wonderfully clean. The caps surpassed any I have ever seen in whiteness. Even a beggar who was playing a sort of guitar outside the hotel, had a cap whiter than any bonnet one has worn once in London. I saw a funny scene at a cab-stand; a cabby sitting on the pavement with his little boy, making their tea with a kettle and a charcoal fire, all their concerns so neat and tidy. The Dutch are more dependent on their tea than we are. We came upon the fair at last, and saw some curious head-dresses. The women from the north of Holland wear under their caps wide bands of gold, fitting close to their heads, and in front, gold pins fastening their caps. These have deep curtains which stick out from the ear. On the top of these caps the more *comme-il-faut* specimens wear hideous large straw bonnets, decorated extensively with common artificial flowers and feathers, making their heads an enormous size. There are a great many pretty women among them, beautiful pink and white complexions, and quiet mild countenances. The fair covered a small open space, crossed a wide bridge, and ran a long way down one side of a canal. The theatres and entertainments of that sort were in another place, near a gate of the town, which we passed going to the station. Gingerbread stalls predominated, but every sort of wearing apparel and ornaments (carved work, etc.) were to be seen, and numerous toys. There was a shop where a Tyrolese man and his wife sold gloves. Their appearance was very picturesque, they were dressed in the regular Tyrolese costume. We talked to them, and I bought some of their cotton gloves, which I wore the rest of the journey. We had found it nearly impossible to put on our kid gloves in the great heat.

We also stopped at a photograph shop, and bought for twopence each a portrait of Madame Schumann and a German princess, rather pretty—but I forget which. The children attacked Gyp's tail as we were making our purchases, and as he was very tired, and much annoyed at such practices, we went straight home, and soon afterwards started in two cabs for the station. It takes half an hour in the train from Rotterdam to the Hague. The country we saw by the light of the full moon; flat rich green fields, bordered by wide streams in which the

moon shone ; flags and large dog-leaves abounding on the sides and in the streams. The cattle glimmered in the light, and the line of the horizon was broken by windmills and church spires. We passed some small stations, among them was Delf, where the ware is made.

At the station of the Hague Monsieur De B.'s servant met us with a letter from Z. saying they had expected us all day, and would come at one o'clock the next day to drive us to the Musée. We drove to the Hotel de l'Europe, had tea, and went to bed. According to promise the De B.s arrived next day, having previously sent a note to say they wanted us to drive with them to Schreveningen, and take tea and hear music. This we found to be the custom at the Hague. Schreveningen being the sea-side place, about twenty minutes' drive through a charming wood. The De B.'s carriage (a pretty light barouche built at the Hague, the horses very much like English carriage horses) took us in two parties to the Musée, which was quite near the hotel.

We saw some good miniatures downstairs in a private room, and then went upstairs for the famous Paul Potter's "Bull" and Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy." The first is a large picture, the bull, though small, being life size. Of the imitative school I have never seen anything more perfect. The texture of the different parts is most wonderful—the rough, bristly strength of the red hide, the horns of the ram, curved in rough ridges, are the most remarkable parts, but the whole picture has a most real look, and the cow's head, with its full mild black eye, is strikingly living. There seems, however, to be a want of picturesque breadth of light and shadow which makes the picture intensely prosaic. This I noticed more, of course, after looking some time at the "School of Anatomy." Unfortunately the light obliges one to look at this from the wrong side, and the body, which is foreshortened so as to show the greater part of the soles of the feet, looks only right where the shine of the light from the window hides the rest of the figures. It is one of the most finished Rembrandts I have seen—the corpse wonderfully painted. The master is dissecting one of the hands, and points to some of the veins, while looking as if to a school of students. The surrounding figures, all in black like himself, are, with the exception of two, in full light. The half tone of shade on the others is very remarkable, but the light and shade of the picture are neither so forced nor so picturesque as in most of his later pictures. This was his first great picture, and was bought by his patron, Burgomaster Six, who afterwards left it to the nation.

There are some other less remarkable Rembrandts in the Musée, and two very nice portraits by Rubens, and a whole family in the same frame, though in different compartments, by Vandyck ; a beautiful Hemling, also a few good Dutch pictures, Gerard Dows, etc.

We took a turn about the town after leaving the Musée. The back of the Musée looks on a large piece of water, the front looks on a square. Trees border the streets and squares, but there are fewer canals than at Rotterdam.

The Houses of Parliament form two sides of a large square, and face the most picturesque-looking building in the town, an old church, now turned into the Government Lottery. One would have fancied the Dutch too enlightened a people to deal in such things. Z. de B. took us to a parasol shop, as one of our party wanted one. She always does her shopping at Brussels, and says the shops at the Hague are not very good.

We returned home, dressed, and then went to dine with the De B.s. They have a charming house in a garden full of flowers, going down to a canal—not exactly in the town. It was furnished from Brussels, and is more tastefully got up than most of the houses in the Hague. The dinner was excellent, though not in English order. Soup, roast-beef, fish, and then beans and fresh herring—which is thought much of in Holland and is cured in a particular way. Then came a course of meat, *volaille*, salad, sweets, and dessert. Various wines, among others, port during dinner, and champagne just before dessert. After this we had coffee, and drove off to Schreveningen; the elders in a close carriage, we four in an open, with M. de B. on the box.

There was a lovely sky above us during the drive, and a beautiful sunset when we got there. Facing the sea is a monster hotel, which takes in five hundred people; and opposite, in front of it, a kiosk for the band; and before this are placed hundreds of little square wooden tables with chairs around them, where people take their tea; which is served in little black delft teapots, sugar-basins and milk-jugs of the same, with white cups and saucers, and kettles on *chaudrons* (charcoal fires) put on the ground by the person making tea. Everyone has exactly the same little arrangement.

We were introduced to a cousin of the De B.s, Mdle. la Comtesse de H., a nice girl, who had been a good deal in England. The society of the Hague is very exclusive and very particular. The uncle of Madame de B. was prime minister, a De Hohenlohe, and she told us all the etiquette of the society. The aristocracy do not at all mix with any set but the *diplomats*, and these have a faster tone than the aristocracy, so they generally keep to their own set. Such a thing as rouging, painting, or dyeing of hair is not for a moment tolerated. Z. told us one young lady rouged, and “*tout le monde s'est retiré d'elle.*”

The process of getting into society is this. People of a certain position send a request for an audience with the Queen. She names an evening, generally about nine o'clock, and keeps you talking for about twenty minutes, sitting by her. She is very simple and agreeable.

The next day you leave cards on all the aristocracy and the *diplomats*. The first ball given after that you are asked to, and your ambassador, or the person you know best, introduces you all round, and then you are asked out every night. At Schreveningen the *diplomats* were all together at one table, and seemed quite the most lively set there. We enjoyed it immensely; the air was so fine, the music so pretty, and the tea so good. There were fireworks about ten o'clock. There was a crowd of women in their curious caps, such as I described, outside the kiosk. The fireworks were very good, and the drive home charming, through the wood by moonlight—romantic to the last degree!

The next day the De B.s came in their carriage, and then we in another accompanied them to the "Bois," where the Queen's palace is. It is very pretty, full of large English-looking trees, with a pretty lake in it. We went over the palace, where there is a collection of most beautiful Indian china and cabinets. The walls of two or three rooms are hung with most exquisite Indian silks. There are a few good modern pictures; two by Galée, and one by Ary Scheffer.

There is a large dining-room with a very high domed roof, which is covered, as are also the walls, with paintings by pupils of Rubens. In the centre of the roof is a portrait of a princess, a widow, with the skull of her husband in her hand. The queen's bed-room is very simple. Behind the palace there is a pretty garden and a piece of water, where in the winter the Queen invites ladies to skate. The lake in the Bois is public, and is the great place for skating. We dined at the hotel, and before we had quite finished Mdlle. de H. called in her carriage for two of us, and a little later Madame de B. came in hers to fetch the rest to take us to hear the band of the Grenadiers, which had received a prize at Paris, and performs twice a week in the Bois under a "kiosk," near a restaurant surrounded by tables and chairs, as at the hotel at Schreveningen. We had tea just in the same way as the night before. The music was beautiful, particularly a selection from Chopin and a piece from "L'Africaine," both arranged by the director, whom the Emperor decorated in Paris. He walked with some Belgian gentlemen, friends of Madame de B.'s, and drove home about eleven. Gyp hated these expeditions, for as the servants went out as well as ourselves, he was generally left quite alone. The next day J. and I could not go again to the Musée as we had wished, as it was shut, so we went to a private gallery, where there were some very good little Dutch pictures. The De B.s came to take us to the bazaar, but I was too tired, and as it was only a sort of pantheon, I did not mind missing it. We dined at the De B.s again, and drove to Schreveningen. There were not so many people. The Prince of Orange drove past us in the Hansom cab which he brought from England with him. We went back to the De B.s with Mdlle. de H.,

and got home about eleven. Next day we went to the English church, but had to go away before the sermon, as we were to leave by a two o'clock train. The De B.s took us to the station, and we started off for Amsterdam. The chief place one passes on the road is Haarlem, where the immense organ is, but I believe it is out of order. The country is just the same as between Rotterdam and the Hague. It was drizzling, and under the low grey sky the country certainly did not look fascinating. There was a great scarcity of carriages at the station, so we five got into one, the servants walked, and the luggage went on trucks. The hotel Amster, where we were going, is quite at the other end of the town, near the German railway. It is a monster hotel, only just opened. We passed through a great part of the town. It is a wonderful place, all canals and bridges, much wider than those at Rotterdam. The houses are most picturesque, and the masses of buildings irregular. We had dinner when we got in, and did not go out again. The next morning was very hot, and after breakfast we took two carriages from the hotel and drove about from twelve till three o'clock. The carriages are very good, with capital horses, and an arrangement which is very comfortable in hot weather—an awning arranged over the carriage, supported by four poles from the corners. We first went to the bank, then to a collection of modern pictures called the Fodor Collection. Here there were two nice pictures by Deschamps, a large picture by Ary Scheffer, and a pretty little one by Wykeman; also some nice drawings by old masters, two heads by Vandyke, and two landscapes by Rembrandt, which were charming. We then went to see the diamond cutting, which is very curious. It is a large establishment; all the workmen are Jews. The trade always remains in the same families, descending from father to son; and if anyone is discovered to be in the least dishonest, he is cut by all his friends and relations. We did not see the first cutting. The finishing cutting and the polishing are done together. It is only diamond dust that will polish diamonds. It is put into water, and the diamond fixed at the end of a piece of lead is put into it, and then applied to a flat smooth wheel of steel, which the machinery turns round at a tremendous pace. This cuts and polishes each little angle, and it is the workman's business to get the shape right. We next visited the National Gallery, where are two marvellous pictures by Rembrandt, and several other good Dutch ones. "The Night Watch," the largest picture Rembrandt ever painted, is one: and seven portraits of the "Guild of Drapers," is another. The first is most glowing and marvellous in its picturesque effects of light and shade. The figures are most life-like, but it is difficult to know whether it is meant for daylight or lamplight; for the former it is certainly too yellow in tone. The other picture is very beautiful; the faces are strong and remarkable—a very superior set

of drapers. We saw over the King's palace, which was formerly used as the Palais de Justice—a succession of large rooms with walls of Carrara marble ; and we mounted one hundred and eighty steps to the top, from which we had a good view of the whole of Amsterdam and its environs.

The next day after breakfast J. and I took a carriage and went to the Six and Van Loou collections, the two best private galleries in Amsterdam.

The Sixes are descendants of the Burgomaster who was Rembrandt's patron, and the famous portrait of him by Rembrandt is in their house. It is a most beautiful face, and the picture, though not highly finished, is the most exquisite portrait I have ever seen. It is a strong face, refined and sensitive in expression, shaded by a black hat, the outline softened by light wavy yellow hair. His mother's portrait by Rembrandt hangs opposite, very highly finished, and a very beautiful picture also. There are two small heads of the burgomaster and his wife by Rembrandt ; and a beautiful collection of Gerard Dows and the most famous masters of his school. The house is fitted up with china and old glass. The Van Loou collection is also very good. We should not have been admitted had M. not known the Van Loous, as they were in the house.

We got home at one o'clock, lunched and started for the station on foot. The country between Amsterdam and Utrecht is called the Paradise of Holland. It is as pretty as a perfectly flat country can be, but the comfort of seeing the first hills after the flatness of Holland is great. We arrived at Cologne at nine, slept at the Belle Vue at Deutz, and went to the cathedral next morning. It is far more beautiful than my remembrance of it. We took a walk in the town, and set off for Coblenz in the one o'clock steamer from Deutz, and got to Coblenz at ten, enjoying the scenery more than I can describe. If you wish to appreciate the Rhine the best way to go is viâ Holland ; for not only is the country well worth seeing, but the beauty of the Rhine hills strikes you so much more after the flatness of Holland. However, I do not feel we saw it at all completely. In the first place we had not sufficient time, and in the second we wanted some one with us to find out the best way of seeing what is perhaps the most worth seeing of all—namely, how the country is made. In itself it is nothing but beds of shifting sand, and the Dutch have made it a flourishing, rich, largely inhabited country. It is really most extraordinary when you think that every material which accomplished this metamorphosis was imported from foreign countries. Whole forests of firs and oaks from Norway, and Sweden have been used for the piles which form the foundation of the soil and the buildings, hundreds of trees being required as the foundation for any

large building. The stone and soil required has been chiefly brought from Germany, down the Rhine, and regular rows of trees planted to keep the soil together. Of all this you get a good idea by seeing the making of some new dyke or the building of some new house near the sea. From the windows of the Amster Hotel I watched some works of the kind going on ; but, as I said before, we might have stayed many days longer in Holland and found much to interest us, and certainly what we have seen would make the idea of another visit very pleasant.

Now I have written you such a long account of our journey, I begin to fear you will revenge yourself by putting it into the *VICTORIA MAGAZINE*, which will be very cruel to your readers, for though I flatter myself these details (scribbled in great haste and at odd moments), will have some interest for you, they are far too *scrappish* to entertain your grave and wise subscribers, and ought not to fill up space which would be more worthily employed by chronicling the deeds and doings of the great Social Science Association, now holding its Annual Meeting in Belfast. So I beg you not to turn this into *print*, under pain of my perpetual displeasure.

[NOTE.—The account of the Social Science Meeting will be given in our next number ; and as we disagree with the writer in limiting to ourselves the interest afforded by a perusal of this pleasant little sketch, we have ventured to insert it in these pages, and will risk the threatened wrath.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*As Letters containing various opinions, in order to promote free discussion, will be freely inserted, the Editor declines being held responsible for the Correspondence.*]

To the Editor of the VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

MADAM,—I send you a postscript to my letter of July 29 (signed "West of the Atlantic"). There are several States, besides Michigan, holding conventions to revise their constitutions, and New York is among these. It appears (I am sorry I have not time to hunt up one of our local papers that contain the report to send you) that this State in its convention has voted against women's suffrage by 125 against, to 19 for, the proposition. Mr. Greeley (the editor of the *New York Tribune*), chairman of the suffrage committee, stated that the committee had decided to "enfranchise" the blacks because they wanted to vote, and to withhold the elective franchise from the women because they did not want to vote. If anyone doubted this let him ask the next twenty blacks and twenty white women that he met. Not one-tenth of the women of the State, he said, want or would ask to vote. This being the case he would not force them to vote, because he believed that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed (as is held in our "Declaration of Independence"). He would agree to a proposition to leave the matter to the women to decide it themselves, but he would count all who did not vote as if they voted in the negative. He was opposed to the proposition, he said, because it placed women in the position of men—a place for which nature had not fitted them. He wanted the women of the State to speak as women, and not as men. He would commit to their charge all "domestic questions of marriage, separation, and the household." Let them have their own meetings and conventions, and they would be heard on these questions. He repudiated the effort of a few women to speak for the whole, etc.

This is a lengthy report of Mr. Greeley's remarks, which attracted my attention in a paper published in the interior, and I would say that I consider them open to several objections. How does Mr. Greeley know, to begin with, that the majority of the negroes wanted their freedom, and when they obtained it how did he know that they wanted the elective franchise? The truth is both were given to them without any supplication on their part—their freedom was the result of war, their enfranchisement was, and is being, forced upon them by the republican party to keep itself in power.

There is the same claim of humanity for the freedom of the white women from the shackles of society's slavery, and they are more entitled to vote, by their natural relations to the white men, than the negro.

If it would be compulsion to make all the women vote (which is not contemplated by the law) the compulsion is the other way when we will not let the one-tenth of the women vote that want to vote.

I may say here that the State of New Jersey formerly allowed its women the use of the ballot (I do not know whether it was the only State that did), and in that State they helped to elect Washington to his office of president in both terms. Why the clause in its law letting women vote was repealed about twenty years ago, if I am rightly informed, I do not know.

But I return to Mr. Greeley. His objection to "women being placed in the

position of men, a place for which nature had not fitted them," and his wanting "the women of the State to speak as women, and not men," savours also of compulsion. For what moral right has he to say what the women shall do, always provided that they do nothing that is vicious? It is as much the business of the women to say what the men shall do, as it is for the men to say what the women shall do, may I say, the Bible to the contrary notwithstanding. (For who made the Bible, if we come down to that, if, I again suggest, I may be permitted to ask?)

Of the effort of a few women to speak for the whole, if it is not to be justified, do not the men do this in their political meetings, and when they set about reforms?

I further learn that among the States revising their constitutions, is Illinois, and the result there upon the question of women's suffrage shows how much nearer the truth they seem to be out west than in this backward State of New York. It has been passed there I am told as "a separate proposition," and when the people vote upon accepting the amended constitution, the women's suffrage question will stand or fall by itself.

We should be in favour of letting the ladies have more liberties than they have, and if they will not, or cannot, vote, let them hold their own meetings and conventions, as Mr. Greeley says. Let them make an effort to stop the rum-dealers selling their husbands liquor after they are in a state of intoxication. Let them seek to make divorce perfectly easy when they are tied to brutal and drunken husbands. Let them secure their husbands' earnings for the support of their families. Let them have the liberty (when they have it not), to choose their own dresses.

We have too much domestic infelicity, and it is because our women do not preserve their independence enough. There is a disposition in men not to come down to little things, the little "table-talk" that is so agreeable and health-inspiring to the mind; but men are occupied too much with business subjects. Everything it seems must bend to the interests of the business, and finally to the State. All is tending to centralisation in this age; we have too much of it. We want more simplicity—a living nearer to our centres—more in the family, in the home-circle, and less out-doors and for the State. The State will take care of itself when we take care of the family, as, take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves.

There is one thing I would ask the ladies to do, and that is, to set their faces against war. It would work for their own good more than they think for. A woman should have an opinion independent of her husband on all subjects. (It is said that Mr. Greeley's wife was one of the petitioners for the ballot.) If they will war with the tongue they never should in any case extend their sympathies to "armed" war.

Respectfully yours,

New York, *August 5, 1867.*

W. E. H.

MISCELLANEA.

THE HEALTH OF BOYS AND GIRLS.—A boy romps and laughs, plays at athletic games, whips tops, runs races, climbs trees, leaps and jumps, and exercises all his muscles in turn. He lolls in his chair, and assumes any attitude he pleases at his desk. He has from his game a sufficient appetite to eat heartily, and out of school hours he feels under no restraint. The girl, on the contrary, never romps, runs races, whips tops, etc. She only sits upright and walks, thus developing, and sometimes all but destroying, only one set of muscles. She cannot shake off for a moment the feeling of constraint, and she naturally loses appetite, becomes languid, faint, and low. The boy comes into rude contact with those above, below, and around him. He has to endure "chaffing," to learn to "hold his own," to fight if need be. Even in his games his mind has to be active. He has to think about the most judicious way of fielding when Tom is at the wickets, or of looking out when Dick kicks the football. This develops his intellect, and teaches him his place in his own world. The girl, on the contrary, is so hedged in with protection, that she has no power of her own, and she cannot learn life, for the book is kept closed to her. Let us at this moment pause awhile, for memory recalls to our mind the name and nature of many a blooming woman whom we have admired for their loveliness, their good sense, their genuine worth, and speaking professionally, for their thorough healthfulness. How have they been brought up? Why almost invariably in the country, living with their brothers, and sharing their sports in a feminine way—riding or walking, irrespective of dirty lanes; boating, playing bowls, or croquet, swinging, lolling under the greenwood tree, eating as much as they liked, and only under restraint during the period when they were with Miss Tuteur or Professor Guitarro. They have had, perhaps, a single year at a finishing school to enable them to break off naturally a few objectionable habits, to part with a few undesirable acquaintances and to pass with ease from the girl to the woman. When such a one leaves school she does not think of it as a place of punishment to be avoided. She has most probably acquired a fondness for her music or painting, or found sufficient interest in German or Italian to continue its study. Her mind, with its healthy tone unspoiled by the incessant worry of school, seeks for occupation rather than for inglorious repose. To such a one brothers will tell their little adventures, and whether she have beauty of face or elegance of form, or be in reality somewhat plain, she is voted "a brick," and as such takes an honoured place in the domestic architecture. The conclusion to be drawn from the fore-

going remarks is inevitable—viz., that if we wish to preserve the health of our daughters we must not overwork them. The horseman does not put a filly to labour at a period when he would allow her brother, of the same age, to be idle in the field. If we insist on our daughters learning double the number of subjects that their brothers do, and in the same time, we are certain to impair their health, and no amount of doctoring will prevent the catastrophe. It is all nonsense to imagine that beauty of face and elegance of figure depends upon “deportment” being taught at school. Those who believe such trash can never have read in Cook’s voyages and those of other men of the graceful charms of the “savage” women of Owhyee—or have read the pretty couplet in which Scott described his charming “Lady of the Lake”—

“And ne’er did Grecian chisel trace

A nymph, a maiden, or a grace,

Of finer form or lovelier face.

What though no rule of courtly grace

To measured mood had trained her pace ;

A foot more light, a step more true,

Ne’er from the heath-flower dashed the dew,” etc.

Medical Mirror.

MISS MARY CARPENTER.—A meeting was held on the 25th inst. at the rooms of the East India Association. Among those present were Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, Mrs. M. Nowrojee, Mrs. Dadabhai Cama (both Parsee ladies), and many other native and English ladies and gentlemen. Sir B. Frere, the chairman, read a letter from the subscribers, and Mr. N. Furdooujee presented a tea service in silver to Miss Mary Carpenter on behalf of certain native gentlemen of Bombay, requesting her acceptance of the present as a small token of their esteem, admiration, and gratitude, and as a memento of her visit to their country. Miss Carpenter replied at some length, expressing her deep gratification that her visit and conduct in India had met the approbation of her native friends. She explained the object of her visit to India, and mentioned the reasons why she thought government ought now to assist in supplying qualified female teachers by establishing normal schools on the plan suggested by her. At the request of the chairman, Mr. D. Naoroji, Mr. Mooljee, Mr. M. Cursetjee, and Mr. N. Furdooujee addressed the meeting, expressing their approval of Miss Carpenter’s plans, and their desire to see them carried out. The chairman recommended the speakers and the native gentlemen present to communicate their views to government. A vote of cordial thanks to the chairman terminated the interesting proceedings.

LATE MARRIAGES.—Some men, and many women—for they hold their hearts, from a custom in the sex, with much more circumspection

than we do ours—never fall in love, but all those who do can, I think, do so wisely. One is not always shot through the pin of the heart by the arrow of a white wench's black eyes suddenly and without notice. Observation, acuteness, sensitiveness, pride, and even self-love, or its elder and more serious brother, self-respect, should be brought to bear. How many grave doctors have written books telling us how to take care of our digestions, to keep our skins clear and our pores open, and yet how few have given any directions about the heart. Is there any one who will tell us how to detect our hearts, when they love only a shadow of the ideal we have formed, for that is the cause of the unhappiness of thousands of women? Is there any one who will teach the young man how to fix his foolish fancies not on the mere outside, but on the heart? Is there no lay preacher who will laugh away the shamefacedness which drives men to late marriages, and bids the heart lie fallow for so long that weeds of base desires occupy the ground? Is there no one who will do all this? Noble Sir Walter Raleigh, writing from his last sad prison to his son, gave this advice:—"Let thy love especially be to the best, and to her only; but take heed that thou love God, thy country, thy prince, and thine own estate before all others: for the *fancies* of men change, and he that loves to-day hateth to-morrow; but let *reason be thy schoolmistress*, which shall ever guide thy love aright."—*The Broadway, No. 1.*

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.—The enfranchisement of women is only a practical extension of universal suffrage; and this again is only a practical consequence of the principle of universal equality. The reasoning which proclaimed universal equality, and declared all classes of society, without regard to birth, rank, wealth, or education, to be entitled to the same political privileges, could not stop short of an endeavour to extinguish the natural distinctions of sex, and so to accomplish what is styled the emancipation of women. The subject was broached in the French National Assembly of 1789. The idea of the State which at that time prevailed was a purely abstract one. It was deduced from the theory of the rights of man, applied directly to the political Constitution. The State was regarded only as a sum of individuals; and if this is admitted, the enfranchisement of women follows as a logical necessity. Women are not less human than men; and why should one-half of the human race be deprived of their natural rights? It would be a cruel wrong, which prescription would only make more repulsive. When we are abolishing privileges, women must be enfranchised, since they have the same rights of humanity as men. This is what follows from the principles of 1789, and this is how Mr. Mill argues in his "Considerations upon Representative Government."

The great mistake which was made in 1789, and which has left so

many consequences behind, consisted in identifying the universal rights of humanity with social and political rights. The rights of man are purely personal ; as individual human beings, we are all equal, without distinction of rank, wealth, nationality, race or sex. But the constitution of society and of the State by no means follows at once from this fact, seeing that we have to deal not only with the rights of humanity, but with the rights which arise out of the peculiar nature of society and of the State. Here equality can never prevail. The whole internal arrangement of society depends upon inequality—on one having what another has not ; so that all the members of society are brought together by their mutual wants ; and thus every class has its own rights and its own duties, which another has not, and which do not at all depend upon the mere rights of humanity. Still more obvious is the political inequality, which lies in the distinction between those who command and those who obey, developed in the various phases of public administration. Here equality can only exist in so far as it signifies equal respect for the rights of the individual ; but these rights can never be themselves equal in all their particulars. Of course the rights of a king are not more sacred than those of the humblest of his subjects ; but they are different in their nature, and entail different obligations. A similar relation will be found in the position of the two sexes. Between man and woman there exists a radical inequality ; and it is by this very inequality that they supplement each other, and form a family, upon which the preservation of the human race depends. It is absurd to talk here of equality. The rights of the woman are quite as sacred as the rights of the man ; but they are not the same ; and as the woman is intended for essentially different purposes from the man, her position in society must be essentially different also.

This brings us to the point of the question ; for everything depends upon what is conceived to be the distinction of the sexes. If this distinction were unimportant, there would be no reason for any difference in political position ; and to deny women the electoral privilege would be an act of folly, caprice, or barbarism. It is necessary to consider the distinction between the sexes in the plenitude of its nature before we can appreciate its political consequences. It is a distinction which penetrates all nature ; and as humanity is the crown of the visible creation, so the duplex of man and woman is the potential form of all the contrasts which move the world and are reflected in human life. Let us, therefore, first cast a glance at Nature.

In the organic world we find the distinction of animal and vegetable. Both contain a male and female principle, for they are living things, and nothing lives without distinction of sex. But if we come to compare animals as such with vegetables as such, it is obvious that in the animal world the male principle preponderates, and in the vegetable

world the female. As the organisation of animals is adapted for motion, so man is intended for activity, both physical and intellectual. He is intended to enter into various relations and to circulate through the world. But the sphere of a woman is home, just as a plant is fixed in the earth ; and accordingly we find the organs of vegetation more fully developed in the body of a woman than the organs of motion, while in the male body the reverse is the case. Plants require light, warmth, and moisture, and absorb these physical agents through every pore, for their life depends upon it. In the same way the intellectual constitution of a woman is pre-eminently receptive ; and consequently her intellectual vitality is essentially different from that of man. Women are more open to intellectual influences of all kinds than men ; and therefore, as a rule, they are more disposed to credulity and more easily excited. On the other hand, the female intellect has little constructive power, and has, therefore, seldom produced great works of art, great thoughts, or great inventions. Their strength lies in the receptive faculty, as is the case with plants. The analogy holds even in the external appearance of woman, her dress and ornaments are allied with plants ; and just as a plant unfolds the full energy of its nature in the bud, so the natural striving of a woman is after beauty. Men, on the contrary, have in their outward appearance, as well as in their movements and inclinations, more analogy with animals. Their natural impulse is to exhibit, not their beauty, but their strength. So we never compare them to flowers ; but we talk of a man being as brave as a lion, having the eye of an eagle, and so on ; while we say of a woman that she blossoms like a rose. An intuitive wisdom, asserting the difference of the sexes, lies in such phrases as these, which are used by people of all nations. In the inorganic world the difference between the male and female principle appears conspicuously in the contrast of acids and alkalines, upon which the most important chemical processes depend. Again it appears in electric and magnetic polarisation, in expansion and contraction, and in centrifugal and centripetal force. This last antithesis, which is the most simple and universal, is at the same time the most profound ; and it corresponds very closely with the profound distinction between man and woman. Man is centrifugal, and woman centripetal.

A similar distinction exists between political and domestic life. In politics human life expands, while in the family it condenses and concentrates itself. Home recalls men's centrifugal thoughts and feelings from their dissipation in the the world, and the influence which home thus exercises belongs wholly to woman. Of course a man must provide for his family, and he is its representative and therefore its master. But the peculiarity of family life consists in the fact that the mastership is of little importance ; what keeps the family

together is the tone of feeling which runs through all its members, and which depends chiefly upon the woman. Experience generally proves that the state of a family depends upon her, and that the influence of the mother keeps brothers and sisters together much more than that of the father. Even distant relationships are generally kept up by women, who know all the connections of the family in a way for which men have little inclination. For the characteristics of men require, for their development, intercourse with the outer world, and a more extended sphere. So it is with reason and will, the characteristic faculties of the man. Reason must expand if it is not to remain feeble; and the will can only be strengthened by conflicting with opposing forces. It is quite different with the qualities which predominate in women. Their chief theoretic faculty is sentiment, which is strengthened by concentration; and it is the same with love, their chief practical faculty, which is nothing when divided between many objects. In the family woman finds all the conditions necessary for her physical and intellectual development; and she is at the same time its life and soul. Woman can only exhibit the perfection of her character in the family, while man can only display the fulness of his character in public life; and it is of advantage to society that women should appear womanly and that men should appear manly. Public opinion accordingly always finds it blameworthy that either men or women should put off the character of their sex; and rightly so, for in such a case the peculiar advantages of one sex are lost without those of the other being acquired. The womanly qualities of sentiment and love are as necessary for the existence of society as the manly qualities of reason and will. If society consisted only of men, sentiment and love would disappear, and a mere self-destructive mass would remain. On the other hand, if men were banished from society, precision of thought and energy of will would vanish; and the result would be like a swamp without wind to agitate it or sun to shine upon it. In order, therefore, that reason and will, sentiment and love may abide among men, each sex must develop its own proper character; and this can only be done in different spheres.

But just as a man and woman, by reason of their contrast, stand in the closest connection, so family life, although a different thing from political life, continually affects and is affected by it. As a natural consequence woman acquires a considerable influence in politics. If we go through the history of any nation, we shall always trace the influence of woman; and if it were possible to represent her influence quantitatively, it would be found not much less than that of man. But woman has no sphere of direct activity beyond the family. In politics she works indirectly, especially by the education of her children, and by her influence over man's feelings. This influence is, in general, a

power that works in silence and unseen, like warmth, to find out the source of which a close examination is necessary. The normal condition of things is that woman should find her sphere of action in the family, and influence public affairs only indirectly through her husband. The more jealously this relation is kept up, the better it will be for the family and for the State. It is true that in our present complicated and artificial condition, not a few women are without any suitable position in the family circle, and, consequently, miss their natural vocation. This is a misfortune which ought to be mitigated as far as possible ; but it is not mitigated by giving women the franchise, and thus, to a certain extent, making men of them. This only increases the evil. It favours a principle which, in its consequences, must tend to break up family life ; and history shows that the dissolution of family life leads to the decline and fall of the State. It is the function of legislation not to sanction what is unnatural, but, as far as possible, to walk in the paths of nature. To enfranchise women is to induce them to quit the family circle, and to make them unwomanly ; whereas legislation should aim at their being womanly, which is quite as important as that men should be manly. Many women, it is true, understand quite as much about public affairs as the great mass of men ; but this is irrelevant where the question is not about personal abilities and rights, but the mission of the two sexes. This is the point which is not understood by those who regard the State merely as a sum of individuals, and consequently desire to adapt legislation to the personal circumstances of these individuals. The mistake is one of principle. No one can deny that not a few women have greater physical strength than many men, and are certainly robust enough to carry arms. Ought such women, then, to be enlisted in the army ? According to superficial principles of equality, this certainly ought to be the case. For the same rights involve the same duties ; and the woman who receives a vote ought, also, to accept a musket. In Plato's republic, women belong to the army, but there is also a complete dissolution of family ties.—*The Chronicle*.

FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT UNDER THE NEW REFORM ACT.—The *Observer* inserts the following singular statement from a correspondent :—The Chancellor of the Exchequer and his friends thought themselves very clever in framing their Representation Bill so as to include only males as voters, but the Act of 1850, known as Lord Brougham's Act, for shortening the language used in Acts of Parliament, provides that in all Acts words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females, etc., unless the contrary is expressly provided. Mr. Disraeli has not expressed the contrary, and therefore women are safe to vote if they like. The original Act of 1832 deals with male

persons merely, without interpretation, and therefore the Act of 1850 referred to would apply to it as it does to all others.

FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The Committee have arranged to extend the College teaching, by a special course of lectures upon the Diseases of Women. Dr. C. R. Drysdale, Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, has undertaken this course, and the lectures will be clinical, *i.e.* they will be practically illustrated by typical patients ; but they will be delivered at the College in Fitzroy Square. There must be many educated women or personal sufferers who would do well to support these classes by attending as occasional students, and our readers will learn all particulars by reference to our advertising pages, or by writing to the Lady Secretary at the Society's Offices, 4, Fitzroy Square. During the last few weeks the Duke and Duchess of Argyll ; Mrs. Gladstone ; Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart. ; Archbishop Manning ; Mr. Ewart, M.P. ; Dr. Buchanan (past Master of the Society of Apothecaries) ; Dr. Mackenzie, J.P., of Inverness, and many other well known persons have joined the Society.

GOVERNESSES.—To the Editor of the *Times*.—Sir,—It may be advantageous for governesses to be acquainted with the fact that at the present time the number of their class who are seeking employment is remarkably large. I have very recently advertised in the *Times* for one, and I have received 250 applications, notwithstanding that I restricted the period to between 20 and 30 years as the age of the candidates. I, moreover, did not invite foreigners to respond. On the other hand, I may observe that I sought for a governess to instruct little children only. Still, a vast number of the applicants were ladies competent to teach pupils who are finishing their education. One consequence of this overwhelming supply is, that ladies of first-rate accomplishments, ability, and respectability, are constrained to receive very small stipends. It is always well for the truth to be known, and the fact which I state may possibly be useful, so as to induce some of the unemployed or ill-remunerated ladies to whom I refer to seek engagements in the colonies, or elsewhere abroad ; or else to turn their attention to other modes of gaining a livelihood.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CLERGYMAN.

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—We have already remarked that our English theatres have no *habitués*, that is to say, no public to whose veto managers defer to the extent of retaining a favourite or giving an unpopular performer his or her *congé*. The recent appearance of Miss Amy Sedgwick at the Haymarket, most forcibly again brings this fact to our notice. Miss Sedgwick is incontestibly the best actress in her own line the London boards can boast; the audience welcome her most cordially, it is evident her acting is a perfect treat, that in fact she is fully appreciated, and that all know no actress has yet appeared capable of taking her place. Such being the state of affairs, one would naturally suppose managers would outbid each other for her services, instead of allowing this most charming, and in her own line unapproachable actress, to appear for a few nights, and then be no more seen; while in her stead the public are expected to rest content with any one managers may please to give them; either the public do not know good acting from bad, or are ignorant how to assert their right to the best which can be procured. No wonder our English stage is in such a state of decadence, when we so coolly allow good actresses to be thrust on one side, and accept gorgeous scenery and startling situations in lieu of well-written pieces and first-rate performers. What indeed is now the use of being an accomplished ladylike actress, when (the actresses who appear in such must excuse us) any rubbishy burlesque, which of its very nature demands that all ladylike and most womanly attributes should be thrown off, is so paying to any manager who chooses to get it up with plenty of pretty scenery and a great scarcity of drapery? The public taste is to a certain extent wofully vitiated, but from the warm and hearty applause which greeted Miss Sedgwick's reappearance at the Haymarket in THE UNEQUAL MATCH, it is evident that a portion of the public *do* prefer good acting and the legitimate drama, when they can get it. Surely if instead of all frantically entering on the sensational race, one manager were to engage really talented artistes to perform good plays, the very singularity of the undertaking would guarantee success, and we might enjoy the satisfaction of having one theatre in London to which we might conduct foreigners, without feeling painfully certain they would leave it entertaining a very high opinion of our scenery, and a very low one of our actors. We have not the heart to enumerate all Miss Sedgwick's excellences, it is so grievous to reflect that they are so lost to us; but we must say that, joined to a polished style, easy graceful bearing, and a perfect acquaintance with all the resources of her art, advantages all

may acquire by proper and conscientious study, Miss Sedgwick is gifted with physical qualities none but nature can bestow ; her splendid figure, full round flexible voice, and fine countenance, place her for certain parts on a pedestal which no other London actress can occupy.

Expectation has been lately excited in regard to Mrs. Scott Siddons' appearance as *Juliet*. We are very glad to say that the enthusiasm with which she was received on the first night of her representation has by no means subsided. The part suits her better than that of *Rosalind* ; her girlish and refined appearance tell much in it, and greatly help to counterbalance the mannerisms and studied elocution which betray a want of power to throw herself unreservedly into her representation. Her two best scenes are undoubtedly her first meeting with *Romeo*, and coaxing the old nurse for the tidings of her lover. The play was admirably mounted, and the whole went off with spirit, although Mr. Kendal's indistinct utterance somewhat marred his personation of *Romeo*, especially at the commencement of the piece. We could not understand why he stood an impassive spectator of *Mercutio's* death, when he ought to have evinced the liveliest concern, but we must own we consider *Romeo* a most trying part ; the character demands a youthful actor to look it and a veteran to act it. *Romeo*, in our opinion, is the only masculine part which gains by being played by an actress ; it is so totally deficient in all manly characteristics, that we can well fancy any man quite at a loss how to interpret it. Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale and Mr. Howe were very effective in their several parts, and Mr. Compton's *Peter* was all that could be desired.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—All who cannot spare either the time or the money for a visit to the French Exhibition, will do well to pay a shilling and spend an hour at the Polytechnic. Those who, on the other hand, contemplate making a personal acquaintance with the great Paris show, will not regret a preliminary visit to the Institution in Regent Street, where they may acquire a clear idea of the geography of the building, and determine on the best manner of visiting it so as to see in the most complete manner the parts which are most attractive to each individual taste. The selection of photographs might, however, have been much improved. China and glass lose half their beauty under a process which does not render colour as well as form, and however interested one may be in machinery, a general view of the machine gallery does not afford the instruction which might be given if one machine only was photographed and its improvements pointed out. The statues, on the contrary, show up beautifully ; and we regretted that they were not more numerous, and that the different groups were not always explained. If the photographs consisted of some general views, plenty of statues and scenes from the different

cafés and places where the costume and habits of each nation are exemplified, we think the exhibition at the Polytechnic would be so attractive as to richly repay the proprietors, even were considerable expense incurred in the undertaking.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Œuvres pour le Piano. Composées par F. Chopin. Vol. 1—*Des Valses et Mazurkas.* Vol. 2—*Des Nocturnes.* [Scholt & Co.]—We feel very grateful for this excellently printed and cheap edition of Chopin's charming compositions, which are full of graceful ideality.

Overture in C. Trumpet Overture. By F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Pianoforte Arrangement by Julius Rietz. [Novello, Ewer, & Co.]—We can speak in the highest terms of M. Rietz's arrangement of this magnificent overture, which was composed by Mendelssohn in 1826.

Hunting Tower. Scotch melody. Arranged by Brinley Richards. *Auld Robin Gray.* Arranged for the Pianoforte by Brinley Richards. [Hammond & Co.] *Auld Robin Gray.* Arranged by Willem Coenen. [Novello, Ewer, & Co.]—We can recommend these three arrangements, but must give the preference to the second. Mr. Brinley Richards has been more than usually happy in his arrangement of the beautiful air of "Auld Robin Gray."

Bon Jour. Quadrille, by Zikoff. [Hammond & Co.]—The frontispiece, an absurd little French figure, is the best thing about this quadrille to which we should certainly say *bon jour*.

The Lady Edith Waltz. By C. A. Kennedy. [Duff & Stewart.]—This reminds us of the "Mabel Waltz," and is likely to be a favourite with dancers, the measure is so well marked.

Fancy's Dream. Polka de Salon. By Henry Parker. [Duff & Stewart.]—Has very little music in it.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Par René Favarger. *Norma.* Par René Favarger. [Hammond & Co.]—Two very good school-room pieces, not at all difficult, and full of nice variations.

Marien. Waltz by Josef Gung'l. *Jungherren Janze.* Waltzes by Josef Gung'l. [Hammond & Co.]—Two very ordinary compositions.

The 'Varsity Lancers. By Louis D'Egville. [Hammond & Co.]—Nothing will ever come up to the old set of Lancers, in which the very notes seem to speak the steps and figures.

Masaniello. By R. F. Harvey. *Fra Diavolo.* By R. F. Harvey. [Hammond & Co.]—Pretty little pieces for juvenile performers.

Trovatore. By T. Oesten. *Traviata.* By T. Oesten. [Hammond & Co.]—Any part of the "Trovatore" must be beautiful, and Mr. Oesten has selected, from this opera and the "Traviata," airs which he has worked up into charming *pieces de salon*.

Le Papillon. By Gustave Lange. [Hammond & Co.]—A very pretty brilliant Mazurka.

Crispino e la Comare. By Wilhelm Kuhe. [R. Mills.] *Aux bords de la Loire.* Transcribed and partly composed by E. L. Hime. [R. Mills.] Easy showy pieces for young performers.

German Volksliedén Album. [Ewer & Co.]—Containing forty songs, with the original words and an English version by John Oxenford, which deserve to meet with a welcome from the English public; many will at once be recognised as old favourites, and the new ones have only to be known to become so.

E' ver! By Fabio Campana. *Io vivo, e l'amo.* By Fabio Campana. [R. Mills.]—These are thoroughly good songs, and will not decrease the confidence with which anything new from this popular composer is always received.

Over the Mountain and down by the Sea. By Hamilton Aide. [R. Mills.]—Mr. Aide could not write anything which was not pretty, and many of his songs can claim to be something more; but when we have said that "Over the Mountain" is simple and pretty, we have said all that there is to say, for either the words or the music.

Yes, I will meet thee to-night. Ballad by J. R. Thomas. *Happy Dreams return again.* Ballad by F. R. Thomas. [Hammond & Co.]—There is nothing very striking in these ballads, but the first one is decidedly taking and pretty.

Flora and Zephyr. Vocal Duet by J. W. Cherry. [Duff & Stewart.]—A very pretty duet.

Loving Words. Words by Helen Hughes. Music by R. F. Harvey. *Golden Days.* Words by Theodore Parkes. Music by R. F. Harvey. [Duff & Stewart.]—We fear the sentiments of the first song are scarcely adapted to the nineteenth century, when "loving words" do *not* seem "to buy more hearts than gold." They must surely apply to the "golden days."

Nel Mirarvi o Boschi. Fra un dolce Deliro. Gia la Notte s'avvicina. By Rosario Aspa. [Ewer & Co.]—Three excellent specimens of

the light sparkling style, needing to be well sung, but amply repaying the effort.

Il Segreto. By Carlo Moroni. [R. Mills.]—Possessing no great claims to attention.

I'm not in Love, remember. Poetry by Jessica Rankin. Music by M. W. Balfe. [Davison & Co.]—A sparkling little song; sure to become a favourite.

The Abbess. Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by Henry Smart. [Davidson & Co.]—A song of sentiment pleasantly rendered.

The Echo of the Lake. Words by F. Enoch. Music by Henry Smart. *Oh, come to Glengariff.* Irish ballad by Augustus Greville. [Davidson & Co.]—We cannot say much in favour of either.

Six Separate Songs. Words by Longfellow. Music by E. L. Hime. *The Arrow and the Song. The Reaper and the Flowers. A Psalm of Life. Footsteps of Angels. The Open Window. The Old Clock on the Stairs.* [Davidson & Co.]—The writer of these songs possesses taste and feeling, and seems likely to make some very happy additions to our stock of ballads. Many of these, especially "The Open Window" and the "Footsteps of Angels," are worthy of attention.

The Kindly Stars. By Willem Coenen. [Novello, Ewer, & Co.]—The only part we care for in this song is that which reminds us of Schubert's "Wanderer." There is too much straining for effect.

He hath Remembered His Mercy. Words and music by George Russell. [Davidson & Co.]—This is not very effective.

The Pilgrims of the Night. Words by the Rev. F. Faber, D.D. Music by Bradbury Turner. *Jerusalem, my Happy Home.* Music by Bradbury Turner. [Hammond & Co.]—Both these hymns will be prized by lovers of sacred music, and will be recognised as popular ones at the Brompton Oratory. The words of the first are some of the most beautiful Faber ever wrote, and there is not a line which will not find an echo in the hearts of Protestants as well as Catholics. Take this verse for instance—

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary
The day must dawn and darksome night be past,
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

LITERATURE.

Music in its Art-Mysteries. By Henry Wylde, Mus. D., Gresham Professor. [L. Booth.]—This volume is a reprint of a course of lectures delivered to the audiences who attend the Gresham College Lectures. It will be welcomed by many, for the essays it contains are far above the level of merit usually attained by such productions. There are few persons so eminently qualified as Dr. Wylde to treat of musical literature, although he modestly disclaims, in his introduction, putting forward these essays as supplying the hiatus in musical literature, but offers them rather under the design of stimulating others, and striking one blow for "high art," against the "apathy and ignorance" prevailing on the subject.

The first three chapters are devoted to the consideration of "Form in Musical Composition." The "song form, the fugue, the motett," are in turn reviewed and succeeded by the "recitative form," and Dr. Wylde awards to our own countryman, Purcell, the palm of honour in this style. "Ransack," he says, "the whole list of composers of the period which I have chosen for examination, and no German, French, or Italian composer can be found, who excelled or equalled him in this branch of art. It is to the works of Purcell, indeed, we must refer, if we desire to find any rays of genius diffused into the recitative and opera style of the seventeenth century." He considers that the music to "Ye twice ten hundred deities," in Dryden's opera of "King Arthur," is the finest example of recitative ever composed in this or any other century. Chapter four is "On Taste in Music." Contradicting the opinion that taste in music is a mere caprice or fashion of the hour, any more than an emotion beyond human knowledge or scientific analysis, he claims the same standards of excellence existing in mechanics, in the sciences, and all other arts, and asserts that fine taste in music is a quality of mind wholly independent of scholasticism, "but that its possession, derived through a natural gift of organisation, when refined, instructed, and fully developed by cultivation, combines the faculty of taste with the additional advantage of judgment, and is thus enabled to appreciate the beauty as well as the scientific excellence of music; while a merely scientific appreciation of music, uncombined with natural taste, may fully recognise the exactitude and method exhibited in composition, but can never comprehend the exquisite gratification which that mind receives from the works of musical genius when listened to through the medium of a finely organised ear, developed into critical judgment by correct musical training." When it is admitted that taste is susceptible of analysis and reducible to classification, the result will be the establishment of a true and satisfactory standard, by which judicious criticism may be regulated, and to which

all descriptions of music may be referred. Dr. Wylde then proceeds to make some very just and severe comments upon that class of music which bases its claim to popular favour only on the appeal it makes to the senses, which he denounces, not merely as a waste of human energy and evidence of misdirected efforts, but also as injurious to the progress of a refined musical taste.

“For, by pandering to that which gratifies the senses alone, I consider that the unintellectual and tasteless musician commits a positive wrong to the public mind, which it is his duty to educate by presenting such compositions as will realise the noblest aims of music; viz., the embodiment of the true, the sublime, the beautiful, and the holy in those grand harmonies of sound, that subtle and exquisite form of speech, intoned in music, the just appreciation of which forms the attribute of a ‘fine musical taste.’”

The harm done by conventionalism in music is the next subject of Dr. Wylde's remarks, and while admitting that conventionalism can be exercised for good, he believes that its bad effects far counterbalance its good, and that it “depraves the taste and destroys, with antagonistic perversity, the true and the beautiful.” He proceeds to show how every art—architecture, painting, and sculpture—have suffered and still suffer through it, though in a less degree than music, and concludes by declaring that he is as opposed to—

“Conventionalism in every form as conventionalism is opposed to truth and beauty. I am opposed to conventionalism in architecture, because it palms off on the public incongruities, only sanctioned by itself, for noble models which require to be endorsed by conventionalism. I denounce it in sculpture, as a paralysis of genius, and a foe to progress. I protest against it in painting as a base imitator of dead art, and a knife which cuts the throat of living art. But above all, and beyond all, I denounce it in music, for the many wrongs it has inflicted on the art, chief of which is its having forced great composers to write for a ‘key-board,’ which we now know to be made on a false system, but to which we must adhere, or lose the fruits of geniuses that accommodated themselves to that system, and forced it on posterity by leaving so many musical monuments of immortal beauty and worth.”

Attention is directed in the next chapter to the two principles involved in this denunciation, namely, the demand made upon individual minds for right judgment, independent of popular opinion, and the necessity, under this system, of cultivating the public taste, and compelling musicians, artists, and composers, to aim at increasing excellence, and critics to comprehend thoroughly that which they profess to write about analytically.

The conventionalists of our time assert that we have no English school of music, and never had one, but Dr. Wylde brings forward the names of Locke, Gibbons, Purcell, Arne, and the old glee and madrigal writers as proofs to the contrary.

“But English art has been crushed in the bud, and has, unfortunately, sought refuge in the inveterate and almost ape-like proneness to imitation on the part of the English nation for all that is foreign. The result has been, first to deprive us of a school altogether; next to foster to the excess of mere toadyism all that is foreign; and finally to seek popularity by an attempt to imitate the style of successful foreign composers.

"Haydn and Mozart are not sensational enough as models ; Beethoven is at once too difficult, original, and peculiar, and without obviously betraying the plagiarism of imitation, musical thieves cannot successfully poach upon his ideas. Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and others of the German and French schools, however, have been so mercilessly despoiled and so basely imitated that our music-shops and concert-rooms are flooded with copies and travesties of their mannerisms."

Of course Dr. Wylde claims for music the title of *The Divine Art*; and affirms that it is at once the most elevating, universally admired, universally practised, and, above all other arts, has been, and ever must continue to be, productive of unmixed good to humanity. He limits himself to three propositions in justification of these claims ; the antiquity of the mission of music, the continuity of that mission, and finally, its universal and predominating power for good. We cannot follow him as closely as we should have liked ; but we really must direct the attention of all engaged in education to the remarks on the capacity of music for administering to innocent amusement, as well as its more serious and earnest effect in its art-mission. He is far from wishing to exclude the song, dance, or merry tune, because the music of the great masters is of a more elevating character, but he thinks, and very justly, that they should remember that music is one of the greatest agents of civilisation only when it is exercised for the improvement of the taste, the refinement of the intellect, the chastening of the passions, and the promotion of unworldly thoughts ; and that the pianoforte, as the most varied and extensive in power, and the most complete and popular of all instruments, fails utterly to realise these great purposes if it be studied merely as a vehicle for display, practised as a fashionable accomplishment alone, and painfully learned for the achievement of a mechanical skill that only astonishes and tortures the ear. We sincerely hope the confidence Dr. Wylde has in the good sense and intellectual progress of the rising generation will be realised, for on that he bases his faith in the ultimate recognition of the highest aims of music as a promoter of what is true and noble in art. The book concludes with a review of the influence of the ancient Scalds and Bards, the minstrels and the troubadours, and by all who take any interest in this subject, Dr. Wylde's book will be found entertaining as well as instructive.

The Climate of the South of France. By C. T. Williams, M.A., M.B., Oxon. Assistant Physician to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest at Brompton. [Churchill & Co.]—This is a very valuable addition to our trustworthy books on winter stations for invalids, and contains a great deal of important information on medical and sanitary matters as well as the principal phenomena of the weather and vegetation. The climate of Hyères is recommended as the least exciting, in fact it has been known to have a distinctly sedative effect,

and patients who have come from Mentone and Cannes in a state of nervous excitement and wakefulness have been able to sleep well and soundly there. This is ascribed partly to the greater humidity in the climate compared to Mentone, partly to the luxuriance of the vegetation, and partly to the fact that the town being at some distance from the sea, it is to a certain extent screened from saline breezes. It is not so perfectly sheltered as Mentone from the mistral, nor is its temperature so high, but the openness and breadth of the valley give it the advantage of a freer circulation of air, and a larger space of level or gently-sloping ground, thus affording greater facilities for exercise in cases where climbing is unadvisable and walks or drives on level ground preferred.

The mistral, we are informed, is a dry north-west wind of such prodigious force that it sometimes blows a man off his horse, overthrows trees, and destroys corn and vine crops. The south-east, a sirocco wind, is especially annoying at Hyères because it blows into the town the dust of the plain intervening between Hyères and the sea. Cannes is protected by the range of the Estrelles on the north and north-east, but the mistral prevails there with considerable power, the vegetation is rich and varied, and the climate is nearly as stimulating as Nice, and contrasts greatly with the sedative qualities of Hyères. Cimiez and Carabacel, two suburbs of Nice, are recommended to those who seek really quiet retreats, and who prefer a climate resembling Hyères.

Dr. Williams divides the general effects of a residence in the South of France into negative and positive.

“Negative.”—The avoidance of the exciting causes of so many diseases; namely, cold and damp. Many invalids, particularly those suffering from phthisis, asthma, emphysema, and chronic bronchitis, by simply avoiding catching fresh colds, prolong life and escape much suffering.

“Positive.”—The stimulating influence of the air, and the abundant out-door exercise which can be taken in this region. The functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, the standard of nutrition is raised, healthy tissue is formed, and morbid deposits are absorbed and eliminated. This stimulating character of the air is to be referred partly to the saline breezes coming from one of the saltiest seas known, and partly to its dryness. The effect of this last quality on the skin is remarkable; for it might be thought that perspiration is promoted by a dry atmosphere more than by a moist one; but it is really found that an arid state of the skin checks the superficial circulation and secretion, and that a certain amount of moisture in the atmosphere considerably increases the amount of sensible perspiration. In the South of France it takes a great deal to make one perspire, as I have myself experienced. This bracing effect of the climate is well seen in the cessation of the nocturnal sweats of phthisical patients, who, after a time, only perspire like other people—viz., during exercise. This dryness sometimes amounts to a hurtful excess; and I have known patients suffering from dry bronchitis, who have been obliged to add to the moisture of their apartments by hanging damp sheets in them, or by the diffusion of steam from hot water. It is probably to the stimulating quality of the air that the want of sleep, so common among visitors, is due. Patients seldom sleep so soundly as in England, and often for only a few hours of the night. Many take a siesta in the day.

But evil results seldom follow from this wakefulness, for the nervous system, as Dr. Chambers remarks, being in a healthier condition, seems to require less repose, and refreshes itself more rapidly. This stimulating quality, which is to be found to its greatest extent near the sea, does absolute harm to patients already suffering from an excited state of the nervous and vascular systems; as in cases of hyperæsthesia, cerebral erethism, gastric dyspepsia, and of inflammatory and feverish affections generally. Such patients ought rather to avoid the Mediterranean region of France; or, if they should go there, they should choose the inland climates of Cimiez and Hyères in preference to those nearer the sea."

In short, we learn that as the air of the places immediately on the coast is exciting, and that of the more inland less stimulating and softer, so patients must select their locality according to their disease. In the case of humid bronchitis, for example, Cannes, Mentone, or Nice would be suitable, while Hyères and Cimiez would be preferable for cases attended by inflammatory symptoms. Dr. Bennet says that cases of spasmodic asthma do well at Mentone, but the majority do not derive benefit, probably owing to the closeness of the atmosphere. Cannes does not always suit this disease, but the climate of Hyères has answered very well in many cases, some of which have come under our personal observation.

We recommend Dr. Williams' book as one of the best on the subject; it will be interesting to most readers, and indispensable to invalids who are in doubt about the choice of a winter residence in the South of France.

Themes and Translations. By John W. Montclair. New York.—The author has remodelled his work called "Real and Ideal," he has changed his title, and added some new poems. The translations are intended to serve as characteristic specimens of the modern poetry of Germany. We will give the following as a fair specimen of the volume:—

UNREST.

Life in life lies deeply hidden—
Germ in germ mysterious grows;
Unrest is our birth condition:
Earth-born hope has no repose.

Where the peach infolds the almond—
Where the apple blooms a rose—
Wond'rous workings doth creation
To the hidden grub disclose.

It may quaff of sap pulsations
Ere they swell the luscious grape;
And it threads the sprouting acorn
Lifting into giant shape.

Unrest speaks the longing lily,
Whispering to postman bee:
"Take this love-note, soft and silken,
To the blushing rose for me."

Feathered guests, tree-born and nestled
When they learn to love and woo,
Strike their leafy tents, and, restive,
Aërial desert-paths pursue.

And the barbed fish, unerring
Dart, like arrows, through the flood;
Reach remember'd hygeine fountains,
Safe to rear their tiny brood.

Distant poles to parched equator
Greetings send, in breezy flight;
Twinkling star-land beams its kisses
To the murmuring waves by night.

And beside our household altars
From the lips of tenderest years,
Prayers of unrest, prayers of longing,
Nightly waft to holier spheres.

